"JUNIOR Stand up Straight!"

THROW back your shoulders, son; don't look so sad! Things a lot bigger and a lot more important than old suits are headed your way. You're going to get some of the most precious hand-me-downs in history—things like liberty and democracy, the right to say what you think and to worship where you please. In fact, we're so determined to pass them along, Junior, that every one of us is pledging his life to *make sure* you *get them!*

No alterations needed, either. In fact, they're the only things of their kind that will fit an American—and woe to the geopolitical tailor who tries to cut them down!

But one of the best hand-me-downs you'll get is the fact that Americans have never been satisfied to pass along *everything* to the next generation. Liberty, freedom—things like that—you bet! But there are other things that are not for you.

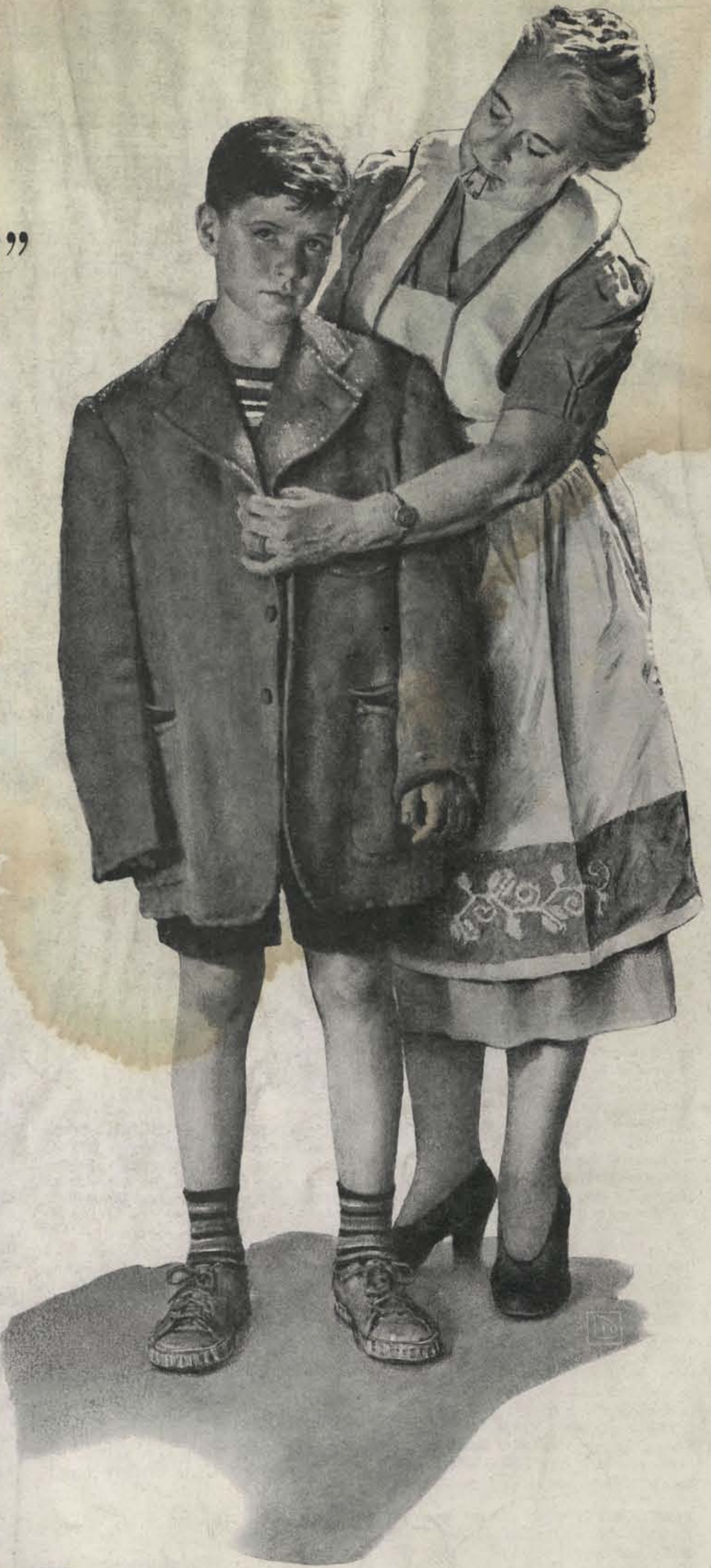
Why? Because we can do better. That's how it's always been in America. No one can improve on freedom, but we can improve some of the things that let us express it. Air conditioning in our homes, for example, to give us free choice of the climate we want. Television that will free us from the spot where we are and let us see beyond the horizon.

These, Junior, and lots more. Some in the fascinating new science of electronics—some in the field of new materials like plastics and new metal alloys—*all* of them things that will make your life freer, fuller, and richer.

It's an exciting, wonderful world you're growing up to, Junior. Because we're making sure that we hand down the same fine things that have always made America big and strong—and because we're adding to these some new things that will make it even more wonderful. And remember, when you're thinking about those better hand-me-downs, think of us. We're thinking of you. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

☆ ☆ ☆

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

Picture OF THE MONTH

Ronald COLMAN • Greer GARSON
in
"RANDOM HARVEST"

DIRECTED BY: .... *Mervyn LeRoy*

PRODUCED BY: ..... *Sidney Franklin*

WITH: *Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Henry Travers, Reginald Owen, Edmund Gwenn, Bramwell Fletcher*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis*

BASED UPON THE NOVEL BY: *James Hilton*

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
A Mervyn LeRoy Production

CAPSULE REVIEW: James Hilton's best-selling novel has been done right by. The producing studios are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—we almost said "of course". For that leading company has allowed little grass to grow on the neat record recently started by "Mrs. Miniver". Indeed, it is "Mrs. M." herself in the person of Greer Garson—this time in company with the ever-certain Ronald Colman who gathers in the random harvest of further success.

Somewhere behind every good thing on the screen there is a harmony of collaboration betwixt producer and director and those two "super-visionaries" Sidney Franklin, producer, Mervyn LeRoy, director, reveal their fine Hollywood hands in "Random Harvest".

The story of a mental twist and the dual life is always provocative, but those of you who remember the recent novel will agree that the treatment here given is most original and refreshing. Great drama has resulted and the cast is absolutely superb.

Not since his performance in "Tale of Two Cities" has Ronald Colman been so good as his Charles Rainier of "Random Harvest". Greer Garson's Paula is just what he needs to create a beautiful adult love story replete with novelty and with event.

This adaptation is even better than in the case of the screenization of James Hilton's "Goodbye, Mr. Chips". Mr. Hilton is fortunate in M-G-M hands.

POSTSCRIPT: When the movies are at their best they are sheer delight. We're a big Hollywood booster when we see things like "Random Harvest".

AN EXCELLENT TRIO: A similar line-up of adaptors worked on "Mrs. Miniver": Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just had a sorry little chat with a fellow who has returned from an American Legion Convention. He bids us to avoid them if we have any regard at all for personal morale. "Somehow," sighed he, "it is difficult to rise and cheer for our victories at Saint-Mihiel, the Argonne, Belleau Wood, the Marne. Somehow the words of Over There and Tipperary stick in your throat. So don't go. Just sit at home and think—and buy War Bonds. I've just come from one. There were several young reporters present to spread the news of what we did who almost made Democracy unassailable. One of them came to me asking me to interpret Soissons, Hill 204, the Hindenburg Line and other scenes of 1918 for him. He was a very young reporter, probably twenty, and he kept saying 'Gosh' and 'Gee Whiz' and 'Yessir' as I retold the saga of the first A. E. F. But there was no life in his voice and I suddenly realized that mine was as dead as his, my thoughts as far away from 1918 as his were. He told me that he was 1A in the draft. He is to report for his physical soon. So when I had told him all I could remember, we shook hands and I said, 'Well, good luck, son!' and he smiled for the first time and replied, 'Thanks, and good luck to *you*, sir.' I didn't wait for the final session of the convention. Somehow, I couldn't, because back in my hotel room the radio was roaring of the Solomons, Dieppe, Stalingrad, Cairo, the Caucasus and the Aleutians."

MR. IGNAZ JASCAWISCH is a South Dakota farmer who finds it "a trouble to write leter." Nevertheless, he has written one and we're glad it was to us. "4 leters come," writes Mr. Jascawisch, "to say I am good man if I will vote for them and send my dues becas they will get more mony from the Army and the government for the crops and to sit tite becas government and Army needs crops and must pay. But I am a Polish born. I am American naturalized. I am a farmer. I do not take shotgun and say pay me more mony for crops Uncle Sam becas this is a stickup. Two sons by me are in the Army. I do not write yes I vote for you and I send more dues becas you make Uncle Sam pay me more mony for the crops. I say go to hell and by God I will give Uncle Sam my crops if it help knock hell out of Hitler and Jap. I say by God I give my sons for fight. I say by God I give myself if Uncle Sam want sons' old man. I say by God to them I would not vote rat catcher. I say by God I am Polish born American farmer, two good sons and one good farm thank God. Where I once liv in Poland is gone in German fire. Good neighbors I know there are dead by German army. It is a trouble to write leter. Please excuse me but I write to them go to hell becas I no vote for stickup for my wheat just becas anyway I am American not politician so go to hell by God I tell them."

OUR war correspondent on the Delaware front sends us a flash on the hostilities in that sector. He is Mr. C. A. Bell and he wires from Wilmington that one of the patriots on R. F. D. No. 2 recently had a couple of rooms of his house plastered. He was not at all satisfied with this plastering and called up the plasterer. After some words, the house owner told the plasterer that the job was plain lousy. "You can't talk that way to me," replied the plasterer. "I'm about to join the Army and just for practice I'll come over and punch you in the nose." Replied the house owner, "Well, if you can't punch noses any better than you can plaster, you dime-store Commando, come on over." Mr. Bell reports that actual hostilities have not yet begun, both sides maneuvering for position, but that he'll keep us posted.

WE STARTED out this week more or less determined to keep war out of this column. We had intended to write rather bitterly about the fate of our Thanksgiving dinner which we hope to eat anyway, whatever the circumstances and however phony and hollow the proclamations may sound. But we had just got a notice from Washington that due to exigencies of war there will be an almost complete absence of nutmeg, cinnamon, cassia, celery seed, blue poppy seed, French thyme and sage, cloves, mace, allspice, caraway and paprika. The writer of this doleful news bids us bear up, saying that after all, life must go on—unspiced if need be. But the idea falls flat and we say the hell with it. Several of us won't care, including Mrs. Joan Lamm of Pasadena, California. Mrs. Lamm, being a farsighted woman, has raised two pigs and several turkeys which she thought would come in right handy for Thanksgiving and Christmas. But her three children have fallen in love with the creatures and have announced that they'll eat none of them. So she informs us that the turkeys and pigs can die of old age for all she cares because she's fallen in love with the animals herself. . . .

W. D.

Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edit
THOMAS H. BEÇK Editorial Director

THIS WEE

OCTOBER 3, 1942

SHORT STORIES

WALTER DURANTY and MARY LOOS
Dancing Feat. One thing the enemy didn't know. Page 1

ROBERT RICHARDS
Mars and the Bright Blue Stallion. A boy does his part for his country. Page 1

MICHAEL FOSTER
The Lady and the Artist. Love changes one's viewpoint. Page 19

KYLE CRICHTON
The Distant Glory. A man who lived a lie. Page 59

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Hot at Paramount, by Milt Gross. Page 68

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Action by Night. The ninth of ten parts. Page 21

KATHLEEN NORRIS
An Apple for Eve. The tenth of twelve parts. Page 24

ARTICLES

COL. DEMAS T. CRAW
How Anti-British Tales Start. Colonel Craw scotches some vicious rumors. Page 13

RICHARD ENGLISH
The Magic Marines. Now it's Hollywood's turn to stare. Page 14

FRANK MORRIS
First Lap on Tokyo. An eyewitness story of the conquest of the Solomons. Page 16

CLARENCE H. ROY
Up Ship! The toughest salvage job in history. Page 22

VICTOR I. SEROFF
The Boy Who Didn't Like Music. Shostakovich's symphonies are heard 'round the world. Page 44

NORD RILEY
The Barrymore Brat. Diana lives up to the "Royal Family" traditions. Page 48

JIM MARSHALL
Coast Defender. General John L. D Witt guards our Pacific Coast. Page

RICHARD HALLET
The Trail of Bambi. Walt Disn *transplants the Maine woods.* Page

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
High into the Sun. How A.A.F. fli win their wings. Page

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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with

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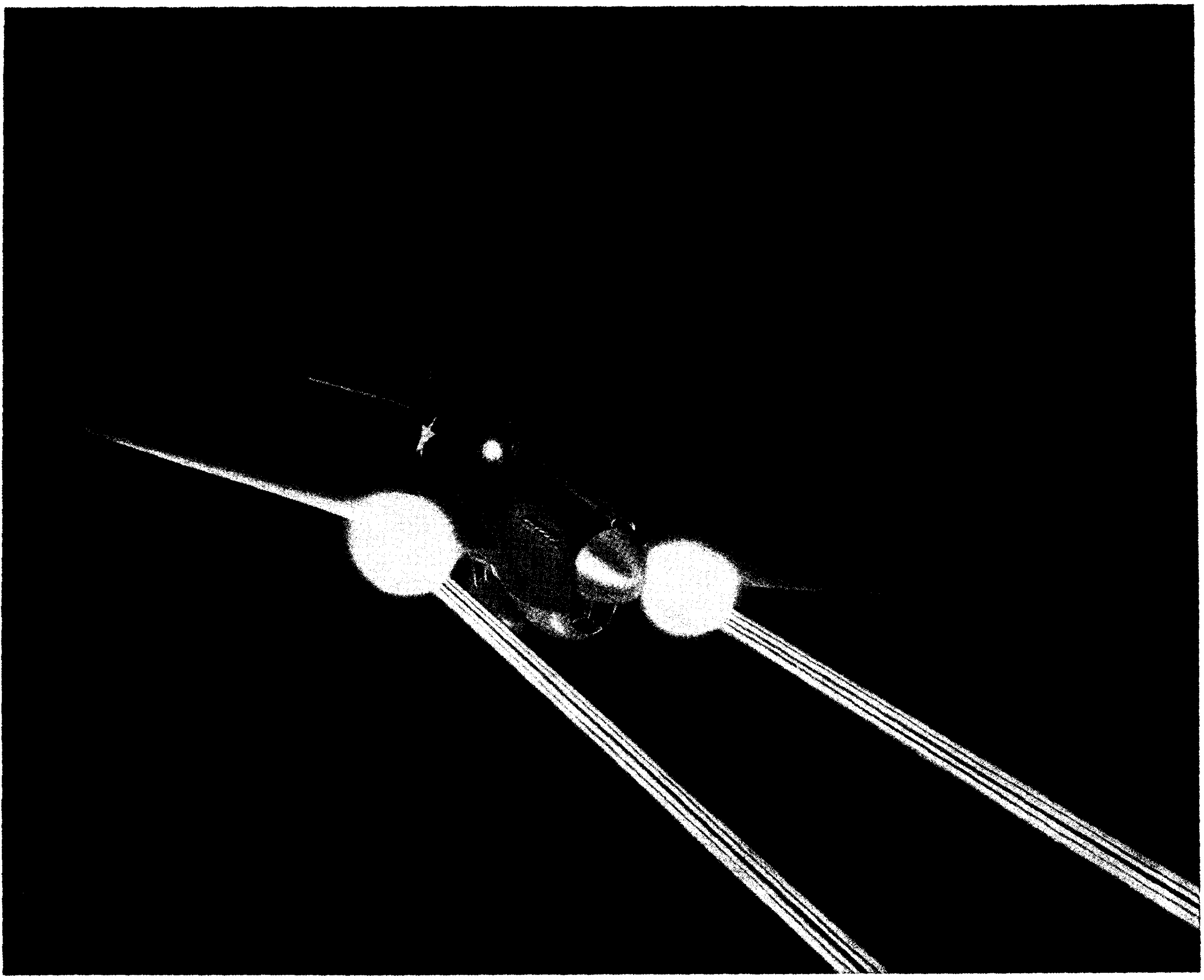

He's firing telephone wire at a Zero!

This fighter plane, with its six wing guns spitting fire, uses up enough copper every minute to make several miles of telephone line.

That's the right use for copper now — and it's the reason why we can't continue to expand our facilities to take care of the expanding Long Distance telephone traffic.

Right now, our lines are flooded with Long Distance calls. Most of them have to do with the war — they must have the right of way.

Will you help us keep the wires clear for war calls — industrial calls that send a plane down the assembly line — military calls that send it into the air against the enemy?

You can do it by keeping your own calls as few and as brief as possible. And you'll be bringing Victory that much nearer.

Bell Telephone System

HE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT "THE GOOD OLD DAYS" IN THE BRUSH BUSINESS!
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So, how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, clean better or last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

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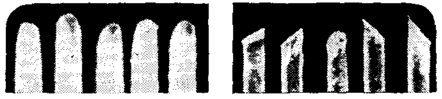

PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

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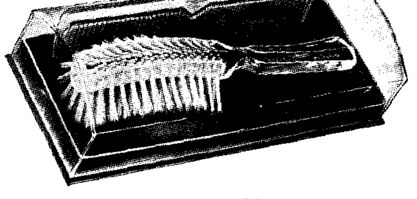
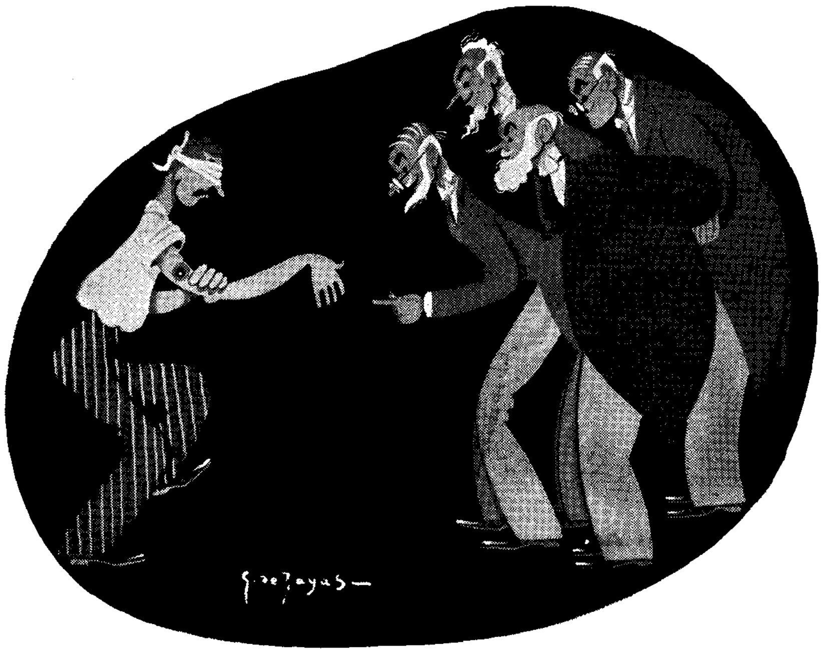
We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you . . . maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

One of the greatest demonstrations of the power of suggestion took place before a group of European physicians in Paris in 1932. After a blindfolded male subject was told that his right arm had been burned, a large red spot, surmounted by a blister, soon developed above the elbow, although he had not been touched at all.—*By Anne Love, Colorado Springs, Colorado.*

Left-handedness occurs twice as often among individuals of twin birth as among those of single birth and with about the same frequency in fraternal as in identical twins. Neither of these tendencies is fully understood by geneticists.

On May 19, 1936, the legal profession of the United States, at the instigation of the American Bar Association, presented a stained glass window to the Cathedral of Tréguier, France, in memory of St. Yves, the patron saint of lawyers, who is buried beside this church. Yves was canonized in 1347 because he was "a lawyer and not a thief, a marvel to the people."—*By Mamie Meredith, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

One of the largest bird's nests on record was that of an eyrie of eagles built on the top of a large tree near Vermilion, Ohio, in 1891. When the tree crashed during a bad storm in 1926, this nest, still occupied by the same family of birds, was found to be nearly nine feet in diameter, twelve feet in height and two tons in weight.—*By James Deer, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Between 1915 and 1940, more than sixty-seven per cent of the total tonnage of cargo that passed through the Panama Canal traveled from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

America already has at least 110 organizations that are devoted exclusively to the study of possible situations, conditions and potentialities which may arise in the postwar world.

The human senses vary greatly in their ability to distinguish between different degrees of sensation. While the eye can recognize a one per cent difference in illumination, the arm three per cent in lifted weight and the skin five per cent in pressure, the ear requires a change of ten per cent in tone, and the nose a thirty per cent change in intensity of smell in order to be detectable.

Leprosy, which afflicts 260 men for every 100 women, has the longest incubation period of any disease. While the minimum time between infection and manifestation is about six years, there is one case on record of a man who became leprous forty years after his last exposure to the infection.

The cost of transporting wild animals from Africa to Europe, even in times of peace, is tremendous. For instance, it increases the value of a giraffe from $50 to $700, an elephant from $100 to $1,500, a rhinoceros from $100 to $3,000 and a young lion from $5 to $600.

Probably more royal personages were produced by the House of Bourbon than by any other family in history. Since its origin in France in the year 861, more than a thousand of its descendants have served as monarchs, at one time or another, in eight countries: Austria, Belgium, England, France, Italy, Portugal, Spain and Turkey. —*By Eleanor M. Sweeney, Wheeling, West Virginia.*

Ultraviolet lamps, using the band of light that kills bacteria, are now employed in one American hospital to form invisible "lethal curtains" between the beds; and one bank has them installed over each teller's window to produce a "purification wall" between the clerks and the customers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL

SYNTHETIC RUBBER– SUBSTITUTE OR SUCCESSOR?

THERE are so many conflicting stories about synthetic rubber, that many people think of it only as a chemical makeshift that may tide America over until the rubber plantations are recaptured.

But such belief ignores the fact that synthetics like Goodyear's Chemigum have been successfully used—*for the past four years*—to handle oil, gasoline and other solvents destructive to natural rubber!

It fails to consider that tires made of Chemigum back in 1940 delivered longer tread-wear in road tests than the best natural rubber tires.

Nor does it recognize that specially-compounded Chemigum control-fittings in stratosphere bombers remain pliant and flexible at sub-zero temperatures where natural rubber turns stiff and brittle.

CHEMIGUM

The fact is, the chemist can vary the basic structure of synthetic rubber in manufacture, to give it specific properties that make it superior to the best natural rubber compounds for many uses, though not all.

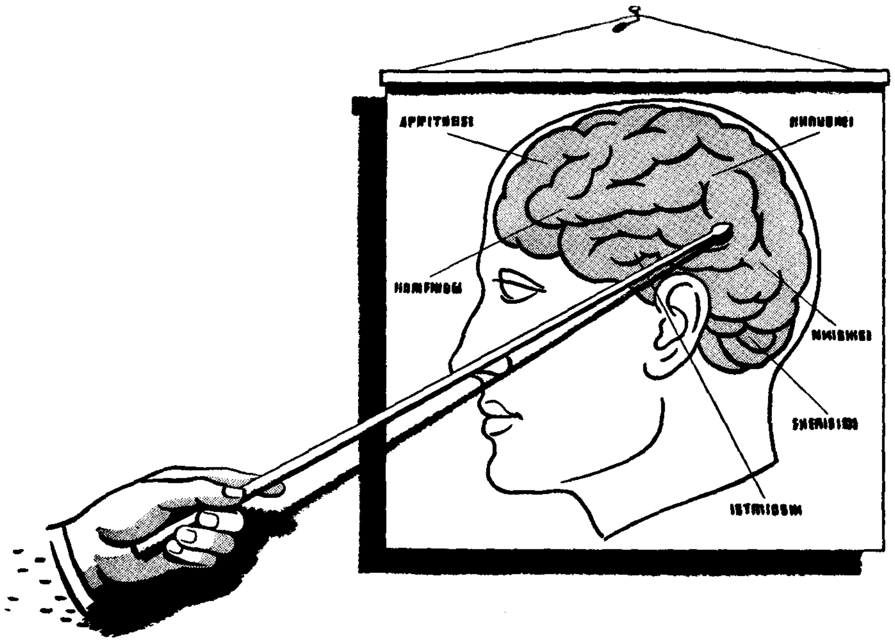
The reason why Chemigum and other synthetics have not been more widely employed is that high cost of production has up to now limited their use to those applications, mostly industrial, where natural rubber never functioned satisfactorily.

The war is changing that. Today new mass production facilities are already providing Chemigum tires and other rubber needs of the military services at a cost far below what once seemed possible.

With still greater expansion now under way, it is not inconceivable that in years to come synthetic rubber may not only cost less to produce than natural gum, but may supplant it in the many uses where it is superior by pre-determination, making America independent of foreign supplies.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



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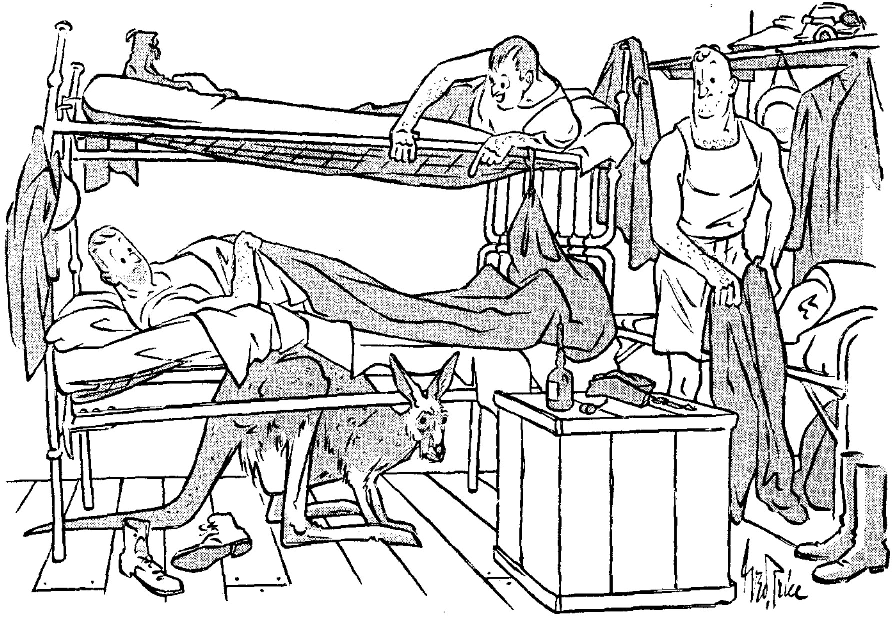

GEORGE PRICE

One tent has a mascot, an old kangaroo that sleeps under a cot

PORT DARWIN, Northern Territory, Australia: Military organizations are proud; none changes its traditional and beloved hallmark without a very good reason. Of course you've noticed that the red inner circle has disappeared from the insignia of the United States Army Air Corps. Now it's just a white star on blue. The desirability—nay, the stark necessity—for that simplification first became apparent down here. In the mad days of last midwinter, during the great retreat from the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies, when Yank warbirds initially flew to the continent of Australia, that little red core grew larger and larger in the imaginations of the jittery Aussie flak gunners until it looked mighty like the big red spot on the Rising Sun planes. So they were popping at our lads. Yank pilots upon landing reached for a paint can instead of a beer.

SPEAKING of military secrets, Australia has the only cat in the world that is one. A boy cat, he threatens to add the first Yank accent to the back fences of M—, if and when the health department accepts him as a friendly alien. Australia, rabies-free and determined to stay that way, has a permanent thumbs down on the importation of animals. Aussies from the Middle East, as well as Yanks, have had all their pets snatched at the docks. The Secret Cat, however, came in on his own. Workmen, uncrating a plane, found him inside the case. Evidently he had been nailed therein at his home town, where the B—l and the C—s W—t pursuits are made. Forty-five or more days he had lived by licking grease from dural surfaces, and drinking rainwater that leaked into the deck-lashed crate. The workman who unpacked him took the cat home for his two children. Next day, the Law showed up, and the feline Captain Bligh will have to stay in quarantine at least 60 days at one bob, or shilling, a day. Meanwhile, if anyone in B—o, New York, is missing a large black and white and resourceful tomcat, they can have information with regard to same by writing to Mr. T—t, 377 C—s Street, M—e, Australia. But not the cat. Mr. T's kids love it.

THEY don't get the best or, proportionately, the most American planes to fight with on the desolate "invasion corner" of Australia. But of all Yank pilots on our score or more of globe-scattered air fronts, these are the boys whose mothers would have most difficulty in recognizing them now.

The Darwin area is about as far from Sydney and Melbourne as Death Valley is from New York. It is probably wilder in nature and ruder in its white men than any other part of earth under a United Nations flag. Even the Australians, unusually sensitive about references to whatever section of their country, admit it's "bloody godforsaken." But it's home, for the time being at least, to many Yank bomber and pursuit kids whose advanced flying bases, hacked from the desert scrub and the moribund red earth by their own engineers and labor battalions, white and Negro, dot the "bush" hereabouts.

So very young and lean, habitually wearing only shorts and rubber sneakers, cooked to a partridge brown, raising as much beard as they can, with huge pistols dangling from web belts, these rakish and raffish airmen look, after a couple of weeks, like student pirates.

They have to be tough and ingenious to survive down here—the flies, the mosquitoes, the snakes, the heat and the eye-splitting glare that makes the inside of your head raw, the unbearable loneliness of life without women. They eat only Aussie chow—and second best on that. When they get lump sugar, they mark it with ink for use as playing cards or dominoes. The difficulties of transportation have bogged down most of the commissary, recreational and morale services of our own Army. Cigarettes and other amenities are likely to be stolen before they can pass the long overland trek from our base ports. When staff officers fly in for visits, they usually load their planes with comforts for the Yanks here—magazines, candy, playing cards, cigarettes and the like. I saw a whole group jump away from unfinished dinner, with shouts of boyish glee, when General Ralph Royce produced out of his plane a baseball, a bat and some fielders' mitts.

THEIR toughness they take out on the Nips. The only superiority we have in the air of the Southwest Pacific is skill and heart. Their ingenuity is expressed in little ways at once familiar and endearing to an American visitor. For example:

Northern Territory is the Land of the

(Continued on page 35)

FIRST OFFICER CLAYTON BROWN, of United Air Lines, prescribes a sure cure for his doctor's transportation troubles. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. Brown *know their Cessnas.* They eloped in one.

"Doctor, when this war is over *You'll be Beating the Stork* In Your Own Family Car of the Air"

"No wonder the stork has always had a running start on you doctors," says Clayton Brown. "He flies! But you'll be able to beat him at his own game in your Family Car of the Air.

"You see, ever since I've been a pilot, I've felt sure that some day someone would design a plane so far ahead of anything you see in the air today, that anyone could fly it as easily as you drive your automobile now. And I'm not surprised that Cessna is one outfit that's all primed and ready to do it as soon as this war is won.

"I've flown Cessnas a lot and I know what really great planes they've always built. Personally, I've always felt that when I bought a plane of my own it would have to be a Cessna. And now that the Cessna Family Car of the Air is ready to be built the day peace comes, I know it."

Put Yourself In This Picture of Tomorrow

Or better still, put your whole family in it. There's lots of room in the Family Car of the Air. All set? Now push the starter button and cruise away as easily as you drive away from the curb in your car. Where to? Well, that's the big surprise. To anywhere your heart desires . . . coast to coast . . . Canada to South America. Six hundred miles is an easy half-a-day ride. And what used to be a once-a-year vacation trip will be just a week-end jaunt in your Family Car of the Air . . . the airplane that *you can buy and fly.*

Where *Twins* Are Born *Every Day*

It's in Wichita, where the Cessna Twins—those husky, twin-engined Bobcats and Cranes—are rolling out on a 24-hour-a-day schedule. Those Cessna Twins are flying over 16 million miles a month in the service of the U. S. Army Air Corps and the British Empire Joint Training Program.

That's our only job today—to help win the war—and as soon as that is done we will start right in to build the Family Car of the Air for you.

FREE!

"Keep 'Em Flying" Wings

Take a sock at Schicklgruber, and wear your wings to show you did it. You get these smart, metal "Keep 'Em Flying" wings and a Jap Hunting License *free* when you send 10 cents for a U S War Savings Stamp to—

CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY,
Dept. C, Box 1616, Wichita, Kansas

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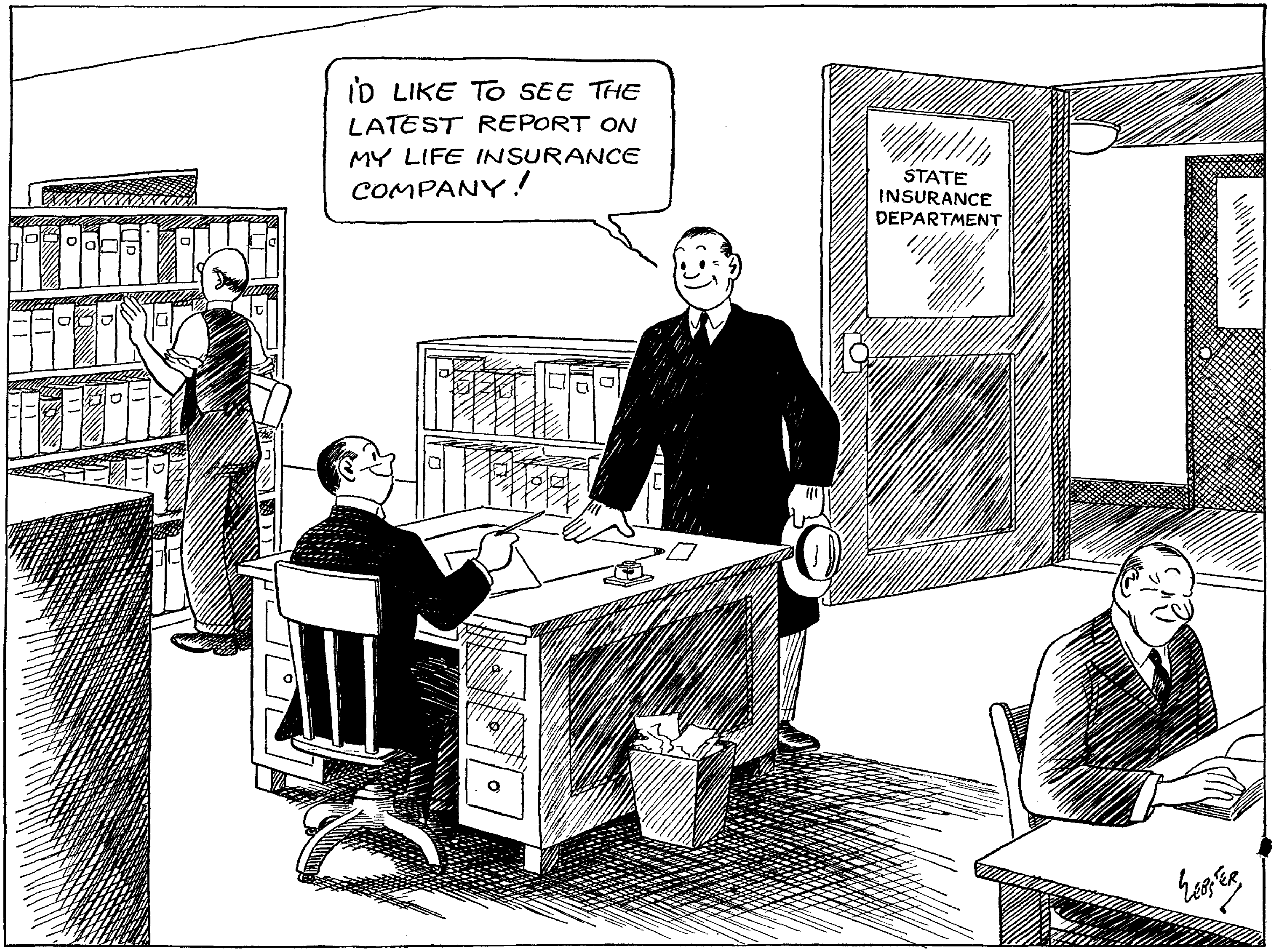
Cessna


I'D LIKE TO SEE THE LATEST REPORT ON MY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!
STATE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT
Webster

Where does this happen except in a Free Country?

LIFE INSURANCE thrives only where men are free to plan their own futures. About 70% of all the world's life insurance is owned today in the United States, where life insurance is truly a servant of the people.

▶ As a protection for its citizens, the laws of each state require that its insurance-supervising officials shall examine into the financial condition and business methods of life insurance companies of that state. These examinations are conducted at periodic intervals, usually at least once every three years.

The supervising officials also have the authority to examine any company doing business in the state, at any other time that the interests of policyholders require it. They are officers of the State Government and are responsible to the citizens of their state for the protection of the interests of policyholders.

Of course, not every state examines every company, but in order that all the interested states may be represented in the examinations, the National Association of Insurance Commissioners has divided the states into six zones. The insurance commissioner of one state in each zone is named to represent all the states of that zone when the zone takes part in an examination of a company.

Since Metropolitan is licensed in every state and in the District of Columbia, representatives of all these jurisdictions take part in an examination of Metropolitan.

▶ After such an examination, an exhaustive report is written, and copies are sent to the supervising authorities of the states, the District of Columbia, and the Dominion of Canada and its Provinces in which the Company does business. At the offices of these supervising authorities, this report is available to all who care to see it.

You may never meet him, but the insurance-supervising official of your state is a man you ought to know about. He and the members of his department are supervising insurance companies in behalf of policyholders.

It goes without saying that Metropolitan, and other life insurance companies, welcome these examinations and the opportunity to review their affairs with the supervisory officials.

It is only right that life insurance dollars . . . the most important dollars many men ever put aside . . . should be safeguarded in every practical way.

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This is Number 53 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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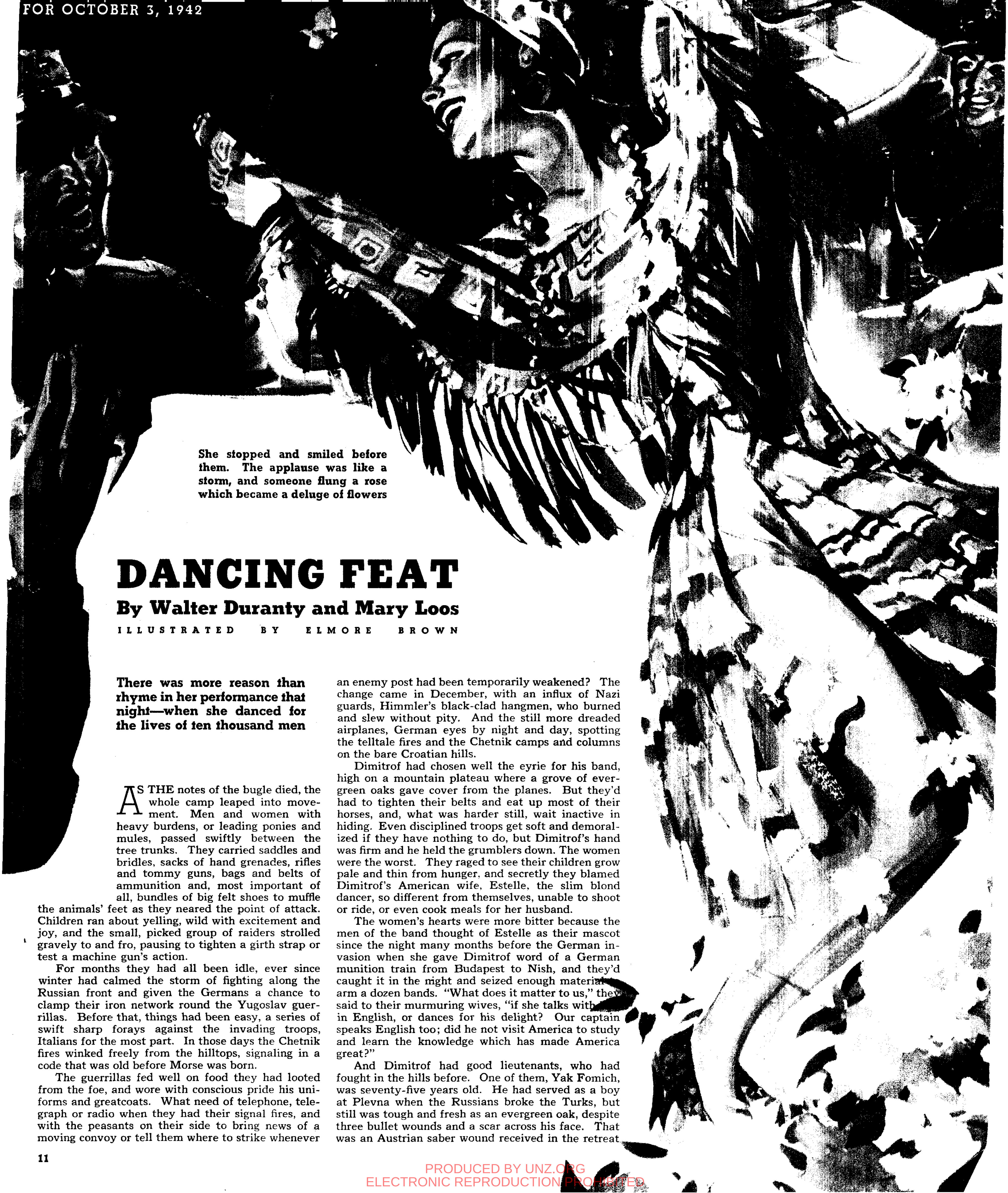
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 3, 1942



She stopped and smiled before them. The applause was like a storm, and someone flung a rose which became a deluge of flowers

DANCING FEAT

By Walter Duranty and Mary Loos

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

There was more reason than rhyme in her performance that night—when she danced for the lives of ten thousand men

AS THE notes of the bugle died, the whole camp leaped into movement. Men and women with heavy burdens, or leading ponies and mules, passed swiftly between the tree trunks. They carried saddles and bridles, sacks of hand grenades, rifles and tommy guns, bags and belts of ammunition and, most important of all, bundles of big felt shoes to muffle the animals' feet as they neared the point of attack. Children ran about yelling, wild with excitement and joy, and the small, picked group of raiders strolled gravely to and fro, pausing to tighten a girth strap or test a machine gun's action.

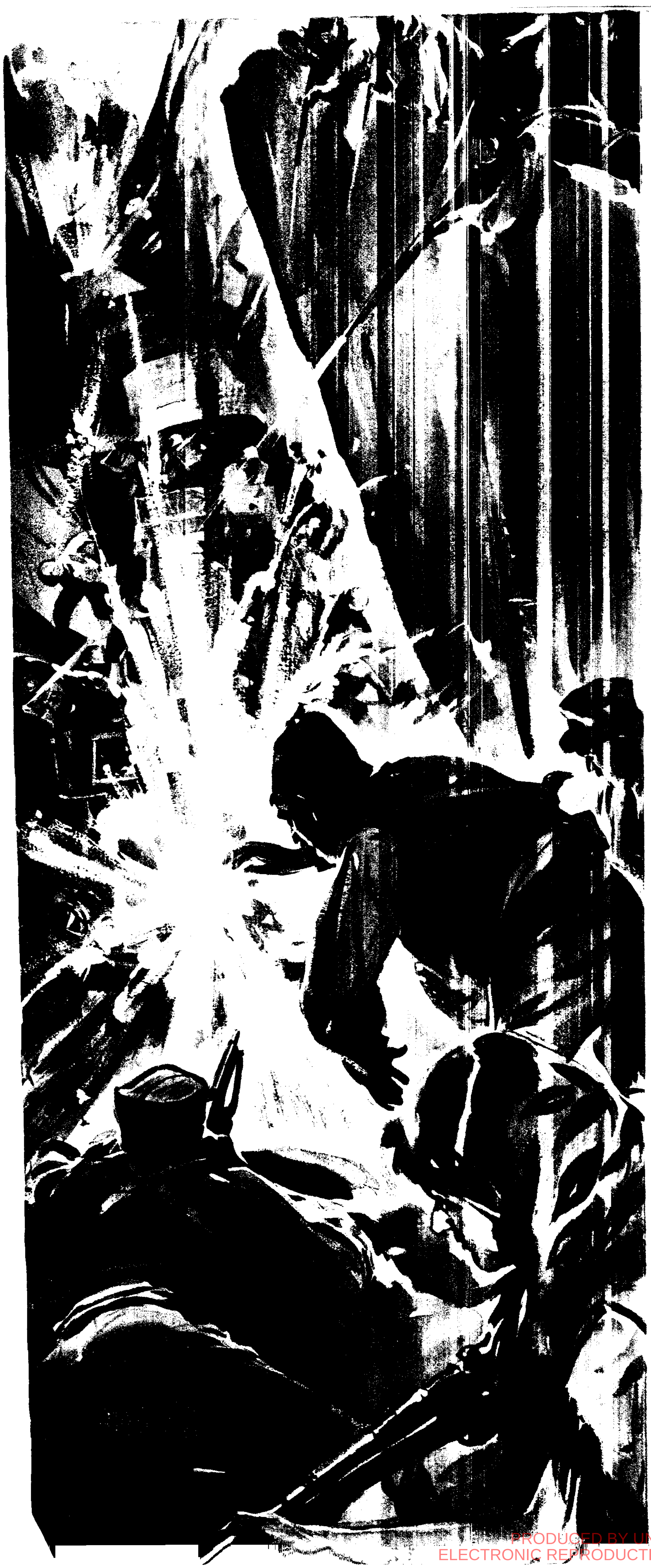
For months they had all been idle, ever since winter had calmed the storm of fighting along the Russian front and given the Germans a chance to clamp their iron network round the Yugoslav guerrillas. Before that, things had been easy, a series of swift sharp forays against the invading troops, Italians for the most part. In those days the Chetnik fires winked freely from the hilltops, signaling in a code that was old before Morse was born.

The guerrillas fed well on food they had looted from the foe, and wore with conscious pride his uniforms and greatcoats. What need of telephone, telegraph or radio when they had their signal fires, and with the peasants on their side to bring news of a moving convoy or tell them where to strike whenever an enemy post had been temporarily weakened? The change came in December, with an influx of Nazi guards, Himmler's black-clad hangmen, who burned and slew without pity. And the still more dreaded airplanes, German eyes by night and day, spotting the telltale fires and the Chetnik camps and columns on the bare Croatian hills.

Dimitrof had chosen well the eyrie for his band, high on a mountain plateau where a grove of evergreen oaks gave cover from the planes. But they'd had to tighten their belts and eat up most of their horses, and, what was harder still, wait inactive in hiding. Even disciplined troops get soft and demoralized if they have nothing to do, but Dimitrof's hand was firm and he held the grumblers down. The women were the worst. They raged to see their children grow pale and thin from hunger, and secretly they blamed Dimitrof's American wife, Estelle, the slim blond dancer, so different from themselves, unable to shoot or ride, or even cook meals for her husband.

The women's hearts were more bitter because the men of the band thought of Estelle as their mascot since the night many months before the German invasion when she gave Dimitrof word of a German munition train from Budapest to Nish, and they'd caught it in the night and seized enough material arm a dozen bands. "What does it matter to us," they said to their murmuring wives, "if she talks with in English, or dances for his delight? Our captain speaks English too; did he not visit America to study and learn the knowledge which has made America great?"

And Dimitrof had good lieutenants, who had fought in the hills before. One of them, Yak Fomich, was seventy-five years old. He had served as a boy at Plevna when the Russians broke the Turks, but still was tough and fresh as an evergreen oak, despite three bullet wounds and a scar across his face. That was an Austrian saber wound received in the retreat



through the crags of Montenegro in the winter of 1915, when typhus and hunger killed ten of the Serbian soldiers for every one slain in battle. It was not a pretty scar, and went red when he was angry; but Yak Fomich was proud of it.

Now winter and grumbles were ended, since today there had come good news, of a convoy without much escort that would pass along a road only twenty miles from the camp. Here was a chance at last, and in a few more minutes a second bugle call would give the signal to start.

The leader, Mikhail Dimitrof, stood at the door of his dugout watching the busy scene. He had no more orders to give until the bugle sounded. Estelle was close in his arms, her head against his shoulder.

"How thin you are," he said. "I told you this was no place—"

"Now, Mike, don't begin that again! You're not so fat yourself." She stroked the gaunt line of his chin. "But never mind about that—you know that I've been happy, and tomorrow we'll have a feast, or will it be the next day?"

"With luck, before noon tomorrow. At the rate they seem to be moving, they will reach the defile about two. We ambush them quick like that"—he snapped his fingers sharply—"and begin the ride back before dawn."

"Try and catch me a turkey. I dreamed of one last night, Thanksgiving dinner at home, and I know that's a sign of luck. But, darling, take care of yourself; if anything happened to you . . ."

"Have you really been happy here? Life so hard, and those stupid women—"

The bugle cut short his words.

THE bandage was clumsy and Marfa pulled the knot too tight, but Dimitrof could laugh at pain. In the pride and joy of success, what mattered a cut on the forearm missing artery and bone? Eight wagonloads of food, flour sacks and oil and wine, red carcasses of oxen, live pigs and turkeys and sheep. His band would feast well today. The woman shared his thought.

"All that food, my captain!" she said as she rose from her knees. "It is good to kill those devils—I shot one of them myself—but better to eat their food."

"It is better to kill than to eat," he said abruptly. "Go see if Yak Fomich is coming, we can't stay here all night."

"Why so?" she said, laughing harshly. "Not one of them escaped."

He looked after her with distaste as she plunged down the steep hillside, like a cow, he thought to himself, heavy and shapeless as a cow. Thank heaven Estelle *was* different, despite the trouble it made. This woman, Marfa Petrovna, loyal though she was, had grumbled louder than any. Once she had ventured to say when Estelle did a native dance and the men were all wild with delight, "If she's as good as that, why doesn't she go to one of the towns to practice her profession and pick up some information that would be of use to the band?" But that was all over now, with this successful raid.

A shout rang through the dusk, "Halloo, Dimitrof! Where are you? I bring you two bottles of wine and a fine cold roasted chicken from the commander's car."

"Yak Fomich!" cried Dimitrof. "It is late, we have no time to eat."

"An old dog always eats, and best when he is hungry. Besides, it will take some time to finish unloading the lorries and pack the food on our carts. We still have two hours till dawn, we are far from any village, and not one of them escaped."

"All right," Dimitrof agreed, "we can eat while you make your report." Hunger was sharp within him, and his mouth was dry with thirst.

"And so," the old man concluded, "you were right and I was wrong. You have a clear brain, my boy, in your thick Macedonian skull. The barricade we set up at the bottom of the valley checked them like a wall. There were three open cars in the lead; we blasted them with grenades. Then two lorries full of soldiers. We let them have it too, but they were out in the road like a flash, and storming back up here, just as you had foreseen. They saw it was hopeless there; the cliff on both sides was too steep. Then came the lorries of food, then three more full of soldiers."

"I told you," said Dimitrof. "I knew it would be like that, they were bound to double back. But our men along the defile reduced their number to half, and though some of them tried to climb it, not one reached the top alive. Did you lose any men?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Young Luzics got excited and fell off the edge of the cliff. They said he had broken his neck, but perhaps it was only his leg; and another one shot through the head. But I see you are hurt yourself."

"Oh, just the graze of a bullet. I have one man dead and two wounded lightly enough. . . . Did you get any documents?"

"Only the usual stuff, lading bills for the convoy."

"Did you search the commander's car?"

"Of course I did, with a toothcomb, and his body, what was left of it. He had this nice gold ring," he held out a sinewy hand, "and a cigarette case to match—both, you see, with a baron's crest. I think he was a colonel, but . . . his uniform was rags, and—"

"Halloo there, Captain! Where are you? I bring you a little present."

A youngster came up to them with a bandage round his head. He wore a smart pair of German riding breeches and high boots, and swung a leather satchel by its strap.

"Hey, Luzics!" cried Yak Fomich. "They said you'd broken your neck."

The boy said, "I cut my head. But here's what I found in the ditch, where the cliff overhangs, close by the commander's car. He must have thrown it out when our first shot was fired."

DIMITROF grabbed the bloodstained pouch. It was locked, but he ripped it open. "Rotten leather the Germans use. Hello, Fomich! Here's his money!" He pulled out thick wads of notes. "Is that all? No, wait a minute!" He slid a zipper back and put his hand in the opening. "Aha, this is interesting!"

Fomich bent forward to see, then threw back his head in disgust. "I can't read that filthy German language."

"But I can," muttered Dimitrof. "And mighty lucky it is. Say, we've got something here! Oh, boy, I'll say we have something!"

Fomich watched him with eager intentness as he read through three yellow sheets of typescript. "Well, chief, what is it?" he cried as Dimitrof folded the paper.

Dimitrof stared at him blankly. "I must get this through to headquarters. . . . What is it? Oh, just this. It's a plan, complete with detail for a comprehensive drive to crush the guerrilla movement. Three columns sweeping fanwise through the country from north to south, to converge in the region of Skoplje. The spearhead will be German, three divisions, moving through Zagreb. Four Hungarian divisions through Belgrade.

(Continued on page 52)

"The barricade we set up in the valley checked them. We blasted the cars with grenades. Then we let the soldiers have it too"

How Anti-British Tales Start

By Colonel Demas T. Craw

OFFICIAL A.A.F. OBSERVER

Colonel Demas T. Craw of the Army Air Forces, one of our most experienced foreign observers, has been stationed in the East for almost three years, during which he has seen action in China, Libya, Egypt, Greece, Albania, Russia and with the British fleet air arm, and has visited Turkey, Rumania, Syria, Iran and Iraq. Col. Craw has participated in 21 Allied bombing raids, and been under fire a total of 136 times. Lieutenant General Delos Emmons once called him "our most valuable foreign observer"

DONT
TYRE
YOURSELF
TYRE
FERRY
BRING
TYRES
HERE

ACME

British soldiers in Libya rolling tires to a collection depot for salvage

THE youngster looked clean and trim in his R.A.F. uniform, strolling through the filth and flies of Cairo. His fresh clothing contrasted pleasantly with the dirt-stiffened garments of the natives, and with the grimy work clothes of the active desert soldiers.

He was the complete dandy, the personification of the dilettante British officers I had heard so much about, who fought the Libyan campaign in the luxury of the Continental Savoy bar. He had arrived six days before, to participate as a pilot in an offensive that was then just in its fifth day. At the most, he could have spent only four days at the front—and here he was in town again, on leave.

I walked up beside the boy and we talked a while, of planes and men and food and the war, and finally I asked him how he was lucky enough to get a holiday so quickly. He looked at me for a moment, and I suppose it was the brilliant white reflection of the sun that made his eyes seem wild and frightened.

"Yes, I was at the front only four days," he said. "I made 11 sorties a day in Spitfires. We had to fly low and strafe Hun columns with machine guns. We'd fly up and down the columns, all guns going at once.

"The Nazis never even scattered. Sometimes they didn't even lie down. They just stood and shot back at us with rifles and machine guns. We mowed them down by the hundreds, back and forth, eleven times a day.

"It was only four days. Forty-four sorties." His voice cracked, went into the adolescent falsetto he had lost only a few years before, and he clutched my arm as he talked. "But I killed many. I personally destroyed hundreds, and I had to rest up."

The boy was shaking when he finished, yet he was a normally brave young man. I saw him fly, and I know. He had less regard for his own life than for those he destroyed. But he was tired. It was his first exposure to the fierceness of all-out war, and while it was only four days at the front, they were days of unrelenting action that began at 4:30 in the morning and ended at 10:30 at night, four days of danger and tension that would impress a veteran professional soldier. Without a respite, his nerves would have fallen apart; with it, he returned to the front a superb fighter, and the last I heard, he was raging across the desert with the courageous ruthlessness characteristic of the R.A.F.

Yet this young man was cited to me time and again in Cairo as a symbol of the leisurely fashion in which Britain conducts its war. Every officer seen with a pretty girl and a gin-and-tonic in Shepheard's stirred up similar stories. No wonder, the gossips said, the British were so vigorously pushed by Rommel. Rommel and his men fought at the front; the British at a bar.

As a special project, I checked on the leave record for the British army in Libya. I found it below the leave schedule we have planned for wartime, and far below the schedules we actually had in Paris during the last war. And I have never met an American officer who thought he had too much time off when he fought in France. Repeatedly I found that the officers looking so elegant in Cairo had just come in from six solid months of vicious fighting in the Libyan Desert. I know that desert, and I know that after six months of it, any man is entitled to head for the nearest spot where he can get a bath, a clean uniform, a drink and pleasant companionship. But the fifth column in the Middle East portrays him in sneering whispers as a slacker.

The chatterings of this fifth column

(Continued on page 46)

In Greece, and in Crete, the R.A.F. performed heroically with inadequate equipment, but had to withdraw its planes in the face of Nazi superiority. These British pilots were rowed out to a rescuing Sunderland Flying Boat

BRITISH COMBINE

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

Maintenance men fight the battle behind the battle. A crew of the Royal Tank Regiment repairs one of the treads of a General Grant tank in the Libyan Desert

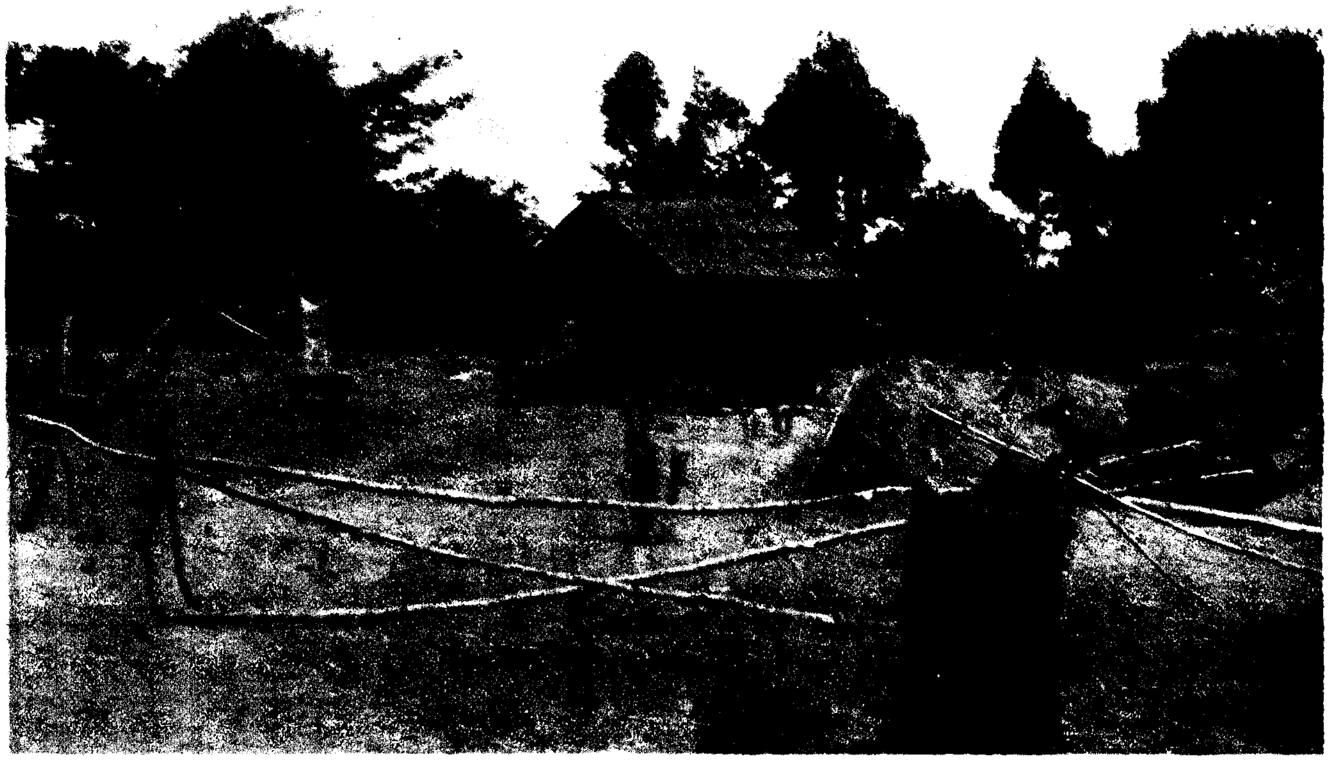
THE MAGIC MARINES

By Richard English

Have you ever seen a tree walking? Or a haystack doing a column right? Hollywood never had, either. Which explains why, in the back lots today, the stars stare at the Marines

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM KELLEY

Spider traps are four-foot holes dug in choice spots and dedicated to mass murder. They are equipped with manhole covers. The Marine inside waits for enemy columns to pass, cuts loose at them from behind and then does a disappearing act



For the further deception of the enemy, the Marines offer this rustic setting, complete with props. At propitious moment (below), the dummy house is knocked flat, fighters appear, guns go into action

HOLLYWOOD'S sacred portals, mecca of tourist hordes and countless profiles in search of a camera, have finally been crashed—but good! The Marines have landed and have the Celluloid Coast well in hand. They have erected a tight, military city on 20th Century-Fox's back lot, and the biggest producers and stars are wistfully peering through the fence these days, wondering what's cooking. We'll let them in on a little secret. The Marine Camouflage School is in session. Anyone wishing further details should bring his own bayonet.

Not content with being the home of Messrs. Zanuck, Ameche and Power, 20th Century-Fox is further distinguished by having golf courses on two sides. Shaken golfers were the first to report that something odd was taking place next door. Golfers came in with soaring scores, panting that just as they were making a crucial putt they saw a tree walking. One reported a huge haystack that suddenly appeared on the horizon, executed a column right, and turned into a dummy plane. In the Marines' behalf, we indignantly deny all this. The Marines are there on grim business, which does not include furnishing nineteenth-hole alibis.

Leathernecks off for Hollywood

The Corps' olive tents have been erected in Hollywood's back yard for very sound reasons. While the art of concealment has long been one of the Marines' deadlier accomplishments, they wish to become even more lethal. Reasoning that the studios could furnish expert advice in confusing the enemy, the Leathernecks brought their sea bags and problems to Hollywood.

They were received with open arms. A huge school and recreation tent promptly appeared at one end of the company street. Expert advice and material were theirs for the asking.

"Our job is to turn out camouflage instructors," the tanned commanding officer said. Like so many Marines, the young C.O. is up from the ranks and learned his camouflage values the hard way. "We're striving for competent men who can go back and instruct their own units in all branches of the Corps. Every three weeks a new class of candidates comes in. So far we've turned out a large number of competent instructors."

A work party in tropic helmets was down in a valley where we could watch them putting up dummy buildings: innocent little houses whose walls can be knocked flat in two to seven seconds. The roof goes off and the antiaircraft goes up. For the further entertainment of enemy fliers the Marines furnish them with life-size dummy planes that can be stowed away in a sea bag. Sticklers for detail, the boys have even built a 70-foot observation tower. From its height they can study the terrain, making certain it appears wholly natural and twice as innocent.

"We prefer farm boys and hunters," the officer said, "men who have been close to nature and understand the harmony of scenes and colors. And, of course, we have artists and photographers of all kinds." He grinned. "It keeps us pretty busy. While we may become camouflage experts, with the Marines, fighting still comes first. So we need boys here who will be able to work all day and fight all night."

Outside the company office a dozen Leathernecks were gathered around an instructor. With a pointer, he was illustrating camouflage theory on a miniature town that had been built to scale on a table. The boys had already spent their morning working on "greenery," which means using foliage and shrubs where they will do the enemy the least good. We came across some of it so natural we're still not sure we haven't caught poison ivy.

Above all things, successful camouflage

Like everything else a camouflage student lays his hands on, tree trunks and bushes are not to be trusted. Snipers lurking in them, dressed in mottled green and brown, would present a terrifying sight—if any. That's a dummy plane in the background

is natural. The Marines aren't satisfied until their boys can turn out trees and nets that fool even the makers. We discovered one grass shack so completely Tahitian that we peered inside, seeking Dorothy Lamour. We found a machine gun and a Leatherneck who was just itching to use it. Fortunately we're not wearing our slant eyes this season.

Down the hill there were camouflage nets concealing large gun emplacements. These "flat tops" with their dangling foliage, cast just the right amount of shadow, blending perfectly with the surroundings. There were also some big rocks strewn around, but you couldn't trust them either. Mud. It's quite upsetting to discover a Marine shoveling himself a rock that will fit him like a dress uniform.

The camouflage students also major in tree trunks which will hold one sniper and a tommy gun, just in case the pickings are good. The snipers' suits, mottled green and brown, and worn with headnets over their helmets, would send Laird Cregar scampering right under his bed. With the studio's aid, the Marines have perfected facial make-ups that blend with varied surroundings, and every man is his own make-up artist.

In learning the art that first became famous when used in the Trojan Horse, the Marines do it from the bricks up. How to break up outlines and shadows, make their own paints and use dyes and colors, is only part of the curriculum. Every man becomes his own painter, carpenter, net maker, sniper and make-up man.

Quite a few of the boys will be doing their tricks as para-Marines and they'll be ready for any terrain upon which they happen to float down. The jungles and the deserts have but one thing in common: few props will be available. Our Hollywood graduates will be prepared to make their own snares and delusions, utilizing whatever is on hand.

After their tough "boot" training, Hollywood hospitality and having their own free juke boxes, pool tables and previews make the young Leathernecks very happy parties indeed.

"You don't need to tell me we're lucky," grinned one sergeant. "Half the fellows in the service are dying to see Hollywood, and here we are living right in a studio. The first day we were in school, the lieutenant showed us around the studio, so we could pick up ideas on construction. And you know what? The stars were staring at us!"

The Deadly Spider Traps

They would stare even more if they saw what the sergeant was up to on that back lot. Our first glimpse of him had been when he popped right out of the ground, wearing a bush for a hat. The sergeant had been learning the mysteries of spider traps, four-foot holes that are dug in advantageous places and dedicated to mass murder. Spider traps, where snipers can be left with enough food and water for days on end, have manhole-type covers which can look like anything from sandy mounds to just plain grass. They are especially effective when planted along enemy roadsides. The boys wait for enemy columns to pass and then give them that Chicago treatment from behind. Having cut loose with the greatest possible malice, they promptly sink out of sight, becoming just another bush among bushes.

While the discipline is what you expect of Marine traditions, the boys still have their fun. A young Houston cartoonist found a use for his talents. His cartoons are part of the school course, driving home the "do's" and "don't's" of successful camouflaging.

We mentioned them to the commanding officer. "They're a good thing," he said cheerfully. "They comically put in a man's mind the danger of having his head shot off if he doesn't watch what he's doing."

As if the Marines didn't! ★★★

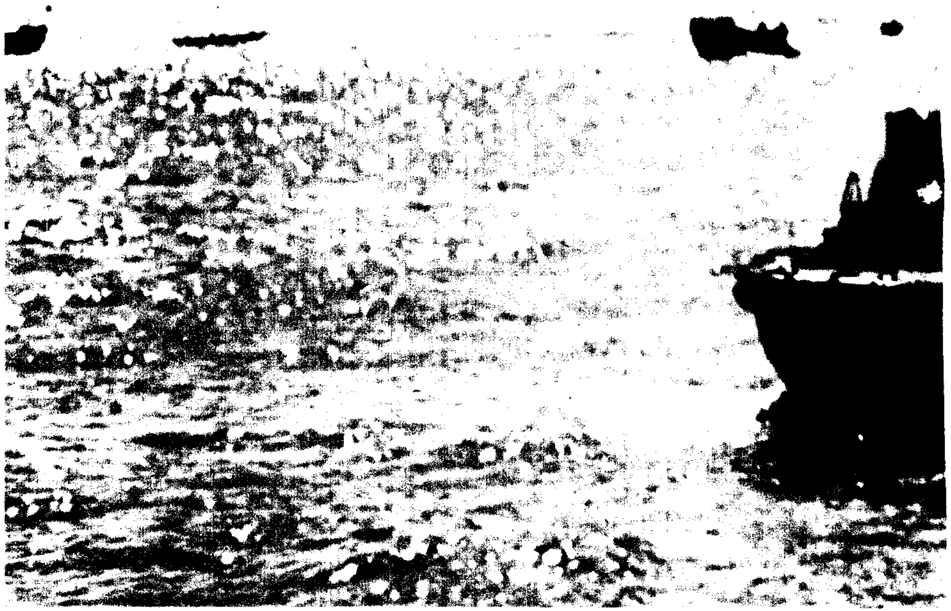
To all appearances, the Marine above has been left for dead. But the saber wound is his own handiwork and, as no enemy will ever live to tell you (see below), his gun still speaks with authority

FIRST LAP ON TOKYO

By Frank D. Morris

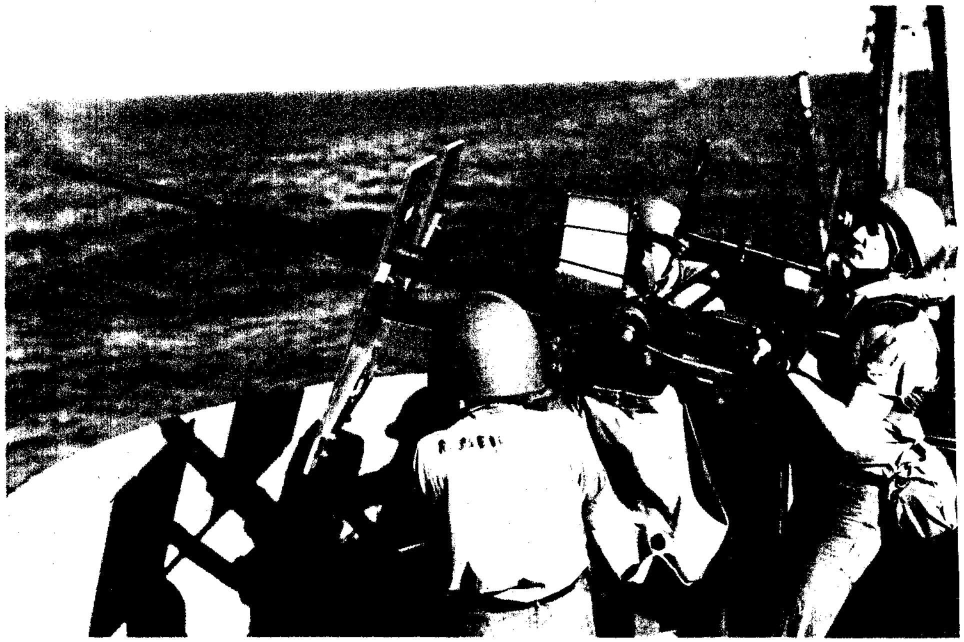
WITH PACIFIC FLEET TASK FORCE
RADIOED VIA HONOLULU

When the United States Navy successfully landed on the Solomon Islands in its first occupation of enemy-held territory in the Pacific, Collier's representative went along. From a ringside seat, high up the mast of a destroyer of the task force, he witnessed attack and counterattack. Here is one of the most vivid and complete pictures of action at sea that have come out of this war


ACME

Don't let this cool calmness confuse you. Before the battle began the Marines displayed none of their deadly earnestness. They saved that for fighting the Japanese in the Solomon Islands. The boy with the gun just can't wait

ACME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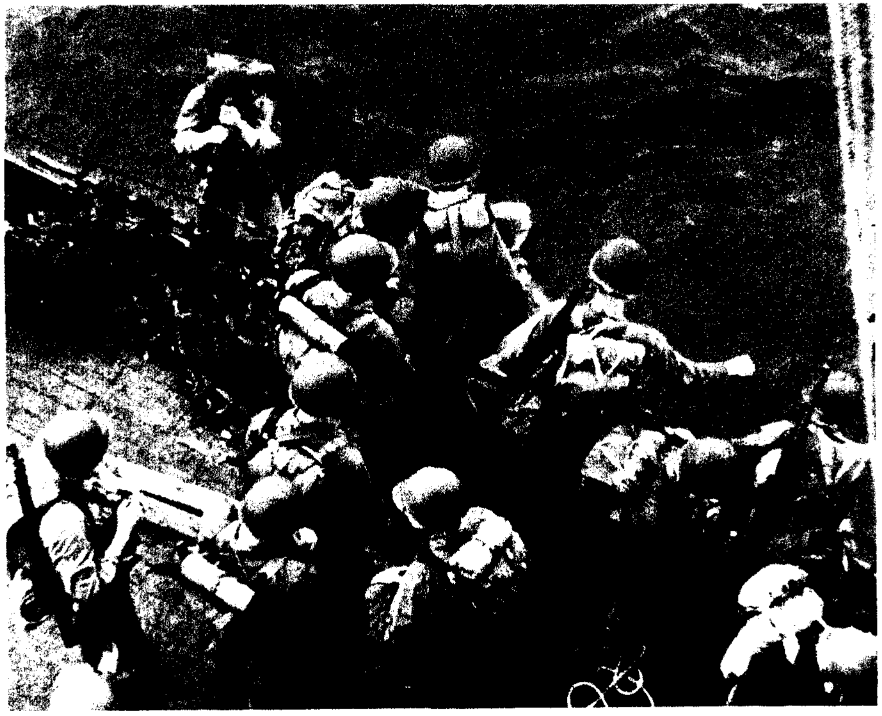


Under an umbrella of planes and protected by a barrage from the fleet's heavy guns, the Marines take to their landing barges as the invasion gets under way

The bosun pipes: "Prepare to repel the enemy." It's a sweet song to this antiaircraft crew which has been training intensely for months for this, its first battle

READY for action!" We had started out looking for trouble. For months the Navy had been preparing for the first offensive. Now it was ready to strike. Naturally the plan and place of our attack was a secret sacred to admirals, but soon every man aboard ship from the lookouts in the sky control to the oilers deep in the boiler rooms, knew that this was not to be a routine operation. Their response was a unanimous "Let's go!"

Days later, our task force steamed into the harbor of one of those South Sea Island ports whose chief prewar products were copra, bananas and round-the-world tourists. It was a friendly colonial port bearing in a romantic tongue a rolling name which for military reasons can't be revealed. The carrier and her escort of cruisers and destroyers filed slowly up the narrow channel, past the coral reef toward the distant fringe of tall palm trees, both standard equipment for harbors in this part of the world.

The harbor offered plenty of elbow room, not only for our ships but also for the sizable force already anchored there. Some distance away, another group of ships was moored.

Peel the dark gray uniform off one of them, forget the deck guns, and you would recognize it as the luxury liner that carried you and your wife on that all-expense cruise to the tropics a year ago. Nowadays her booking lists are filled to overflowing with troops. Gay shipboard parties have been replaced by Marine landing parties. Space for-

Accurate ack-ack fire over Guadalcanal drove off Jap planes to make possible troop landings. One of our destroyers alone accounted for twelve of the enemy's planes

merly allotted to deck tennis and a swimming pool is now crowded with landing barges painted the same dull gray. Your luxury liner has a war job.

The shrill music of the bosun's pipe was drowned out by the clank of heavy chain as the anchor plunged down past the startled tropical fish. Our ship settled down and made herself comfortable. A jangling phone announced that the engine room had been secured; the officer of the deck transferred his authority from the bridge to the starboard gangway.

A message from the carrier brought a groan from the signal-bridge crew as they read: "There shall be no communication with beach." That meant no shore trips for any of the ship's boats, no liberty for any of her crew, no chance that a careless word be dropped and give away the purpose of our secret mission.

There was grumbling, of course, but the restraining order actually appealed to the vanity of the men since it made each a party to this hush-hush plot. Our observation planes glided down to a graceful water landing, taxied up to the ship and were hoisted aboard. They had been catapulted to fly ahead of us as a submarine patrol. The pilots reported they had circled low over the island before coming in.

The town hugged the shore line several miles away. A not too impressive semicircle of coconut palms fronted it with a picket-fence effect, and through the clump in the center could be seen an imposing building which would pass for a country club in Westchester or Beverly Hills. This and the few other frame buildings visible from the ship were now used as headquarters by our Army.

A supply barge pulled alongside, loaded with crates and cases of provisions. This was a strange-looking barge, apparently a type peculiar to these waters, with propelling power supplied by the biggest outboard motor we'd ever seen. The motor itself looked like a giant Diesel farm tractor without wheels and had a direct drive to a propeller proportionate in size to the power plant and it made a terrific racket, but the din was compensated for by the maneuverability of the craft which handled as easily as a canoe.

The red burgee pennant fluttered at the foretop, and the bosun's mate passed along the word "out smoking lamp." The ammunition ship was delivering antiaircraft shells aboard for our secondary battery. The fueling officer from the tanker arrived to discuss plans for "topping off our tanks," the Navy equivalent for "Fill her up, Joe." Food for the guns, drink for the boilers, we were packing a full hamper for this picnic we'd planned.

A Tropical Squall

The squall started as a small dark patch in a blue sky striped with white clouds. Five minutes later, a thick black curtain was draped around us. The wind howled; rain pelted down with the intensity of machine-gun fire. Stand-by crews at the deck AA guns hastily pulled tarpaulins over the mounts. Hatches and ports were closed and dogged down.

In the middle of the tempest, a Navy tanker pulled alongside, and a pair of fat black pythons passed between the two ships—fueling lines.

A megaphone debate between the bosums of the respective ships followed: "Watch that spring line! Over the side with the fenders! Bear a hand now!" Our bosun won handily. His voice had been trained on an ocean-going tug.

Standing quietly in the background, enjoying the show, was the chief engineer. If you moved close, you could hear him repeat softly a ditty he always chanted on fueling day: "Shoot the sherbet to me, Herbert."

In dripping oilskins at the starboard gangway, the officer of the deck hailed a launch approaching us from the shore.

To his amazement, the challenge was answered in a clear soprano: "I want to see Private Howard Smith of the Marine Corps." Looking down, he saw a girl in a white uniform and blue cape standing in the stern sheets of the bobbing boat. "They told me he's aboard this ship," she added.

Just then a Marine rushed up beside the OD and called over the rail, "Hiya, Sis! What you doing 'way down here?"

Sis, an Army nurse, hadn't seen her brother since the family gave them a joint farewell party in Hartford, Connecticut, last January, just before both reported for duty. Now she was one of the nurses stationed at this Army outpost, the last place in the world where Howard had expected to meet her again.

Twenty minutes later the Smith family reunion was broken up by the order for our ship to get under way immediately. The tanker had cast off. We weighed anchor and stood out in the channel. Some of the other ships in our force already had cleared the harbor, and the group of transports was nowhere to be seen.

Well before dawn next day, the ship awoke with a chip on its steel shoulder.

"All hands man your battle stations!" The bosun's mate was announcing a grim game our wartime Navy plays, the game called "general quarters."

It is a full dress rehearsal of that prospective tangle with the enemy which is always over the horizon. All over the blacked-out ship (and nothing is blacker on a moonless night) half-awake sailors scramble up slippery steel ladders and squeeze through narrow passageways to reach the stations they will man when the real shooting begins.

"Main and secondary batteries manned and ready. Plotting room manned and ready." As usual, nothing untoward happened but it was full daylight before the release from GQ was sounded. That gave the crew just time enough to get breakfast and do their ship-cleaning chores before drills and classes started.

From stem to stern, the ship is one big classroom. In the drill hall on the port side of the fo'c'sle, a group of dungareed seamen clustered around a rapid-fire antiaircraft gun. With quick strokes on a blackboard, a lecturing ensign shows them how to use it against enemy dive bombers and low-flying torpedo planes. Then each man in turn cocks and loads the gun while the lecturer checks his speed on a stop watch. Farther aft, a Marine gun crew has taken its weapon apart and is busy cleaning and oiling the mechanism. Only one gun of a type is permitted to be disassembled at a time, others being kept in readiness and manned, just in case.

There's more and noisier action amidships, where in turreted mounts the Big Berthas of the ship's antiaircraft defense are "burst firing." As you watch, one of these guns roars and its "boom" and a fist-sized puff of black smoke from an exploding shell float high over the ocean. Accuracy plus speed equals bull's-eyes.

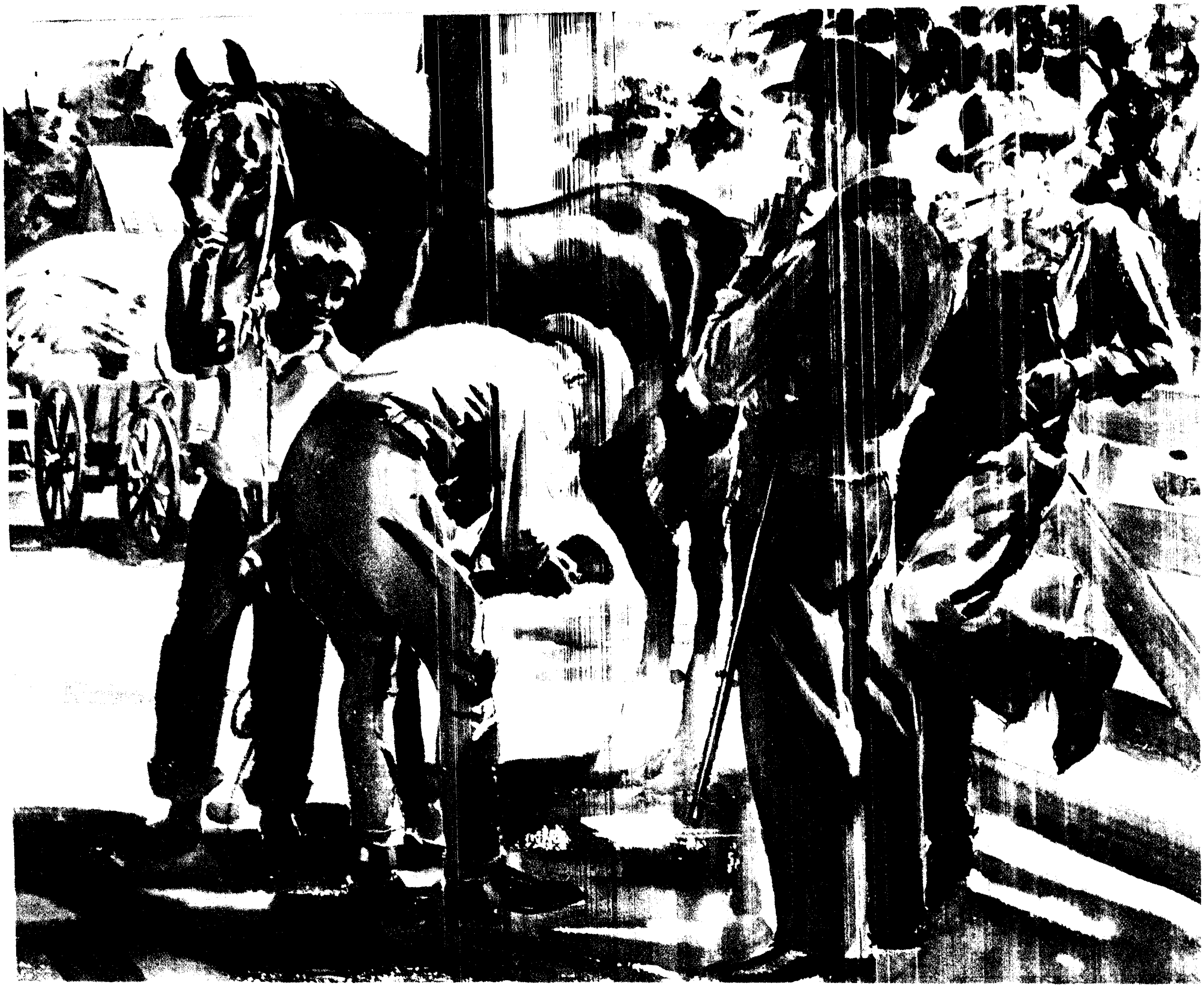
Drills and Classes Aboard Ship

Below decks, all officers not on watch are attending a lantern-slide show. The slides show planes, and the features of each are pointed out by the class instructor, a junior officer who had specialized in identification. It's important to know whether that dot in the sky some ten miles away from you is a Mitsubishi dive bomber or one of your own planes. There's first-aid drill, fire-control drill, loading drill at the big guns on the main battery, "Abandon ship" drill, and, of course, each man has his eight-hour stint of watches to stand every day. There's no room for boredom here.

All classes and drills had been stowed by late afternoon of the day we were due to join the rest of our attack fleet. They arrived exactly on schedule. When the lookout reported, "Several ships sighted, hull down, bearing forty-five degrees; they appeared at first, even through the binoculars, as a handful of matchsticks piercing the horizon off our starboard bow. Gradually the matchsticks grew in size and numbers, and became a forest of masts.

It was a magnificent spectacle. Transports steamed toward us, followed by their train of supply ships. On either flank, light and heavy cruisers and destroyers formed a protective screen against submarine and aerial attacks. Fighters, bombers and torpedo planes from the carriers circled over us, as our

(Continued on page 56)



"Sounds all right to me," the colonel said. He examined Blue's hoofs. "He's got a temper," I said

Mars and the Bright Blue Stallion

By Robert Richards

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Harry had no monopoly on heroism. His kid brother fully deserved a medal, too

MY OLD man understands me better than most people do. He looked across the supper table, blinked both eyes, while he grabbed the potatoes. "Reckon, we'll just stick here and win the war on the farm, won't we, son?"

"Eat your spinach, Roy," my mother told me. "How many times must I tell you that? Don't you want to grow big and strong, like Harry?"

"I was almost as strong as Harry when he went off to the Army," I said. "I remember once when we were rassling down back of the barns. I pinned his shoulders."

"Well, he's got a medal now," my mother said. "He won a medal with his flying and all. Eat your spinach, son. Perhaps one of these days you'll get a medal, too, but not in a war, I hope."

"There ain't no other way to get a medal," I said, knowing my mother was awfully dumb about such things. "You gotta be in a war to win one, don't you, Pa?"

My old man grabbed another potato on the end of the fork and frowned at it. You might have thought that potato was a German, or a Jap, the way he carried on. "Why, no, Roy," he said. "You don't have to be a soldier to win a medal. You can win one anywhere—you could win one right here on this Tennessee farm."

There was something in my old man's voice, something troubled and churned like sour buttermilk, when he said that. I felt funny inside, I felt like I did the first day me and Harry smoked cornsilks. Something else was coming, I knew that plain as day. Whatever it was, it was coming after me—or my old man.

"What you mean, Pa?" I asked.

"Nothing, boy, eat your supper like your mother told you."

My mother was worried then—my mother can read my old man through and through without turning the pages. My mother ain't dumb except when you're talking about soldiers. "What is this all about, Charles?" she asked.

"Nothing," my old man said.

"Charlie Weatherford, don't you answer me like that," my mother said. "You tell me what this is all about. Haven't I enough to worry about with our Harry off there in Australia?"

My old man looked ashamed. He patted my mother's arm. "This ain't no worrying matter, honey," he said. "I was just thinking about something. I got a letter today from the Army remount man. He'll be dropping in on us 'fore long."

"To buy horses?" I asked.

"That's right, boy."

"What's that got to do with medals, Pa?"

"Nothing," my old man said, wolfing down another potato. "Keep quiet, son,

(Continued on page 33)

The Lady and the Artist

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He thought of himself as a kind and charitable man. But he didn't realize the truth till he fell in love

THE night the telegram came from Hollywood, there was a winter moon rising in a white sky. Walking home along the country roads, John watched the colors deepening with the early dusk. When he turned off onto the seaward trail, he could see the great trend of the coast, reaching away into cold and lonely distances. There were still patches of snow among the dead grass in the hollows of the sand dunes.

By the time he reached his shack, the eastern sky was the color of ashes of lilac, and the moon, floating higher, was beginning to be bright enough to cast faint shadows. A corner of the yellow telegraph envelope showed on the stone step where someone coming out from the village had pushed it under the cracked door.

Inside the shack, the air was stale and cold. He cleared a place on the edge of the oilcloth table by pushing back his breakfast dishes, and putting down his color box and block of heavy paper, went to the window to read the telegram in the last of the light close to the dusty pane, which shivered almost imperceptibly but steadily to the jarring of the surf. He read it twice, unbelievingly, and then began rolling a brown paper cigarette between fingers suddenly shaky.

Fumbling around in the gathering darkness, he lit the kerosene lamp and then his cigarette, and, going to the wood box in a corner of the shack, split some kindling for the stove. For supper he fried strips of mush with bacon, and propped a book open against the base of the lamp to read while he ate.

When he had finished, he shoved his plate back among the breakfast dishes and walked across the sagging floor to haul his suitcase out from behind a lot of canvases, shadowy against the wall. Throwing it open upon the cot, he began piling clothes and books into it. He didn't bother about packing the litter of paint tubes on the table, or putting anything away: they'd be there when he got back. He could wash the dishes then, too.

Changed from his corduroys and sweat shirt into the suit he wore when he had to go to town, he shoved the telegram into a coat pocket and picked up the suitcase. Then he blew out the lamp, and going out into the cold moonlight, locked the door behind him.

SO THAT now, two weeks later, a frog-eyed man, breathing deeply with importance, clutched a water-color sketch tagged *Scene 93 to 107* in one fat, highly manicured but hairy hand. Holding it off at arm's length, he raised his eyebrows very high and tilted his head to one side. This made a thickness of barbered jowl crease above his collar. Taking a chewed cigar out of his lips, he murmured:

"Exquisite!"

This, John thought, was being about as grotesque as all that he had ever read or heard about Hollywood. Through the Venetian blinds and through the gaudy red splashes of flowers on the window sills, a brilliant but curiously barren sunshine lanced in stripes across the dramatically oversized desk. The sunshine filled the enormous white office with opulent and glittering high lights on silver and glass and leather. Without expression—carefully without expression—John watched him.

"I'm glad if you like it, Mr. Gollech," he said coldly.

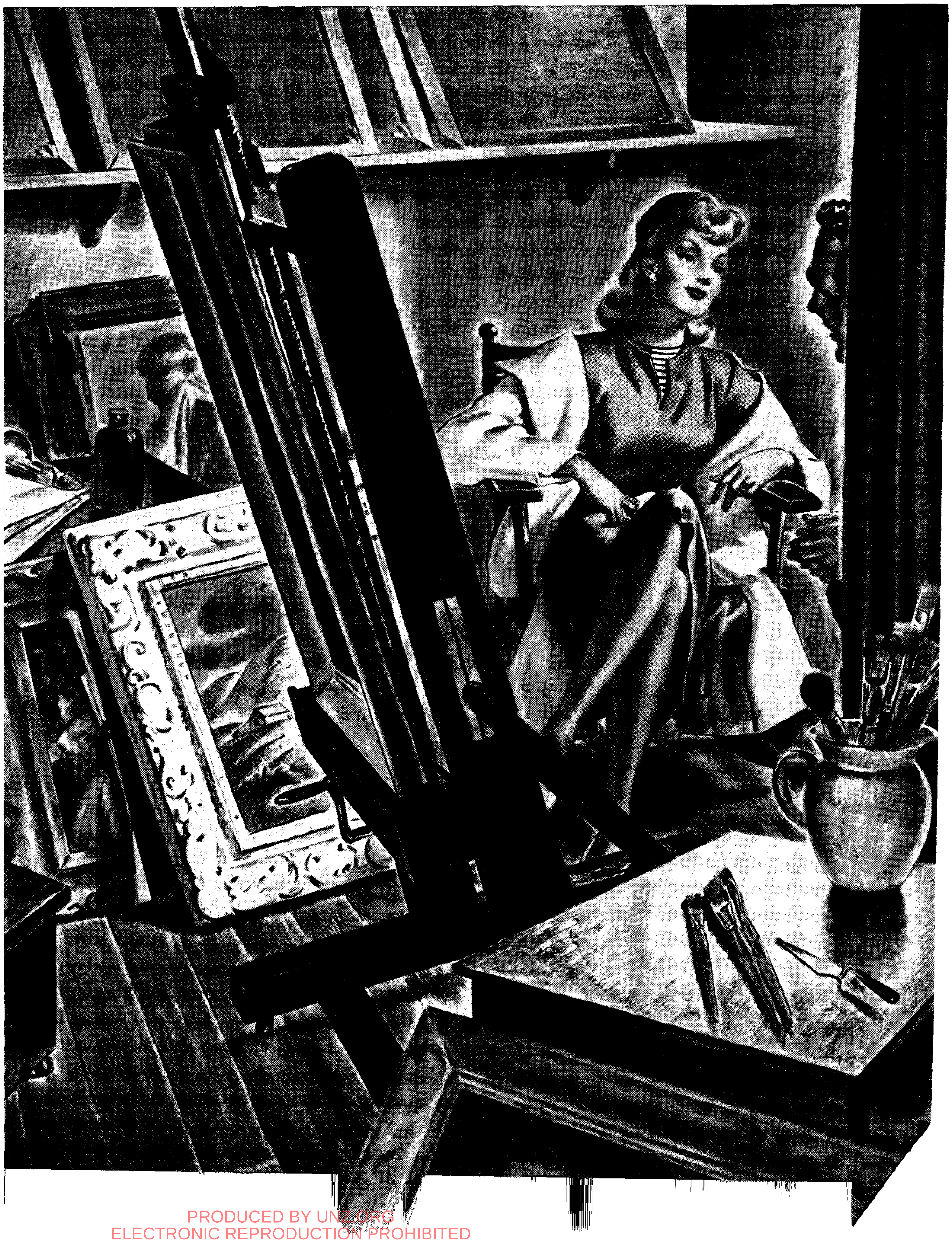
"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "It's dynamic, like these times we live in. It's a typical Dawson mood, hey, Tony?"

At the far end of the desk, Tony Quimber, the director, pulled a stick of chewing gum out of his vest pocket.

"Sure," he said. "That's right, Ben."

"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "It's things like this the industry needs. Something dynamic, like these times we live in. Something like this typical . . . er . . . Dawson mood."

Coldly defensive, John remained cynically aware that they didn't know anything whatever about him or his work except that they were paying a lot for a name that was being talked about—therefore, they had to build it up like this to themselves. They hadn't seen any of his painting, or read his book,



Marcia came in like an old friend and dropped into a chair. "Whew! I'm tired," she said. "Give me a cigarette, please"

except, possibly, Tony Quimber might have, at that, if a lifted eyebrow and a slow wink meant anything. Tony put the stick of gum in his mouth and said:

"Where's Marcia?"

"She'll be along," Mr. Gollech said. "I've sent for her. I think we ought to have more red in it, though."

"Eh?" John said. "Did you—"

"Yeah. More red," Mr. Gollech said. "This is a big scene in the picture. We got to give 'em a real subtle bang in the eye here. Red, that's what it takes. Hey, Tony? Wait a minute. Let me think."

"Attaboy, Ben," Tony said. "Think hard."

"Yeah. I see it all now," Mr. Gollech said. "Get this, Tony—we change this scene from where the guy and Marcia are saying goodby because they're never going to see each other any more, all in low voices and whispers and times when they don't say anything at all but just look at each other—that writer's too morbid, anyway—into a good musical number."

"What are you talking about now, Ben?" a cool voice asked behind John. He hadn't heard the door open.

"You ought to be making notes about this, while I'm thinking out loud, Tony," Mr. Gollech said. "This is dynamic, too. Can't you just see it in your mind's eye, Tony?"

"I'm afraid I can," Tony said. "Hello, Marcia."

TALL, and strolling with her hands in her jacket pockets, Marcia Dunning was much more distinguished in her own clothes than John had ever seen her on the screen.

"Marcia," Mr. Gollech said loudly, "I want you should meet Mr. . . . er . . ."

"Dawson," Tony said. "The fellow I told you about, Marcia."

She said, "How do you do?"

He finished the thought he had started on in the first place: without her screen mask, her face was not shadowed with artificial mystery, obvious and cheapening. Glamor, he believed, was the word; in Hollywood pronounced glamma.

"Er, yes," he said. "I—um, yes." Then he recollected his cold and detached attitude in this place, and murmured in his turn a politely disinterested, "How do you do?"

But her eyes, watching him, were not long and slinky, as they were gigantically on the screen; in this empty morning sunlight they were a very clear Irish hazel, uncomfortably common-sense (like his married sister's) but flecked with fascinating little golden motes which might have been the only signs of a secret, a devilish amusement.

She turned, and took the sketch out of Mr. Gollech's hand. The stripes of raw sunlight flickered over its deep and clashing colors as it moved.

For quite a long moment she stood looking at it in silence. Her face was alive and quick with intelligence. But of all the things that there were in the world to say about that design for a set, she said:

"Yes. Extraordinarily sensitive, isn't it?"

John grunted under his breath and looked away, out the window. He hadn't been in Hollywood very long, but long enough to have learned that "sensitive" was the newly discovered adjective of the year. Last year, it had been "creative." But that was out, now—passé but not yet quaint enough to be a dirty crack.

"You're very beautiful today, Marcia," Tony Quimber said in a voice shaky with amusement, though he was watching her gravely.

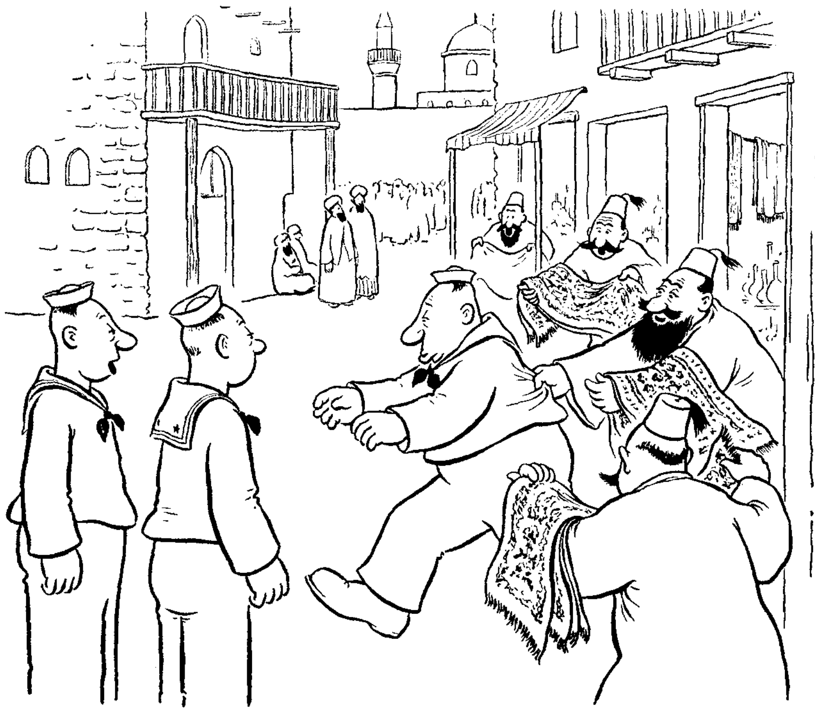
"Oh, Tony," she said absent-mindedly, but added with lovely earnestness: "I mean, it reminds one of the early Picasso, when he was doing those amazing sets for the . . . those Russian things, doesn't it? I think that Mr. . . . ah—"

"Dawson," Tony said. "What does it remind you of, Dawson?"

John made a noise in his throat, and scowled into the sunshine. But after a minute, he turned his head and looked at her with dislike. He decided that, after all, her brown hair was too smooth to be distinguished. Not careless enough. She was saying, choosing her words:

"But conceived with great sophistication. Terribly modern," Marcia said, a little lamely, a little awkwardly, as if she thought this was the sort of thing she ought to say, but wasn't very familiar with the patter.

It was fantastic, and silly. It was as fantastic, John thought, as all the rest of it—the large meaningless money which he wadded vaguely around in various pockets (when he was alive, he used to take a carefully folded dollar bill to lay on the counter of the village store to pay for a couple of days' groceries for the shack among the sand dunes).



"I warned Alfred to be careful, but he couldn't see any harm in just doing a little window shopping"

COLLIER'S F. HUMFREVILLE

HE GOT up, pushing back his chair. You might be in earnest about your work, it might mean quite a lot to you and you might slave at it, and finally know it was good, nearly right; but you couldn't ask these people about it, simply and in terms of work. Because a smart agent had suavely talked them into paying silly, unreal sums of money for something they could have had for nothing, for the love of the work, they must needs glamorize it to themselves with foul, secondhand phrases handed down to them from bored publicity men.

"Rr-rrmp!" John said. "If you're through, you'll excuse me."

"Oh. Of course. I'm sorry," Marcia Dunning said.

"Not at all," he murmured. On his way to the door, he found himself walking too stiffly and, trying to correct it, slouched miserably. He tried to pull out of that, too, by attempting offhand dignity over his shoulder at the door: "I'll go ahead, then, with the next sets, Mr. Gollech."

"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "And more red."

As he closed the door, softly, coldly and viciously behind him, he heard Marcia Dunning's voice ask:

"—but, Tony—what did I say to . . . I . . ."

He heard Tony Quimber strike a match. He heard Mr. Gollech say, "I think we got to handle this guy easy. I think he's a very sensitive guy. . . ."

HE WAS still angry, and feeling quite consciously bitter, and cynical—dramatizing it a bit for himself—when, in the undiminished sunshine of late afternoon, he saw her come out of the main gate of the lot, and with a gracious nod for the studio policeman, who touched his cap, get into her waiting car. The windows of his shop, far removed from the executive offices, were above the main gate. Three or four other men—he knew them by their nicknames, but hadn't been here long enough to know who they were except that, vaguely, they were old-timers in the art department—were sprawling around in chairs and on the davenport, waiting for someone to suggest that it was time to sneak down the back stairs and across the avenue for a drink. Watching Marcia Dunning get into her car, John laughed shortly, making a harsh sound in his throat.

The other men looked at him curiously, and after a minute or two one of them murmured, "Let's go over and have a drink."

He was still feeling that way, but uglier, when after a long taxi ride over palm-lined avenues and looking down into blue valleys filled with the scattered clear lights of the desert evening, he got back to the hotel and went up to his room. In cut-glass vases, square and heavy under the round wall mirror, the hotel had placed modernistic spears of salmon-colored gladioli, the only touches of color in his bedroom of white leather and linen and gleaming chromium. His laundry had been put away for him by the valet service—shirts beautifully clean and crisp and ironed. He looked at them in the drawer, after his shower; but with a bitter, theatrical tightening of the mouth—dramatizing himself on, again—he dragged out of his grip the last of those he had washed himself. An old frayed shirt, limp and wrinkled from a conscientious New England scrubbing.

Knotting a tie, he thought he would go down to their shining bar for a hot rum and butter before dinner. He didn't expect it to taste like the hot rum and butters he made out of his own teakettle, with honey from a stone pot he had bought at a waterside farm in Maine on a drowsy August afternoon. Their perfumed drinks here, though served in crystal, could never taste like a gulp out of a tin cup, lifted steaming, on the doorstep of the shack after a day's work. Oh, well, he reflected—tomorrow he was going to look for another shack, somewhere along this barren and sun-glaring beach, if there were honest shacks to be found somewhere beyond the gaudy miles of cabañas and surf-side palazzi.

"Sensitive, hey?" he thought. "Well, that's near enough. They've named it; they'll get it."

THE shack he found was eleven miles up the coast from Malibu Beach, quite a way beyond the place where a real-estate company had built some fake adobe ruins, very picturesque, on a dusty hillside along the highway. It was a shadeless, sand-drifted shack, with dried geranium stems in bright-colored broken flowerpots left by some former tenant on the window sills; but here he could be by himself, away from crowding people and noise, when he got back from the studio in the secondhand flivver he had bought, and he could eat his supper with a tin plate on one knee and a book on the other if he wanted to. So he was surprised when Sunday morning a big low-slung roadster, all shining and glittering in the sun, came lurching slowly down the deep sand road from the Coast Highway.

Standing at the back door with a cup and a dish towel in his hands, John saw that the man driving was Tony Quimber, lean and distinguished-looking with the streaks of gray in his hair around his sunburned ears and a gray-and-yellow striped jersey. The woman John didn't recognize for a minute, because with big sunglasses, and framed by the upturned lapels of a white coat, her face had the impassive masklike quality of anonymous ritziness that women's faces have in big low-slung roadsters in Hollywood. Then, as she smiled, he saw it was Marcia Dunning.

"Hi, boy," Tony called. "We've come for Sunday dinner."

"Oh," John said. "That's fine."

"I knew you'd appreciate it," Tony said. "After all the trouble you've taken to escape the shrill, bitter illusions of Hollywood. Now, I've been here eighteen years and I—"

"Oh, Tony," Marcia said. "No, really, Mr. Dawson. We haven't come for dinner. We were just out driving and—"

"—And Marcia wanted to see what kind of man it was, at home in the chaste though probably unsanitary shack for which he forsook the gauds and vanities of our world. That intrigued Marcia. . . . Here, better have a drink."

THE flask was dull, heavy silver bound in worn saddle leather, and it was filled with a fine, dry, aromatic Scotch. John drank quite a lot of it, methodically, and handed it back.

"Keep it," Tony said. "You'll need it. Because I'm going to leave Marcia here."

"Tony!" Marcia said, quietly.

"Pooh! Send her home on the bus after dinner," Tony said. "I've got a girl in Santa Barbara. We're thinking about opening a beer parlor there. I've got to go up and talk to her about it. Should we call it The Field of The Cloth of Gold, or just Lulu's Place? Oh, well. Get out, kid. So long."

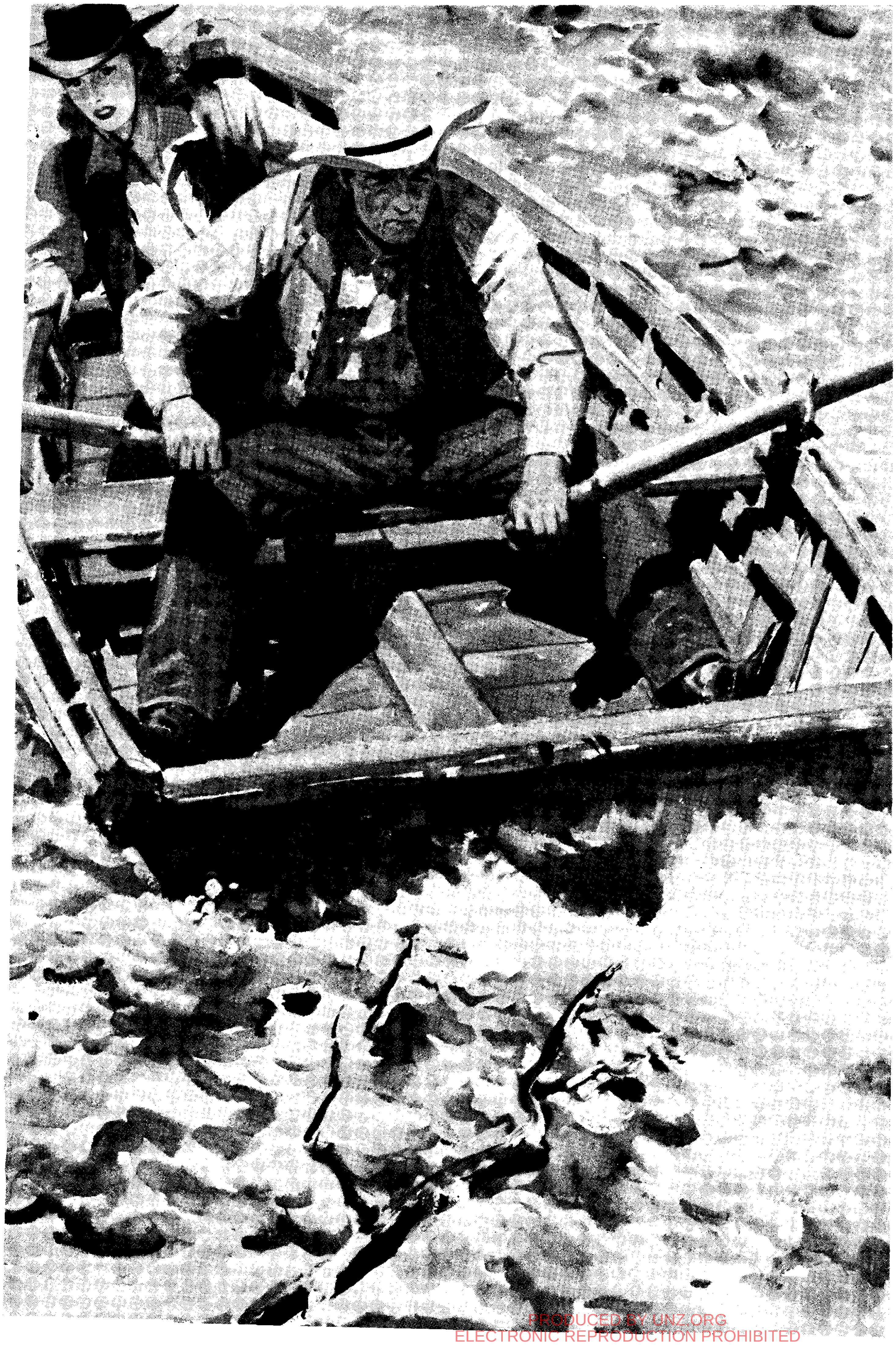
Standing in the sand, watching the car lurch away again, Marcia said, "Great

(Continued on page 62)

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



Coleman dug hard with the oars, making short chops into the water; he got the stern squared at the tumbling river before him, and poised the oars

The Story Thus Far:

OLD Ben-Tim Howlett, who is living in Texas, suspects that something is wrong at his ranch—"Horsehead"—far to the north of the Lone Star State. Unable to make the long ride himself, he sends Tracy Coleman, his most trusted foreman, to investigate.

Coleman soon learns that Dan Stuart, a powerful cattleman, and Drew Trumbo (who is in love with Stuart's daughter, Ann) are plotting to steal the ranch; and within a short time, he finds himself engaged in a savage struggle with the two men.

Among the Texan's new acquaintances is a man named Ben Solvay. Courted by letter, an attractive girl—Valencia Wilder—comes a long distance to marry him. But, skeptical of her past, Solvay postpones the marriage; and Coleman (at Solvay's suggestion) takes her in as a house guest. . . .

With a number of their followers, Stuart and Trumbo make a sudden attack on Horsehead. Doña Gertrude, Howlett's faithful Mexican housekeeper, is accidentally killed; and, fearing that, if he continues to fight, Valencia may also be shot, Coleman reluctantly runs away. Accompanied by George Pairvent, his foreman, and the hands (Ray Miller, Ed Drum and Baldy Bickle), he rides high into the mountains.

Shocked by the cowardly attack on Horsehead, Ann Stuart (who is very fond of Coleman) leaves her father's home, vowing never to return. Then, finding Coleman, she urges him either to leave the country at once or return to Horsehead. Coleman (who respects the girl's judgment, and who is an unusually brave man) decides to ride back to the ranch. Unfortunately he and Ann, on the trail back, detach themselves from the rest of the party; and the Stuart-Trumbo forces kill Ray Miller and capture Pairvent, Ed Drum and Bickle. . . .

Trapped in a canyon—down which plunges a wild river that is full of dangerous rapids—Coleman and Ann find a boat. Realizing that if Coleman tries to row to safety *alone*, he will be shot, Ann follows him when he climbs into the frail little craft. Then, while Stuart, Trumbo and some of their men look on in horror, they are swept out of sight around a bend.

A few minutes later, Trumbo reports the tragic incident thus, to someone who had not been present: "Coleman went down the river in a boat. By this time, he's lodged against a couple of rocks, ten feet under water."

IX

ED AND Baldy showed the full force of the news; they looked at each other and the starch of their last hopes went out of them. It was visible to all the watching men. Pairvent, a tough and cross-grained character in his mildest moments, shrugged his shoulders. "We never should have left the ranch. That was his mistake." Then he paid his sultry respects to Stuart: "Your daughter no doubt led him into it, as she led us into this blind pocket. I wanted to keep goin' straight down the trail."

"No," said Trumbo, "she was in the same boat that went down with Coleman."

That affected Pairvent. He ran a hand across his dark jaws, drew a breath and he shook his head. "Then she was square after all. She liked Coleman."

"Yes," said Trumbo, dully furious at the thought, "she did."

Pairvent knew what lay ahead of him; it was the finish of a hard game—the only possible finish. Even so, he was tough enough to make an observation which ended any remote chance of mercy. "You boys," he said, "are sure tough on women."

Trumbo took it without an answer; and was shocked at himself. Stuart, all this while acting like a drugged man, suddenly straightened and walked at Pairvent with the red haze of murder in his eyes. "George," he said, "I'd like to stick a knife through that tongue of yours. I'd like to strangle you until it hung out, and cut it off." He raised his closed fist and swept it crosswise, catching Pairvent on the side of the head. Pairvent raised his hands in defense.

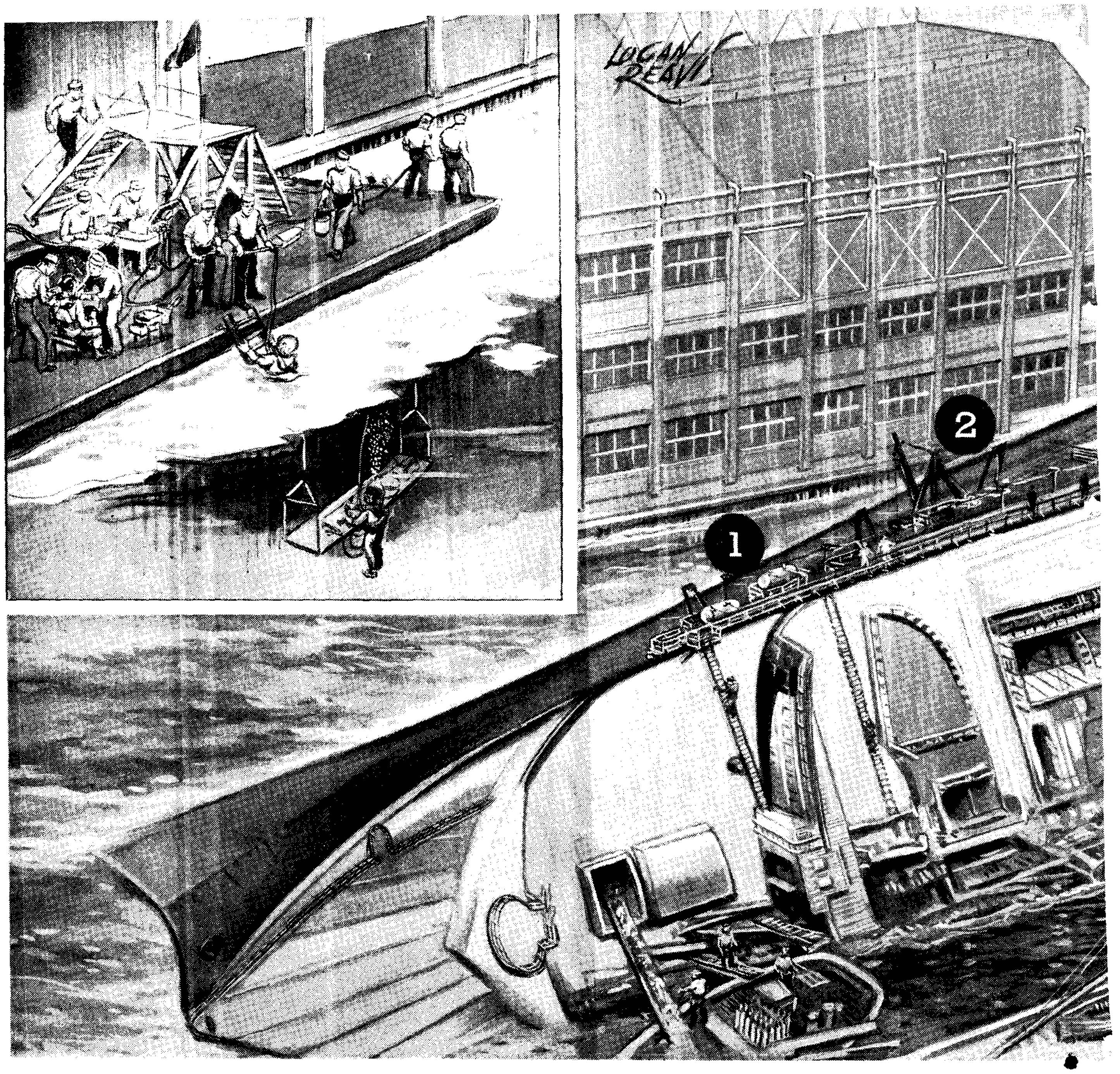
(Continued on page 38)

UP SHIP!

By Clarence H. Roy

DRAWINGS BY LOGAN U. REAVIS

How the greatest job of marine salvage ever undertaken is transforming the Normandie into America's biggest and fastest ship—the U.S.S. Lafayette



Here is the fire-and-water gutted hulk of the ex-Normandie, renamed the U.S.S. Lafayette, lying on her side at her Hudson River Pier, as the preliminary activities involved in the stupendous job of raising her get under way. Her superstructure has been cleared away as far as the water level. For details, see keyed numbers on opposite page. Inset at top shows the Navy's diving school on pier, where young divers practice jobs to be encountered

YOU walk along 12th Avenue, the pier-studded street that fronts on the Hudson River. You present your credentials to the police and to the naval guards. You are permitted to go on toward 48th Street, and you come, all in a moment, to the open space between Piers 88 and 89.

And there, with the dramatic suddenness of a swiftly raised curtain, you come upon the whole great length of the U.S.S. Lafayette, the former Normandie, lying, gutted by fire and water, on her side in the swirling muddy water between the piers. Your first emotion is one of deep shock.

In her gray war paint, now streaked and blotched, and shorn of her soaring superstructure, her magnificent lines still sweep proudly above and through the clutter of lines and ladders and barges that cover and surround her. The two great starboard screws that once helped to drive her to a new record Atlantic crossing silently transfix the air.

Fire broke out in her main lounge on February 9th as she was being stripped for service as a transport, after she had been taken over by the Navy. The 6,000 tons of water poured into her by firefighters collected on the upper decks on the portside, causing her to list enough so that river water entered the ports on the lowering side; the incoming tide did the rest, sending her floundering over onto her side and creating the most difficult job in the history of marine salvage. It's a job that is already well under way.

The salvage of large ships offers extraordinary difficulties. A few years ago the liner Paris turned over at Le Havre and after several salvage attempts was broken up. In 1926 the "mail boat" Fontainebleau ran aground in the harbor of Djibouti and, after efforts to save her failed, was finally converted into an enormous pier by copious deposits of concrete.

Yet, as early as March 16th, the Navy, confident of saving the superliner, deposited $2,610,000 to pay New York City for the "maintenance, repair, renewal and alteration of Pier 88," at which the ship capsized. The pier was to be made the seat of salvage operations.

In the soft mud, divers had discovered the crushing of some of the pier's supporting piling by the impact of the vessel's keel; borings revealed the nearly fluid consistency of the underlying mud. The ship was found to have reached equilibrium at the edge of a rock shelf 46 feet below low water level; back at the stern there is a sheer drop of 160 feet owing to the downward slope of the rock toward the river's channel. Here hard sand was found to a depth of 55 feet above the rock. The stern has been sinking gradually, and the bow rising, and conceivably the vessel must plunge down the rock escarpment unless checked.

Favorable to the salvagers' hopes, through the timely closing of fire doors, is the comparative restriction of the fire's damage to the upper sun, boat and promenade decks. In the deep recesses of the hull, silt has worked in through open air and cargo ports, and the sweep of muddy water has dashed furniture, glass and other material throughout the vast hull, endangering the future operations of the divers. On the other hand, the region containing the boilers, turbo-alternators and motors are believed to have been less harmed by the flood.

Unwilling that the proposed enterprise be denounced as an extravagant folly, Secretary of the Navy Knox appointed, on April 20th, a committee of marine experts to conduct an independent investigation as to whether the ship could be salvaged or whether it should be demolished. Two days later dark rumors were already in circulation to the effect that the Normandie was a hopeless hulk, too expensive to salvage, and "shipping men acquainted with the condition of the big liner" were reported to have grave doubts as to the "practicability of salvaging the big hull."

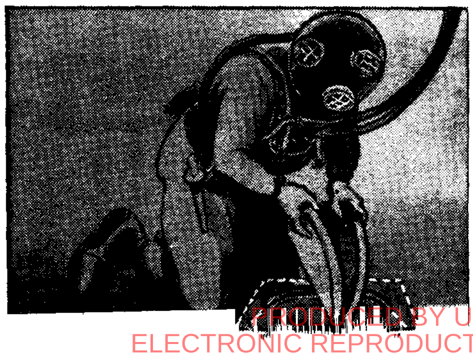
When the Navy's official report was issued on May 21st it was affirmed that "the salvage of the U.S.S. Lafayette will undoubtedly exceed in magnitude and complexity any salvage operation hitherto undertaken." It certainly will.

Think of a small city housed in a structure some thousand feet long; wider than most city streets and about as high as a ten-story building. It is upset in mud and about 50 per cent flooded by water. How to right it? Can it be restored?

To Commander W. A. Sullivan, in charge of salvage operations, in his office with the Merritt, Chapman & Scott Corporation, the civilian contractors engaged by the Naval Salvage Service of the Navy's Bureau of Ships, came hundreds of suggestions for saving the big ship. Many were fantastic: some advised balloons, rubber bags, great winches, even ice cubes! Says the commander, a kindly man: "Most of the suggestions were logical if the ship were subject to ideal conditions."

How will it be accomplished? How long will it take? How much will it cost? To the last two queries the immediate answer is: No one knows, exactly. One conservative estimate declares that the ship will be right side up in a year's time. In the office of the administration office on Pier 88, Lieutenant Commander Carl F. Chandler declares: "Difficult things we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer."

Divers employ a "Tooker Patch" to seal underwater ports before pumping begins. When opened, the patch serves as a watertight dam against which concrete may be poured



The Normandie turned over because water from firefighters' hoses ran down to portside of upper decks, causing the ship to list. Actual capsizing was caused by incoming tide

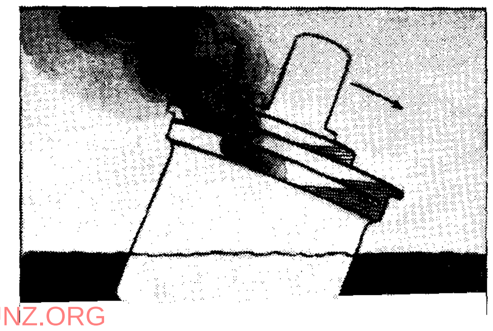
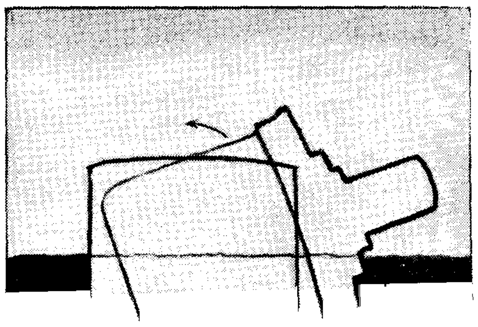
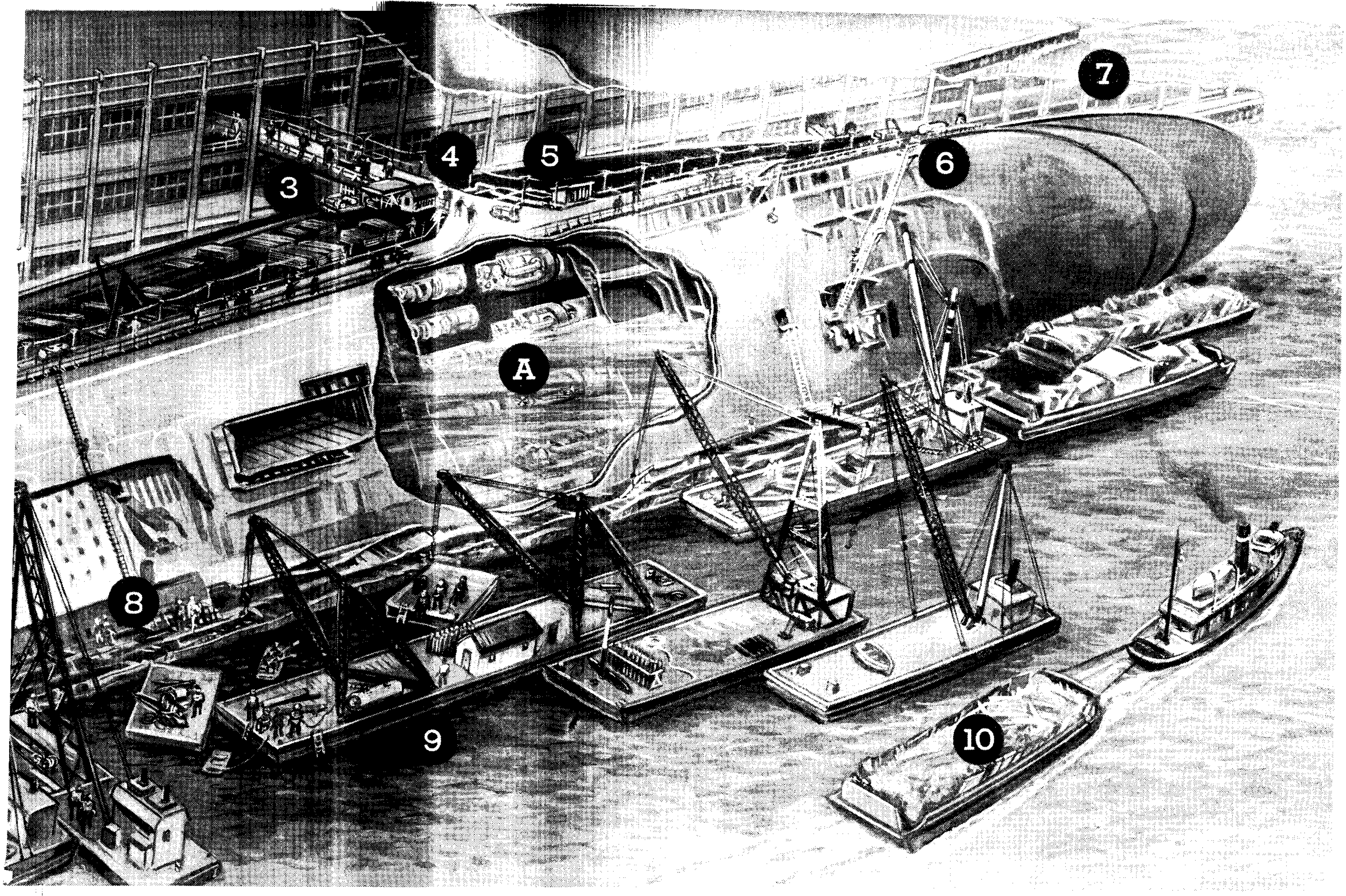


Diagram below illustrates how removal of thousands of tons of superstructure will aid engineers in restoring normal center of gravity in righting vessel





The basic method of righting the Lafayette seems comparatively simple. Inclined at an angle of 80 degrees to the horizontal on its portside, the weight of the superstructure was somewhat balanced by the power plant below, with the dead weight of the water and mud stabilizing the hull on the bottom. The first task of the salvagers, therefore, is to clear the stacks and upper decks as far as the promenade deck, a job that is well toward completion, and then to exhaust the water and mud; create enough weight on the engine side of an imaginary vertical line drawn through the present center of gravity to enable the vessel automatically to swing over to an upright position. Gravity pulled her over; gravity will restore her.

Expressed in figures, the ship has been rated as having a dead weight of 56,000 tons. Something like 2,000 tons of the superstructure has already been removed, with an additional 1,000 tons, now mostly submerged, in process of elimination. Within the vessel there is

(Continued on page 43)

1. Air supply tanks for divers at work inside hull.

2. Derricks lifting debris through side cargo ports.

3. Compressor pump installations.

4. Ramp from pier to ship leading to catwalks on edge of deck.

5. Branching trunk lines for water, air and fire control.

6. Ladder for access to interior.

7. Portion of pier that may have to be removed to prevent collision when ship rises.

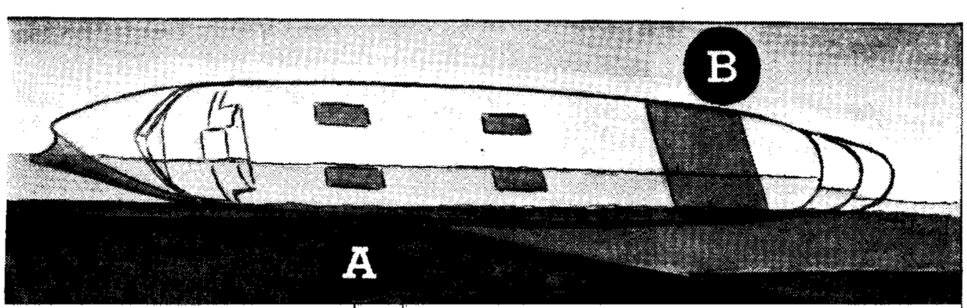
8. Superstructure at water line being cleared away by divers and derricks.

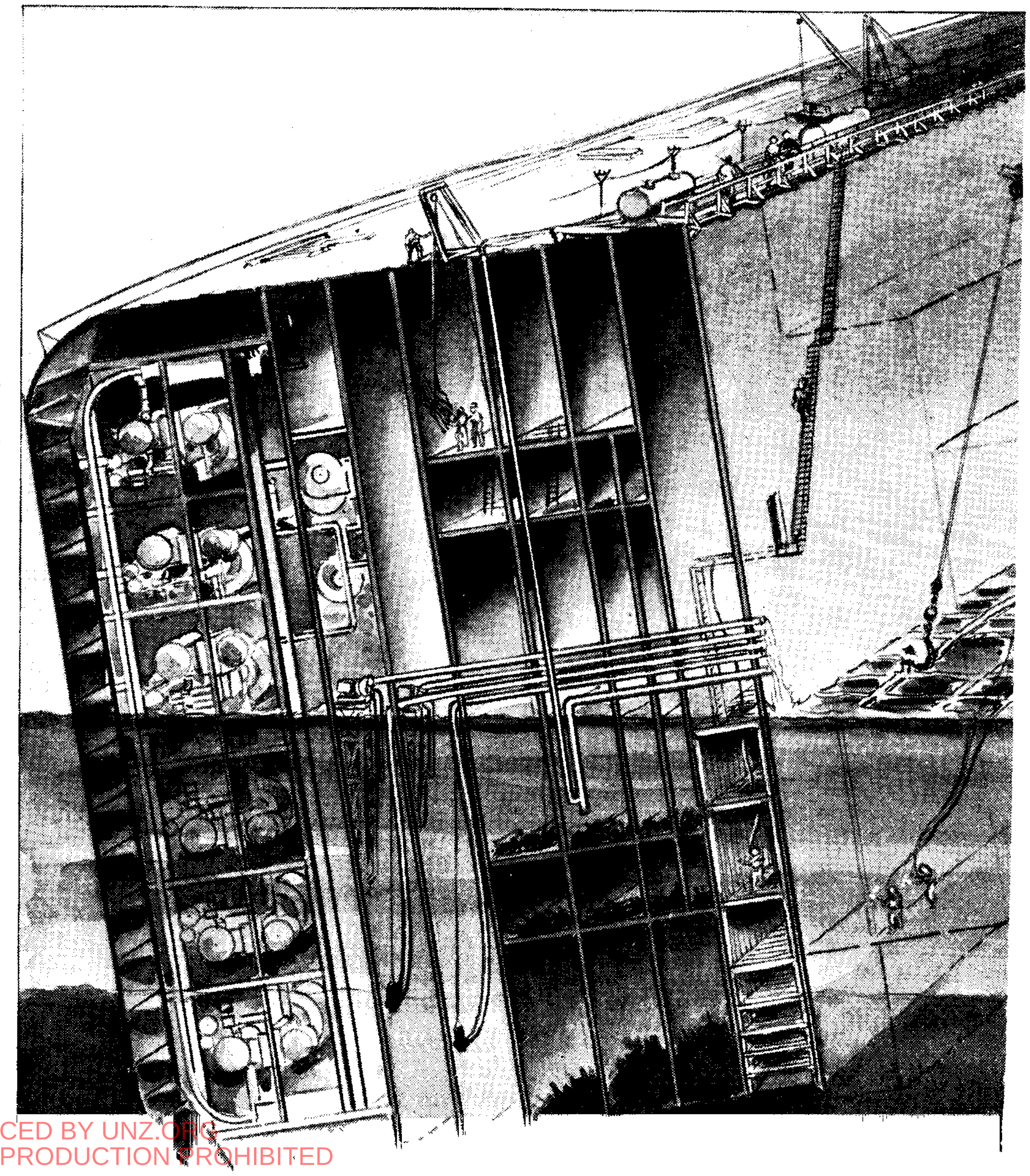
9. Barges from which divers operate.

10. Barges for removing debris.

A. Artist's cutaway showing extent of interior flooding.

Because the hull pivots on an underwater fulcrum of rock at point marked A, engineers created an area of buoyancy at B in order to prevent subsidence of the stern portion of the vessel into soft sand and mud that lie beneath it. At the right is an amidships cross section of the hull, showing compartmentation. Lowest section is engine room, not seriously damaged



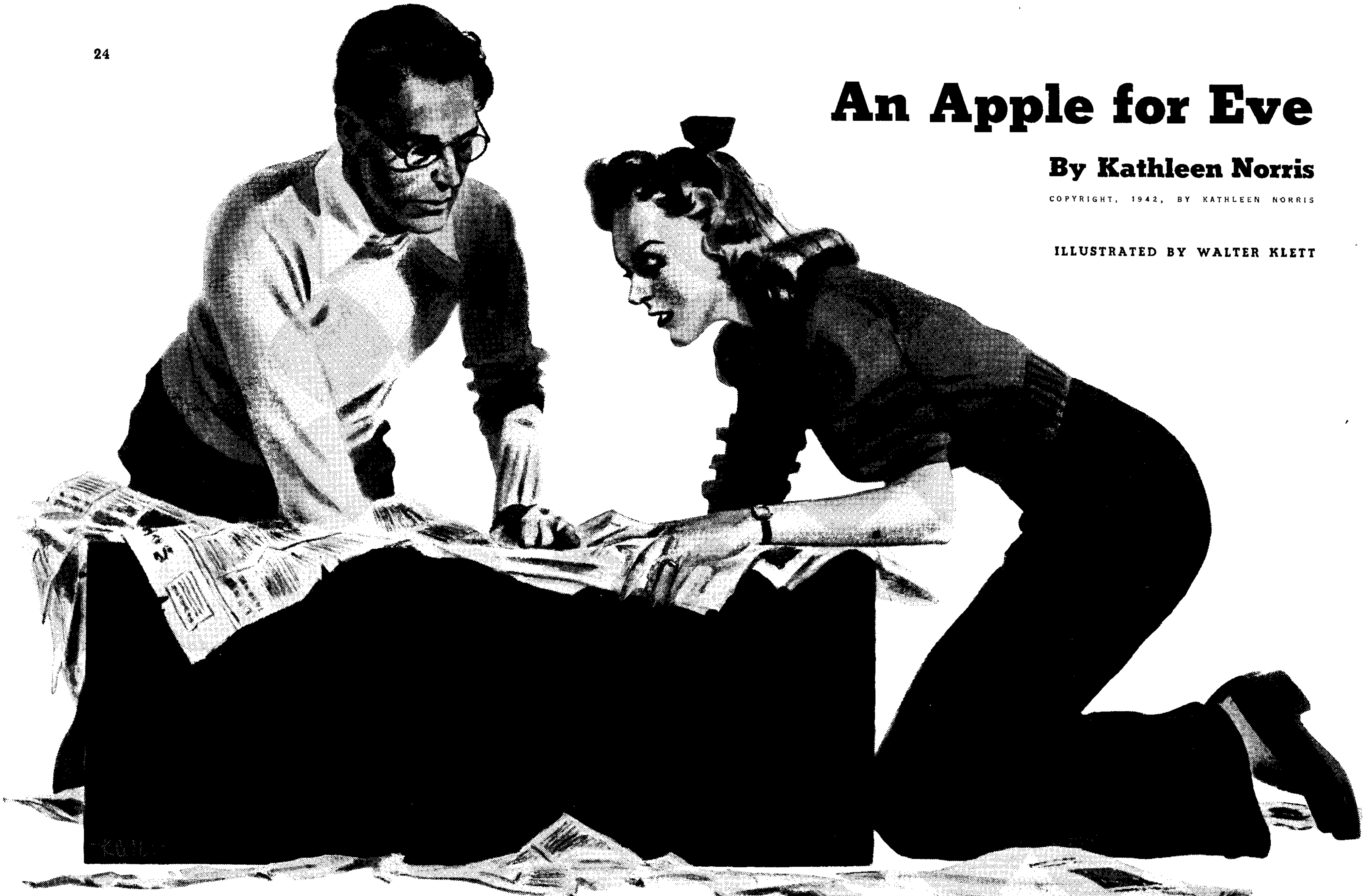


An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



"You don't think it's the money?" Loveday asked, awed. "The actual money?" . . . "What else?" said Hugh

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her mother and her grandmother, in an old house near Indian Hill, California, Loveday Gurney often hears the story of her grandfather's lost fortune. The old gentleman, it appears, had died wealthy; but after his death his money was never found.

Another story to which the girl often listens revolves around her brother, Hugh, who, lost when he was five, had *apparently* died of exposure and starvation. . . .

Loveday's mother and grandmother both die. Then, when she is twenty, she marries "Larry" Ingersoll, an attractive but rather futile young man.

Several years pass. Loveday is the mother of three children when, to her amazement, she discovers that one of her friends—young Dr. Marc Villard, who believes he is a Frenchman, is—*her brother, Hugh!* Kidnaped, at the time of his supposed death, he had been taken to France; there he had been educated and cared for by a rich American woman, who had brought him to the States.

But what about the body that had been found—and "positively" identified? Hugh and Loveday interview the man who had found it—Al Harris. But they learn almost nothing. . . . Meanwhile, Loveday has learned that her husband simply cannot hold a good job; presently he enlists in the Canadian Air Force.

When Larry goes, Loveday finds herself confronted with a serious problem: "Chris" St. George, a noted playwright, has fallen in love with her. Again and again he calls on her, tells her that he adores her. Loveday admits that she loves him. She will not, however, promise to divorce Larry.

Then, one night when Chris is at the house, Al Harris comes in. He asks Loveday if he can spend the night in the barn. Loveday tells him that he can.

The hour is late, and Chris—who does not trust Harris—decides to sleep in the house. Loveday tells him good-night, and goes to her bedroom. *Larry is there;* he is in bed, asleep!

In the morning, Chris comes downstairs. Loveday greets him. "No excitements in the night?" he asks. Then he adds: "I'd make pretty sure today, if I were you, where Harris is." Loveday is silent for a moment. Then—"No excitements; no excitements," she says calmly, "but Larry's home."

X

LARRY'S *here!"*

"Yes. I didn't wake him because he told the girls he wanted to sleep." She managed a natural air as she poured the coffee, but Chris looked frankly astounded.

"When'd he come in?"

"Last night some time. I'm not sure when." No need to tell Chris that it was before he and she had separated for the evening.

"He didn't send you a wire," Chris commented. It was almost as if he were criticizing Larry, and Loveday too, for the omission. He was annoyed, though he tried not to show it; the atmosphere of the breakfast table changed. She was uncomfortably conscious of silences, spasmodic bursts of irrelevant talk, and of her own anxiety to get Chris out of the way, openly, and at the obviously proper moment without conspiracy or haste, but still out of the way.

Time went by; the clocks struck the half hour after eight; Chris said that he must go. Loveday tried for a protest, knew it to be unconvincing. And then of all pleasant and unexpected developments, Hugh came into the dining room, the children noisily swarming about him, and rain speckling the shoulders of his heavy Army overcoat. Somehow his appearance was of infinite reassurance to Loveday. She made her brother sit down at the breakfast table for a cup of coffee, kissed his dark hair as she passed behind him with a plate of fresh corn bread, laughed at his solemn round-eyed expression.

"Say, Loveday, I'm operating at ten. But I had to tell you. I've found Delia Dillon!"

"Oh, you and your clues, Hugh! And does she know anything about Grandfather's money?" She could laugh aloud in sheer relief.

"I don't know; I've not seen her yet. She lives in Portland. But d'you know how I found out about her? It was yesterday up at the hospital, when Father Burke came up to see a fellow who's pretty sick. The minute he heard my name he spoke of Grandfather Gurney and the odd chance that I had found out who I was—he knew all about it, of course—and then he spoke of all the family, asked about you, said he heard you had children— This is boring you, Chris?"

"Not at all," Chris said, recalled from somber abstraction.

"WELL, and it suddenly came to me that he might know Delia. So I asked him if he remembered a nice Irish maid my grandmother had and he said at once that he remembered her perfectly; she had married and gone away. I said that she hadn't left any traces that we could follow, through the post office and all that, and he said that she had been afraid of some man here who had been worrying her—"

"Harris, of course!"

"Harris. She'd sworn Father Burke into not telling anyone except a member of the family where she was, but he has her name, and he telephoned it to me this morning. So I've written to her in Portland and if she seems a likely—a likely—"

"Clue!" Loveday supplied, laughing.

"Lead," he substituted with dignity. "If she knows anything, I'll go up there the first chance I get. Hot work, huh, Chris?"

"And Larry's here, Hugh," Loveday said, as Chris appeared not to have heard. "Came in late last night."

"Larry, hey?" Hugh looked immensely pleased and relieved, and his sister knew why. She had seen the odd flash in his eyes, a flash that was there for but a fraction of a second, when he had opened the dining-room door upon Chris and herself at breakfast.

"What's the news with him?" he now asked.

"I don't know. He was terribly tired and he's still sound asleep." Oh, if only it could all go off in this everyday fashion! she thought, glancing surreptitiously at the clock. Quarter to nine; Chris must go soon. If by some miracle he left her to handle Larry alone she was afraid of nothing. With the passing minutes her heart began to rise on a steady wave of courage and hope. No matter how angry, how vociferous Larry was when he awakened, if nobody was in hearing she could somehow weather the storm. So Chris St. George had been spending the night there? her husband would ask. Yes; and for good reason.

At about nine o'clock that half-crazed Al Harris had turned up, and she hadn't wanted to be alone in the place with him wandering about. "Al Harris!" Larry would sneer; "you could throw him downstairs with one hand." "Well, that isn't a thing I especially want to do in the middle of the night, and I didn't want to lie awake wondering if every creak in the house was him coming upstairs, and I didn't want the children to

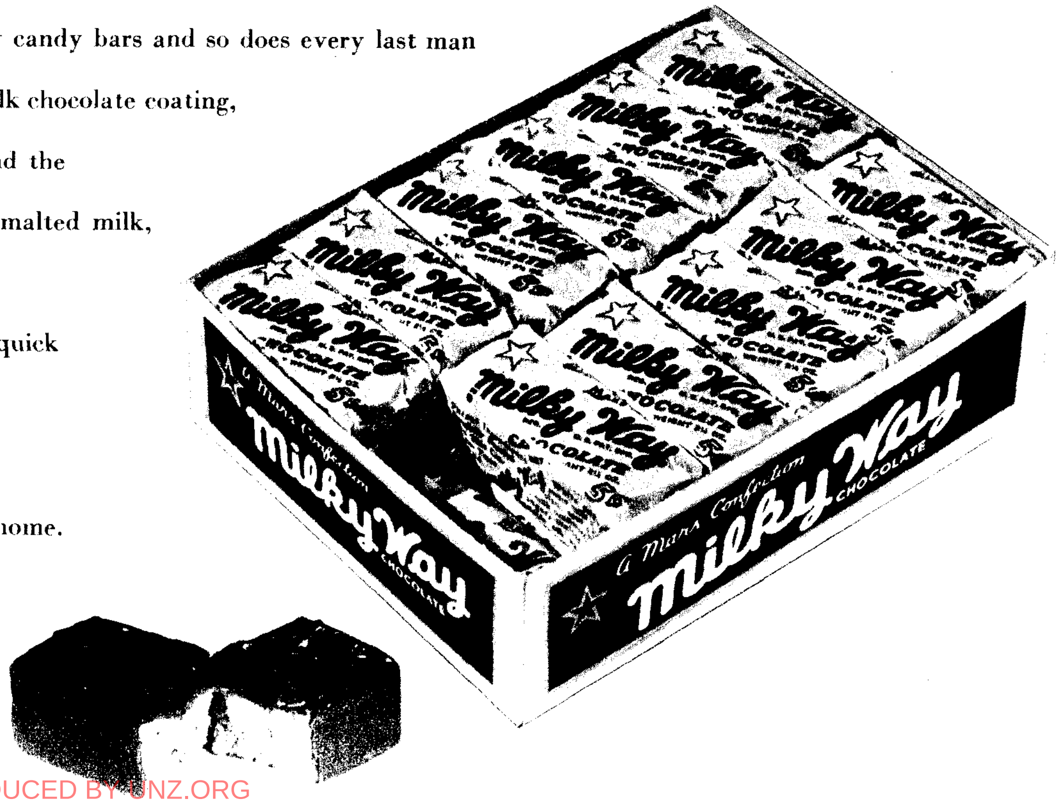
(Continued on page 26)

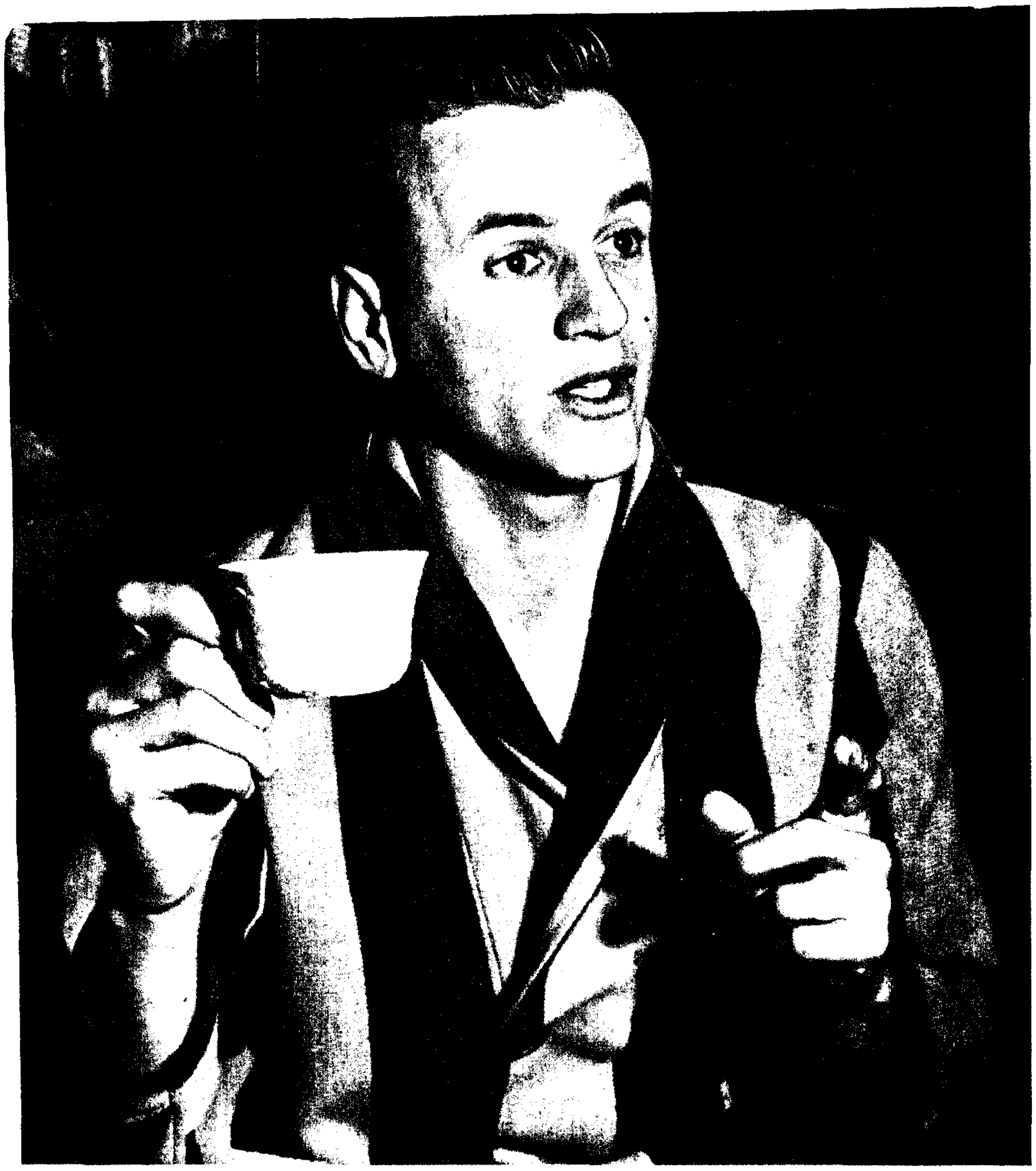
A Mars Confection
Milky Way
Chocolate

HEY JOHN, LOOK WHAT BETTY SENT ME...

AND DO I LOVE MILKY WAYS!

You bet he loves Milky Way candy bars and so does every last man of them! With each bite through the pure milk chocolate coating, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and the delightful center of chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk, he will thrill to the taste treat found only in Milky Ways. Not to mention its satisfying nourishment that is such a quick source of energy. Think what a whole box of Milky Ways will mean to your boy . . . sweet cheer from home.


Milky Way
Chocolate
A Mars Confection
Milky Way
Chocolate



GRIFFIN

John Hennessy doubled as mailman—but not in the approved Burmese style

MAIL FOR THE TIGERS

By John J. Hennessy

GENERAL CHENNAULT'S PERSONAL A.V.G. PILOT

As told to Gene Casey

I WAS Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault's personal pilot while he was in command of the American Volunteer Group in China. The general's plane was the last A.V.G. ship in and out of Lashio when the Japanese were blasting it off the map.

The general wasn't with me that time; my roommate Mickey Mickelson, A.V.G. fighter pilot, was. Lashio had gone through two big raids and another one was on the way when I set my battered old plane down on the flying field. The town was in pretty bad shape, but the flying field had come through undamaged.

After we landed, a R.A.F. pilot told us there there was some A.V.G. mail at the Lashio post office. "Wow!" Mickey yelled. "Let's get going!"

None of us had received any letters from home since the United States had gone to war with Japan, four months before. We saw an unattended jeep, hopped in, and headed for the post office. The place was closed up tighter than a Burmese's pocketbook, and when we inquired around we found an official who told us we'd have to fill out an application and get General Chennault to sign it before we could get the mail; so we felt a little beaten down, as we started to drive back to the airfield.

Then, suddenly, I made a decision. "To hell with applications!" I said to Mickey Mickelson. "Let's go back and get that mail anyway."

"I'm your boy," Mickey said with a wide grin.

We drove back, broke a pane of glass in the post-office door, and let ourselves in. Everyone was busy with his own evacuation problem and no attention was paid to us. Without knowing how many laws we were breaking, we sorted out the mail, taking only what was addressed to the A.V.G.

General Chennault's letters went to my inside pocket. Mickey and I each picked out our own and put the rest in the jeep. Then, back at the airfield, we abandoned the jeep and took off for Kunming before anyone could catch up with us.

General Chennault was getting ready to hold his staff meeting at four that afternoon and he called me into it. During a lull he asked me: "Been to Lashio today, Hennessy?"

"Yes, sir."

"When'd you leave?"

I told him.

"Did you know Lashio was practically blown off the map about two hours after you left?"

It was news to me but I figured this was a good time to tell him about breaking into the post office. The general is kind of stern-faced, but I noticed a small grin appearing at the corners of his mouth while I was talking. Then he demanded: "Any mail for me?"

I said, "Yes, sir!" and hauled it out of my pocket.

One of the staff officers said: "You'll probably get ten years for this, Hennessy."

"If he does," General Chennault said, "we'll all split up the sentence. There isn't a man in the A.V.G. who wouldn't be willing to serve part of it for one of these letters Jack brought back." Then he said to me, "Don't worry about it. The post office was probably blown off the map in that raid."

★★★

(Continued from page 24) wake up and be terrified!" she would answer.

While this imaginary exchange was formulating itself in her mind, she was smilingly superintending the men's breakfast, listening with half an ear for the sound of Larry's feet coming downstairs, and doling out directions, comfort, and odds and ends of post-breakfast toast and jam to the children, who were roaming at large.

Suppose Larry said, "What the blazes was Chris doing here anyway? How much are you seeing him?" Or suppose he coldly agreed to the divorce proposition at which she had hinted during their last angry talk, when he had left her stunned at her dressing table with the bitter reproach that as he could not give the children a home, and as they needed their mother, she held all the winning cards and might play them at her pleasure. Well, even then—?

SHE wanted to be free of Larry, of course. She glanced at Chris' serious, handsome, dark face and her heart stirred as it always did at the sight of him. But she did not want to be free on terms so shameful to herself as Larry's claim might make the events of the last few hours. She did not want Larry to be able to say what he might quite truthfully say of her, "because," her thoughts ran, "they aren't true! Chris is in love with me, of course, and Chris was here last night, but there was a good reason."

"Going, Chris?" The endless meal was over; Chris was on his feet; they all went with him to the door and down to the drive. Hugh got into his car and sped away; the children foraged among the shrubs and paths, the wind blowing the girls' soft curls into banners and whirls, stray leaves sailing down on the steps and the bricks. Chris stood by his car looking down at the rough old driving gloves he was pulling on his hands, his face a thundercloud.

"What's the matter?" Loveday asked, her heart sinking.

"Everything," he answered, with a brief glance.

"Not my fault," she said very low, hardly knowing what she said. The implication was, of course, that she had not wanted Larry to come home, and she did not quite mean that. What she really did mean was to have Chris safely off the place, and all explanations and apologies deferred until some later time.

"Not your fault? Whose fault is it that you haven't had an understanding with him, that you haven't made this sort of thing impossible?" the man beside her demanded. "You know how I feel. You know how any man who loves a woman would feel to have him—to have him—walk in here, go straight into your room—your room—!"

"Chris, Chris," she pleaded, for his dark face and the muscles of his throat were working painfully; she had never seen him like this before. "You must understand that nothing's settled yet—that after all, he's my husband—"

"He isn't giving me much chance to forget it!" Chris said darkly. And then restlessly, in a troubled voice, he added, "I'm sorry, Loveday, but what on earth am I to do? Joke and laugh over his coming back, breaking up all our plans? You told me that he left you in a fury, told you that you could get a divorce if you wanted one. What on earth's the explanation then of his coming in here unannounced, going right back to his old place—I tell you, Loveday, you've let one of us down, him or me! How can you possibly claim desertion now? You needn't," Chris interrupted himself to say scornfully, "you needn't keep looking up at those windows; there's nobody there; he isn't listening!"

"I did tell him you and I cared for each other," Loveday protested, her cheeks flaming, "but how could I say that while I was married to one man I was planning to marry another?"

"Why couldn't you? Isn't it done every day? Aren't the Reno hotels crowded with women who are doing exactly that? I'm sorry," he broke off to say sulkily, "I'll write you; I'll see you; I don't know that I ought to see you too soon; I'm all upset— I'm crazy, I guess. But I happen to love you. Will you—" he went on, seated in his open car now, with his gloved hands on the wheel, "will you please do one thing for me? Will you make things definite today, have an understanding with him, let me know where I stand? How I wish I didn't like you so much!"

The last inadequate phrase had the ring of a child's hopeless despair in it; it sounded in her ears for a long time after his car had disappeared down the drive. And yet it was with an enormously relieved heart that she turned back to the house.

The big dark hallways were gloomy and chilly. She thought that she would make a fire in the upstairs apartment the children called "Grandma's room," and keep the trio indoors until the weather was more settled; there had been gusts of rain, the trees and bushes were beaded with it. Now there was a lull for the moment, but it would be stupid to let them all get out and get wet, and so start the winter with heavy colds.

She kept herself busy, occasionally warning the children "not to wake Dad" in a tone whose wifeliness somehow held infinite reassurance for her, but not constraining herself to be particularly quiet. Larry must wake sometime, and perhaps the sooner the meeting was over the better. She hummed as she made up the beds, went to and fro between what had been her mother's room and the nursery. And presently she heard a sound from Larry that was half a shout and half a moan, and entering her own room with a fast-beating heart saw that he had rolled over on his back, carrying the covers like mummy wrappings about him, and that he was staring sleepily toward the door.

"Hello, Loveday!" he said easily. "Lord, I can feel it's late! What time is it?"

It couldn't be that he was going to be good-natured! That there need not be a scene?

"It's only a little after ten. Go back to sleep if you want to; Annie Lum's keeping the coffee hot."

"Oh, no," Larry said, with a long yawn; "I'll get up. I want to see the kids."

"And they want to see you." Anything for time! It might be an hour before she dared ask him the question that was burning in her soul: "When did you get home, Larry?"

THE children raced in. Larry quickly tired of their exuberance; as a father he was proud of them, but as companions he found them tiring. Loveday dismissed them, and began with as natural a manner as she could assume to make her own bed and get the room into order.

"Tell me everything, Larry. What brings you and how long can you stay?"

"Same old story. Pick up another bomber and take it back."

"Back to where? Toronto?"

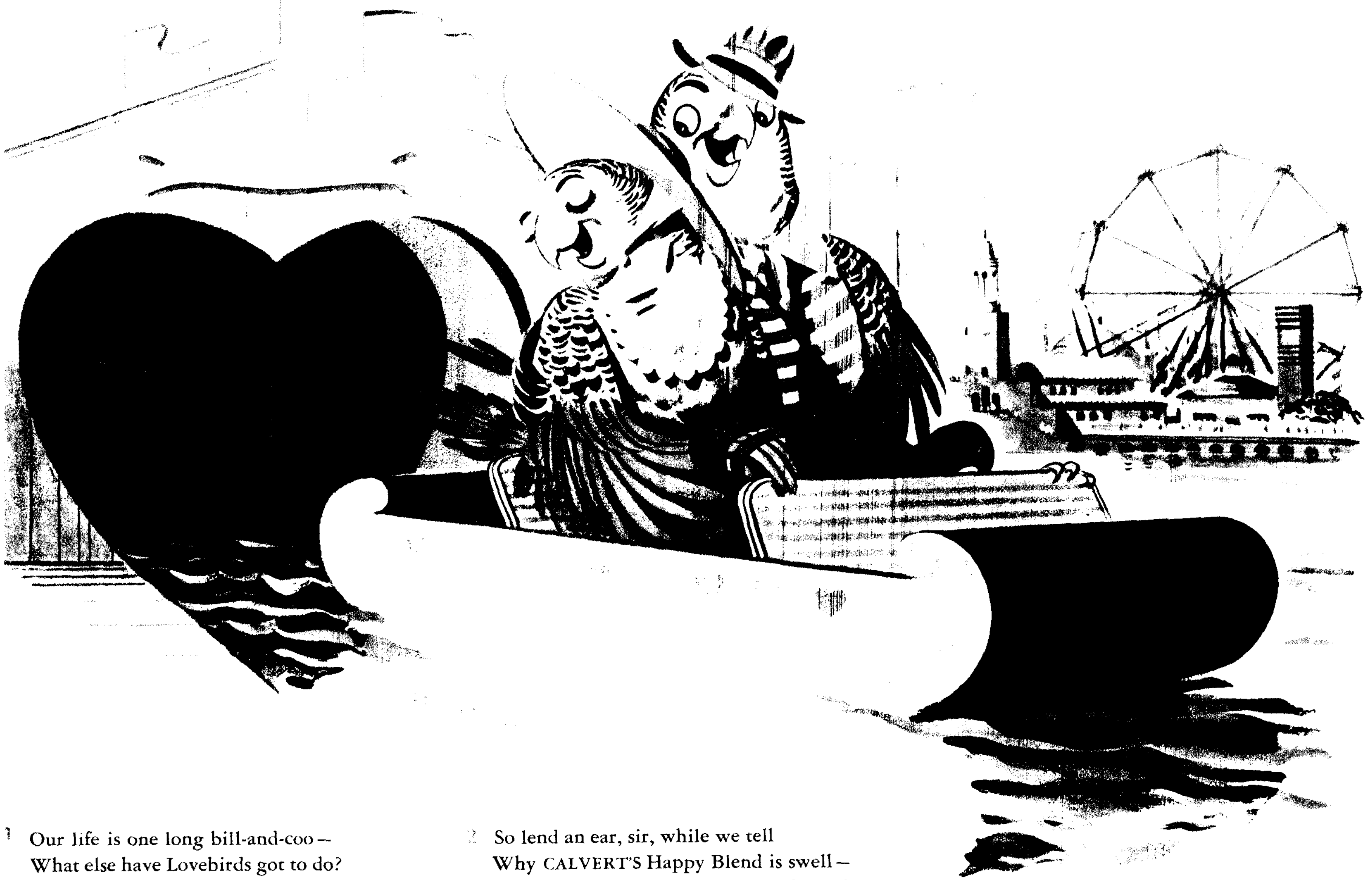
"Nope. I'm in our own service now. Transferred with a heck of a lot of red tape! Commissioned now in our Aviation Corps."

"Oh, and are you glad?"

"You bet your life I'm glad. I've been down in Pensacola right where I started. Only," Larry said, with a little touch of grim significance, of relish, "things are different now!"

"You mean you really are a flier now,

"We birds are experts! Just ask us Why Happy Blending rates A-plus"



1 Our life is one long bill-and-coo—
What else have Lovebirds got to do?
Do *we* know Happy Blending? Look—
We're the birds who wrote the book!

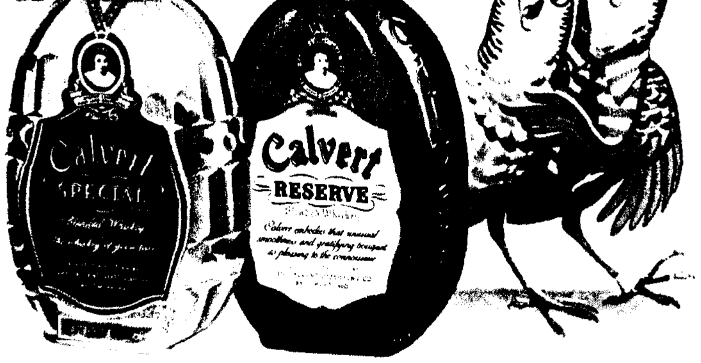
2 So lend an ear, sir, while we tell
Why CALVERT'S Happy Blend is swell—
Why whiskey traits that merge and match
Make CALVERT better—down the hatch!

Calvert
SPECIAL

3 For whiskey traits don't all agree—
Some get along; some fight, you see.
So CALVERT scraps the scrappers, *quick*—
And weds just *happy* traits that click!

4 Here's *every* quality you seek—
That's why this whiskey is unique.
So ask for CALVERT . . . now . . . tonight!
A single sip will *prove* we're right!

Clear Heads Choose Calvert



THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"...

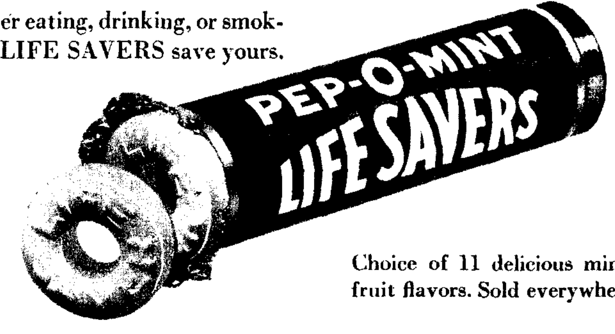
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

←If she's always "busy" like this . . .

(when you and she should be like this)→

←TRY THIS

→ EVERYBODY'S BREATH offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.



Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

a good one, and they know it?" Loveday supplied eagerly.

"I always knew I was," he said simply.

"And you're on your way—where?"

"To Norfolk. That is, unless there are other instructions waiting me at San Diego." He stretched luxuriously in the warm bed. "Storm, hey?" he asked, looking at the windows that were occasionally shaken by petulant outbursts of wind, and at the almost leafless branches that tossed beyond. "You still having any trouble with the furnace?" he asked. "How are things going? Got money enough?"

But he did not listen attentively to her answers; his mind was on other things.

PRESENTLY, dressed and downstairs at breakfast Larry began to talk of his work and of the men with whom he was associating. Loveday waited on him, sat opposite him at the table and listened.

"You'll stay in the United States, though, Larry?"

"Well, I don't know. Nobody knows *anything*. We expected a pilot—friend of mine—named McNally, to go back with us the last time, but he went on."

"Went on where?"

"We don't know—all very hush-hush."

"Might they send you away?"

"Well, su-u-ure they might." He was enjoying his breakfast.

She refilled his cup, and he doubled a wedge of corn bread over a lump of butter and put it into his mouth.

"I didn't hear you come in. What time did you get here last night?" It was asked at last.

" 'Bout—I don't know, half past nine maybe. You and Chris St. George were sitting in there by the fire. But I was too dog-tired to bother with him—his kind of talk kind of makes me sick anyway—so I beat it up to bed. What does he do, stop here every time he goes up to the city?"

No suspicion, no jealousy, no resentment! She felt as if a shower of cold water had fallen over her; she caught her breath.

"He's staying at Del Monte now; they're making a picture at Pebble Beach."

"You kind of like his line, don't you?" Larry asked in mild curiosity. Loveday, with a keen recollection of his last visit at home, when she had actually proposed to him that she get a divorce to marry Chris, looked at him in stupefaction. He had bitterly implied that the easiest way out of the mess was for him to get himself killed as quickly as possible. But today he was apparently unconscious of anything irregular. He finished his breakfast and walked out to the terrace breathing complete satisfaction in every aspect of his being.

Hugh came back for lunch, and the conversation about Larry's aviation training camp in the East, Hugh's hospital camp at Indian Hill, their speculations as to other camps, military movements, naval action, armament production and air defense, reduced Loveday to the position of listener. She served a good meal; the children were by this time asleep, and a fire in the little-used dining-room grate made the general effect of hospitality and coziness accentuated by the wild winds outside.

"You're going to stay in this neighborhood, Hugh?" Larry asked.

"I don't see why not."

"Well, I hope you do. In case of any emergency or illness here, I'd like to feel that Loveday had you to turn to."

"Oh, I look 'em over every few days," Hugh said with his pleasant smile. "Even if I can't get home every night!"

"Before winter I wish we could get that furnace straightened out," Larry went on. "We fired it up a couple of times last spring, but there's something wrong. Has anything been done about partitioning off an apartment upstairs? Loveday was talking about that last summer."

This gave Hugh a chance to embark upon the subject of the lost Gurney fortune; he expatiated upon clues, leads, suspicions, hopes. If they found the money, they would have the whole house done over and start the hospital as well. Loveday could see that Larry put small faith in their ever ending that particular quest.

"What I was thinking," he said, "was that if you put a mortgage of—say, two thousand, on the place, and rented the apartment for—what could you get, d'you suppose?"

"Two thousand!" Loveday protested. "Two hundred is more like it."

Neither man paid her any attention beyond an absent-minded glance.

"You could get a good rent," Hugh said, "because there's not half enough housing in Indian Hill for the families of the men who are pouring in here."

They fell to figuring.

"You see, Hugh," Larry said finally, "in two years it would be paid for. Then, with her rent, and what she could raise on the place, and you right here to keep an eye on things, she'd be fixed."

"But Larry," Hugh said, "there is always the chance of our having much more!"

"Yes; all right, go ahead and find it!" he conceded good-naturedly. "Well," he went on, "there's the furnace then that ought to be fixed. And get an estimate on this apartment business, this is the time to do it. And another thing—Mr. St. George is still sending you fifty or seventy-five or something every month, isn't he, Loveday?"

"From the estate," Loveday said, for some reason, obscure even to herself, a little offended by the question.

" 'From the estate!' " Larry repeated in the tone of male superiority that she hated. "All right. But of course that stops," he said to Hugh, "if anything happens to the old man. That's just his generosity."

"You don't know that!" Loveday said.

Again Larry paid no attention to her; he looked at her brother.

"I thought, if we found my grandfather's money, Loveday could very well tell him that she did not need it any more," Hugh said. Loveday's face turned red. "Uncle Warren," Hugh went on, "isn't young any more, and I imagine he'd like to retire one of these days."

THEIR conversation was making her feel singularly like a helpless dependent fool, Loveday reflected resentfully. Larry was going away, perhaps into war, certainly into danger, and treating her as an irresponsible child; in a businesslike way he was getting his house in order before he left.

Why couldn't she summon the courage to crash into the plans of these men with an announcement of her own glittering prospects?

"I'm sorry to seem unappreciative, gentlemen, but the truth is—"

She couldn't say it. But, she thought, she could do it, and that would be even better. If Chris came back, that is. For Chris had been angry when he went away; he had been made to feel strangely like a fool, too. He had been, caught red-handed as it were in a very compromising situation—alone at night in another man's house with his arm about that man's wife—

Her face was hot. Chris was too proud to like that predicament; he and she had done nothing wrong; they had contemplated nothing wrong; it was not fair to have them put in this ridiculous position. Larry had known Chris was there, and had not been sufficiently concerned even to come into the library and suggest an explanation. Chris could have met that challenge. But to Chris what Larry had done had been the insufferable thing: he had gone upstairs to Loveday's very room, had tumbled wearily into bed, and had gone off into deep and dreamless sleep, with his rival actually in the house.

"I wish they would all get out," she thought, and in her thoughts the last two words were fairly screamed, "and leave me to myself and let me think things out and decide without their interference!"

"Well, keep the home fires burning," Larry said, when the time came for him to go, and Hugh had offered to drive him to the airport. "Oh, and by the way, Loveday—"

They were on the outer steps below the front door. Hugh had gone down with the children to the car. The wind was still whirling leaves about madly; the air was wild and sweet and soft.

Loveday stopped, looked back at Larry on the step behind her.

"As far as Chris goes," he said, "he's the sort, I imagine, who's always hanging around other men's wives. I don't know, of course; you know him better than I do. But I don't worry about you; women like you can fool around a lot and get letters and wish they had the nerve to get away with things, but they're too scared to get very far. You're a good starter, but you don't want to get in too deep any more than he does."

"Now, about divorce," he added in a businesslike tone. "I talked to my mother—"

"You talked to your mother!"

"Yep. Why not?"

"Well, because—because, what business is it of hers?"

"The kids are her business."

"The children are *my* business!"

"Not if you're leaving them, to marry someone else."

"Larry, you said when you were last here—you said yourself," Loveday began breathlessly, "that you couldn't take them, that they belonged to me! Children those ages always go with the mother."

"Not always they don't! Things are different now, anyway. I'm getting paid; I'm in a job I can stay in, war or no war. Yep; I talked to Mom, and I think she talked to Marge. My father's not going to live very long; he's washed up, and Mother'll be awfully lonely. She'll have something, a couple of rents, and I'll be able to help out, and she wants the kids."

"Well, I like your mother, and she's always been nice to me," Loveday began, with tight lips, "but if she or anyone thinks for one minute I'd let them go—but it's ridiculous!"

Larry's tone was not argumentative. "Mom would want them most of the time school time," he said. "They're so little now it doesn't matter. But afterward it's bad to keep jumping them in and out of schools."

"That's a silly way to talk," she said coldly. But she was shaking.

"Well, silly or not, that's the situation. You work it out. And Hugh'll get some figures on partitioning the house and making that apartment and see that they overhaul the furnace. That may cost you four or five hundred, but whatever it is a mortgage would cover that too. It isn't," Larry concluded in a kinder tone than he had been using, as they both went on down the steps "it isn't that I don't trust you. I know what you're made of. But I wouldn't trust Chris St. George as far as you could throw him with one hand. He's not the man I'd want to raise my kids. When you first sprung this on me I didn't have anything to say. I didn't know where I'd be, and Mom hadn't said anything about wanting the kids. It's different now."

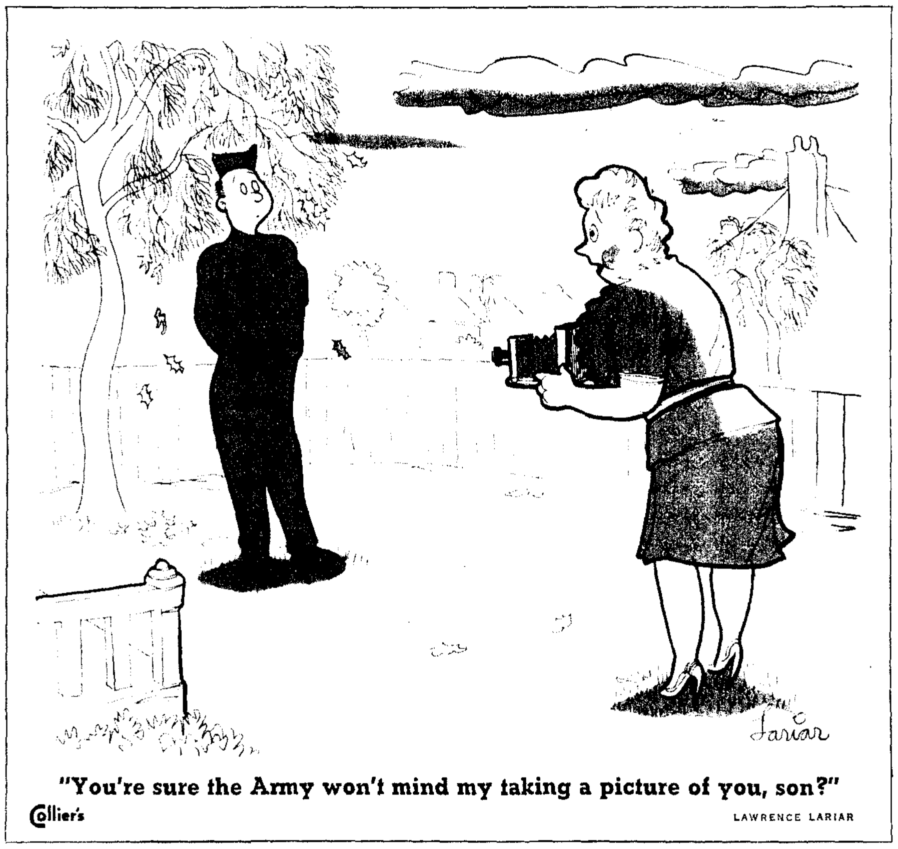
HE KISSED the children, waved a hand at her.

"Behave yourselves now, and don't give your mother any trouble!" he called back from the front seat as he and Hugh drove away.

Her mind and senses a jumble of fear and anger and amazement, Loveday went automatically back into the house and took the children up to her mother's old room, now their playroom.

Suddenly, desperately, she needed Chris. She thought of the handsome dark face, the wise smiling eyes, the deliberately hesitant speech that still seemed to say so much more than anyone else ever said. Chris, pulling on his pipe, bringing his glance to hers, twisting just a little corner of his fine mouth, would solve all this. It would all seem right and simple when Chris and she talked it over.

The telephone rang sharply and she



"You're sure the Army won't mind my taking a picture of you, son?"

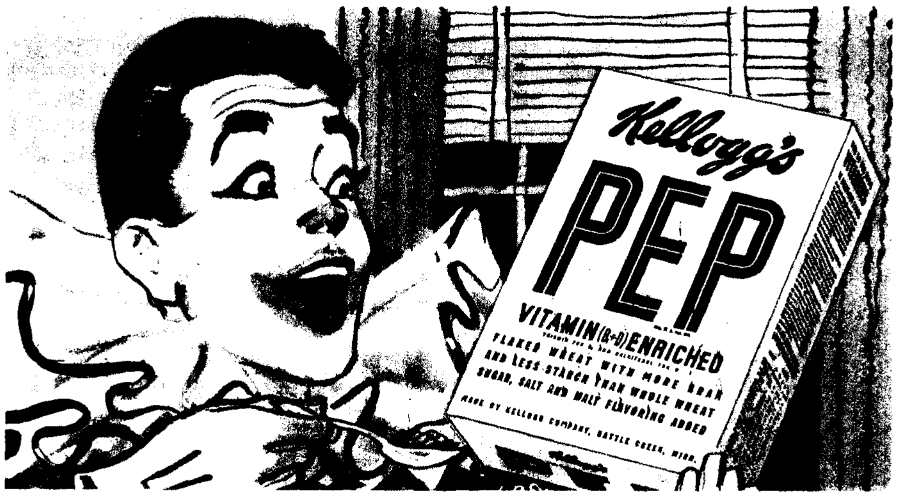
Collier's LAWRENCE LARIAR

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel

Mrs. A: I should have known better than to let you go to the party as a clown! Clowns, my love, are supposed to make people *laugh.*

Mr. A: I know, I know. I was a first-class flop. But, gee, I just don't have the old yen for parties any more.

Mrs. A: "Yen," my eye. All you lack, my unhappy husband, is your quota of *pep appeal.* My hunch is that you're not eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And right now is a good time to start getting them. Let's go raid the pantry.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Mrs. A: Just dip your spoon into this bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP! It's a crunchy, toasty cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. *And* in it are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins, you know!

Mr. A: Ummmm! Why didn't you tell me how *swell-tasting* it is? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as this—say, I may turn out to be the life of the party yet.

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IN BATTLE CREEK

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EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B_1 (1/2 for children up to 5).

ran downstairs with her heart beating fast with apprehension.

It was a telegram. She asked the man to repeat it. It seemed too good to be true that Chris had been as hungry to see her as she had been to see him.

"May I come over on Sunday," it read. "Must settle everything now. Much love." Signed, "Chris."

"HUGH," Loveday said, only half listening to him, as they sat basking in the Sunday sunshine. "I've always been equal to anything that I had to face and anything I had to do, in the past, and now I'm not—I'm out at sea with no land in sight—I'm drifting about like a crazy woman!"

"Chris, eh?" Hugh asked, with a shrewd look.

"Chris, of course. Chris and I have loved each other almost since the first minute we met in Aunt Laura's house."

"And you never loved Larry." Hugh made it a quiet statement.

"No; you mustn't say that," she protested quickly. "I did. I loved him dearly in those first years in the little house on Buckingham Way. I used to love to have him come home tired and come into the kitchen and be glad that dinner was cooking, and kiss the girls and kiss me. He's— But Hugh, you know Larry! He was like an Airedale puppy, big and affectionate and not critical, and so easily hurt when things went wrong!"

"Did you tell him how it is between you and Chris before he left for Honolulu?" Hugh asked. Her eyes went to his in quick surprise.

"Honolulu? What makes you think Larry's going there?"

"What he said to me, driving to the station. He wasn't going back to Norfolk this time with a bomber. He was going on. That's the reason, I suppose, that he wanted to get things more or less straightened out here. Yes; he's probably there now."

"There now! But he only left last week! But flying, of course," Loveday said, considering, her eyes still alarmed. "Yes; he knew how it was between Chris and me."

"And he consented to—what? A divorce?"

Loveday was not listening. Her eyes were on the drive and the road that, visible from the terrace, wound away down the hill to the village.

"That's Chris' car!" she said, her face alight. "I know the engine! That's Chris!"

CHRIS came every Sunday and Loveday with a heart that trembled and soared lived through the weeks looking forward to that day.

Perhaps, when he arrived, he would settle himself by the fire, rustling the pages of the morning paper in comfortable domestic fashion, laughing at the children, stopping her as she went to and fro on household errands: or perhaps he would propose that they all take a bracing walk in the soft rain. But, unless the day was unusually bright, Loveday would protest against an outing.

"Oh, let's stay in where it's warm and comfortable! There's a terrible fog coming over the hill. This is my holiday anyway," she would say to Chris. "I never waste time like this when you're not here."

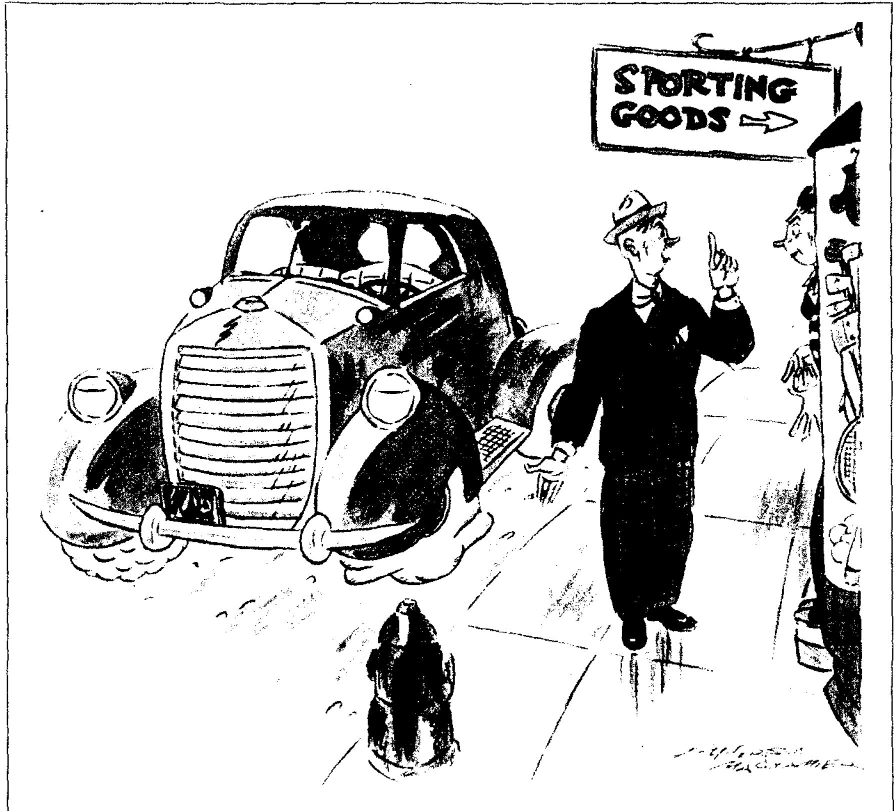
"As if you ever wasted a minute! Doing everything in this big place that old slow-freight Annie Lum doesn't do!"

Hugh and Warren St. George had arranged a mortgage. The changes upstairs were being made. The carpenters' and plasterers' work fascinated the children, and on Sundays Chris and Loveday usually inspected the rooms; doors had been cut through, windows closed or enlarged, the sewing room showed great gashes in the plaster where pipes had been placed, the furniture and curtains had been packed away in the old laboratory.

"Agnes Fayre asked me what the rent was to be, yesterday, Chris," Loveday said one Sunday, "and when I said seventy-five—because that's what Uncle Warren suggested—she said seriously that then she wanted to move in herself. It seems the place they have is noisy, radios going all around, and they've no storage space, whereas here they could have rooms and rooms for it. She wants to get out all her China stuff that is packed away; she adores this house, and of course it's paradise for the children."

"Don't go on making plans as if I weren't in the picture," Chris said. "In any case, how'd you like having her here all the time?"

"I think I'd like it. Until Captain Fayre comes back, we women might as well stick together. Both our husbands are away on duty."



"—Another three dozen tennis balls, please"

Collier's JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"What on earth do you gain by waiting until Larry comes back? Isn't the sensible thing to get our affair settled and out of the way? I have to go back to the East right after the new year—that's six weeks from now. That just gives you time to go to Reno, get your divorce and follow me to New York. I'm horribly in earnest, darling, and I realize—what I'm afraid you don't—that the sooner we get all this finished the sooner everyone'll stop talking about it and begin to take it for granted."

HER forehead was faintly knitted—a familiar enough expression to her now when he pressed her to act.

"It's the children, Chris."

"How could he possibly do anything about taking away the children if, as Hugh says, he's flown to Honolulu?"

"Not this minute, no, of course not. But it would be hanging like a sword over my head, always—every time the telephone rang I'd think it was some lawyer telling me that Lawrence Ingersoll had put the case into his hands."

"He couldn't afford it, for one thing, Loveday. Children are expensive, and yours will get more and more so."

"That wouldn't worry Larry's mother. To her children only mean bread and peanut butter and public schools and ten cents for the movies every Saturday. She'd jump at the chance."

"She'd take them to spite you, you mean?"

"No; I don't think that. She was always kind to me. But she would resent my leaving Larry, getting a divorce when he was away on duty and couldn't contest it."

"IF WE get into this war, it may be years before Larry comes back," Chris offered.

"Yes; and he may never come back," Loveday added quietly.

"I want to say something to you," he said in a sudden angry tone, "and now is as good a time as any. We've said a thousand times that we love each other, that our lives together would be one long heaven. But we don't love each other the same way! Perhaps a man and a woman never do; I don't know. But you've got strings on your love, other things to think of, reservations. I haven't!"

Tears had sprung to Loveday's eyes; her expression as she turned to look at him was that of a hurt child. But she brushed them away with an impatient hand, and held her mouth steady as she answered him:

"I have children, Chris. You haven't."

"I know you have, dear," he said more gently, "and they would be as precious a responsibility to me as my own—and I want my own too!—could possibly be. But this is the difference. When I'm with you I'm mad with restlessness and impatience to have you come to some decision, make some plan, take the first step that will bring you nearer. And when I'm away from you I'm tortured to see you again. It's no use to tell myself that you're just a woman like any other, and that I can some day forget you. That's not true. You're in my skin and my brain and heart and spirit and eyes, every minute of my life I'm seeing you and hearing you. And I can't stand it, Loveday! It's got to be one thing or another."

A moment earlier they had been laughing; they had been sauntering through the newly constructed apartment discussing the placement of lights and the size of the refrigerator. Now suddenly the crisis was upon them, and Loveday knew in her soul that she had had her last chance to postpone this moment.

"Chris, can't we be patient? After all, you're only thirty-seven and I'm ten years younger."

"No; I can't be patient," he said grimly.

"Will you consider—look," she pleaded, "let's think it over this week, and decide finally exactly what we'll do."

"No; we'll not think it over this week. We've thought it over. We love each other. The divorce is only the—only the seal on that, the guinea's stamp. Our love for each other is the gold, Loveday, and it has a right to live! Either you promise me to write Larry the truth tonight—either you *promise* me—"

His face was dark with passion; the bitter sense of his wrongs was shaking his voice and bringing his breath short and shallow. Loveday laid her hand on his arm but he shook it off, and she saw his nostrils dilate, and the grim line of his jaw.

"Tell me that you'll write Larry tonight!" he said.

"That's an awful letter to write a man who is far away, risking his life perhaps."

"How risking his life?" Chris demanded scornfully.

"Well, he's in the Navy, flying planes," she offered simply.

"Will you write him tonight?" Chris asked inflexibly.

"I'll think about it, truly I will. I'll let you know, Chris."

"You'll let me know now, this minute, or you'll not see me again." Perhaps he had not meant to say that much, but it was said now, and there was nothing in Christopher's expression as he looked at her that suggested wavering.

"You—you don't mean that," she said, a little pale.

THEY had been walking down through the house as they talked, now they were in the lower hall, and Chris, hot with anger and determination, caught up his coat and cap. "I do mean it," he said, opening the door, turning to look at her over his shoulder, "and I think you know it! Goodby, Loveday."

He ran down the steps to his car without a backward glance. She saw him fling his coat onto the spare seat, slip in under the wheel; she saw that his strong brown hands were busy for a moment with the gears. Chris, tall and handsome, with the smooth black hair and the lean, keen brown face; Chris of the slow, deliberate, fascinating speech and the slow smile—gone! She felt her throat thicken, and her eyes filling with tears. He couldn't have left her so! He'd come back! He never went at this time! It was not yet three o'clock; the children were still asleep!

She got through the next half-hour like a woman in a dream telling herself only that he must come back. What for supper, if he did? Annie Lum was gone, the kitchen was orderly and quiet. Loveday looked into the icebox. Chickens had been cooked yesterday, so that Chris might have a very special club sandwich for his lunch. A small bowl in the icebox held chicken livers. An ideal supper for a hungry man, Loveday thought: chicken livers with bacon, a salad made from Friday's celery root, toasted biscuits from last night, coffee. She would hurry the children through their supper—

But supper time brought no Chris, and Monday brought no letter. A dull heaviness took possession of her heart; sometimes she felt as if it were a physical weight dragging within her. Oh, he must write, he must come!

Every telephone call might be Chris; from every one she turned back sickened with hope deferred; it was never Chris. The weather turned pure Indian

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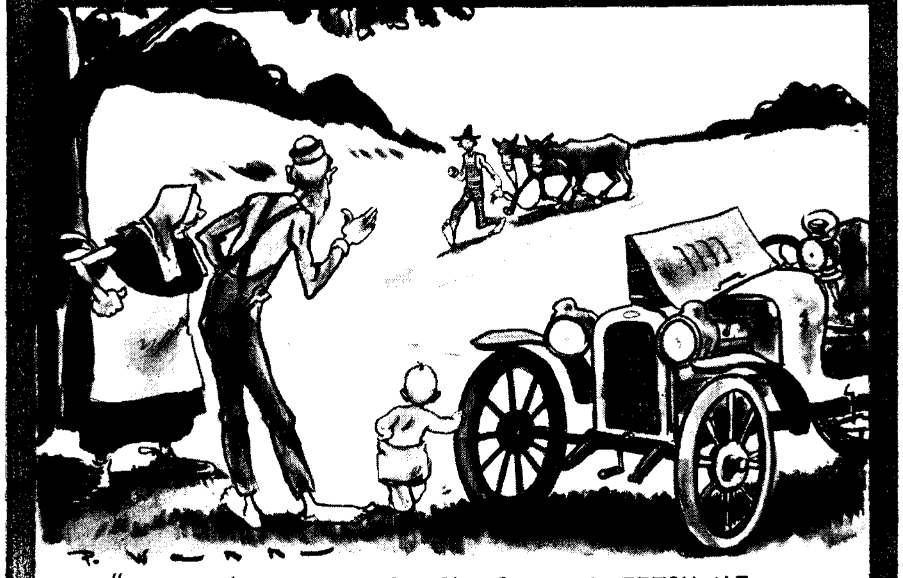
SPARK PLUGS



"SHECKS! AH TOLD COUSIN CLAD TO FETCH ME BACK A COUPLE O' PLUGS...AH FIGGERED THE DERN FOOL WOULD KNOW AH MEANT AUTO-LITES!"

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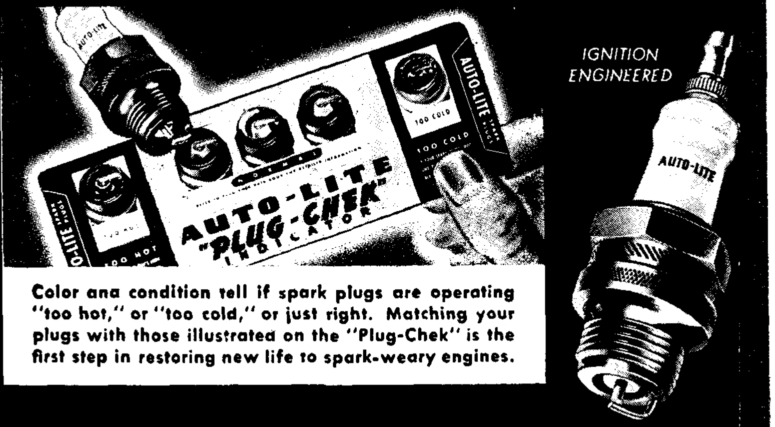

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summer. Even though nights and mornings were arctic, the days were warm and still. The children roved free again.

Agnes Fayre, finely bred, gentle, intelligent, came up with her children. Agnes' heroism in her temporary widowhood was so sincere, she so missed and loved her good husband, that Loveday felt sometimes envy and sometimes shame that she could not share the feeling.

But she could feel nothing but suspense—suspense that exhausted and unnerved her. She could not sleep; her appetite failed her completely; food had neither taste nor interest now; she looked at it apathetically, poured herself a cup of tea, toasted bread, forgot to touch either.

Phrases in a hundred possible letters went through her mind; she did not *write one.* She could not promise to write Larry the news that would anger and embitter him. Until she could promise that, to summon Chris would be mere coquetry, would justify his accusation that she was playing a woman's game. But her heart ached to know that his car was coming up the road again, ached for the right to sit at the little dining table by the library fire, and hear his voice with its haunting, dragging pauses; her eyes ached to look up and see his dark ones upon her and his mouth twisted in his own smile.

THE week dragged by and on Sunday, lingering always near the front of the house in her morning occupations so that she would not miss him, she heard *a car coming, and the quiet November* morning seemed to break into sparkles and to tremble like something made of impalpable shining mist. Oh, how much she had to say, and how infinitely satisfying and wonderful to say it! This one talk—this one hour would straighten everything! There would never be another week of silence between them again!

But it was Hugh's car, and it was Hugh, lugging a roped black box, who came panting up the steps.

"Look!" he shouted, half carrying, half dragging the box, which was the size of two ordinary suitcases, and was untidily wrapped in many thicknesses of frayed newspaper. "Do you know what this is?"

The children gathered eagerly about. Christmas was some weeks off, but anything in the way of a mysterious package was already interesting.

"This," he cried, "is the Owen Hugh Gurney Memorial Hospital!"

"Not Grandfather's money!" For a moment she could forget her own bitter disappointment.

"What else?" His brown thin nervous surgeon's hands were trembling; the box was securely roped with crossties and many knots; Loveday brought a rusty pair of scissors from her gardening box on the side porch and sawed away *at the cords vigorously.*

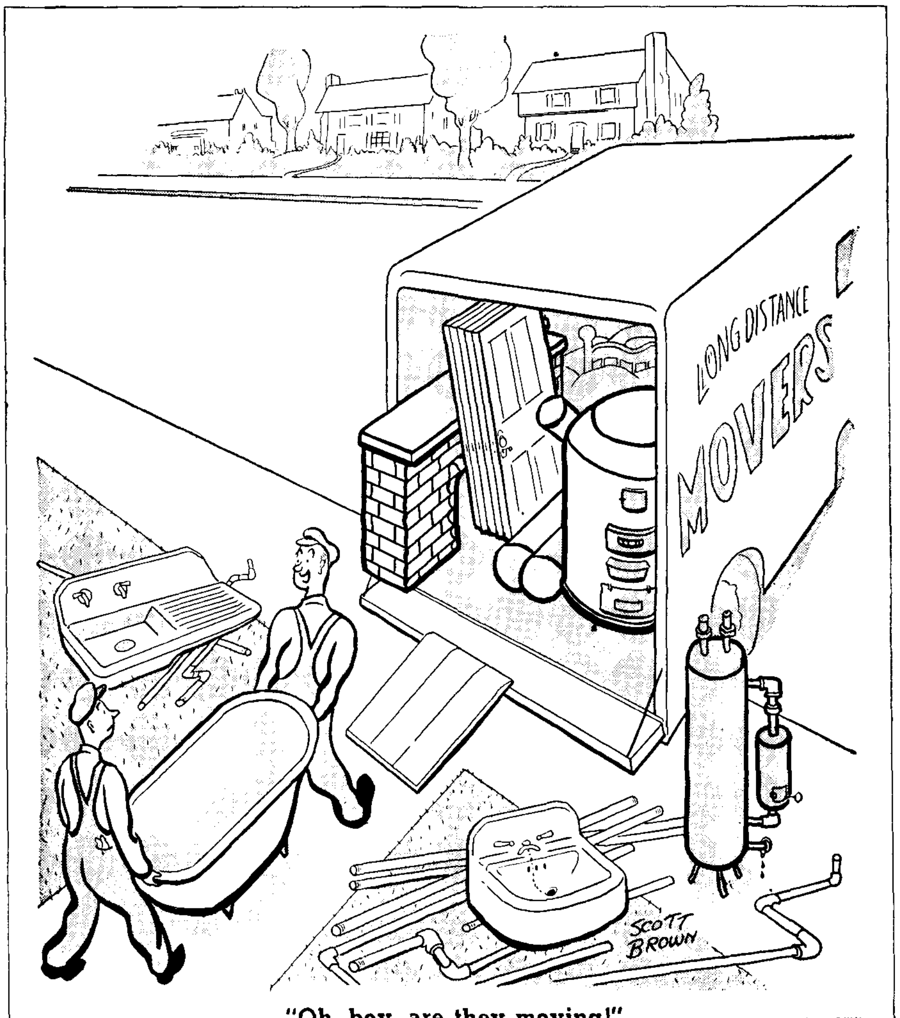
"Where'd you get this?"

"Delia Dillon. She sent it. I had a letter from her on Thursday and I telephoned her. She said that Grandfather—" Hugh breathed hard as a particularly stubborn knot gave way. "That Grandfather," he began again, "had taken this to her himself, all the way up to Portland, and put it in her attic. He told her that it was valuable and that only a member of the family must have it. I suppose she half forgot it all these years; it was just 'some old junk of Doctor Gurney's' to her. She says he said it was 'papers.' Papers—ha!" ejaculated Hugh in joyous scorn, as he tore the last of the binding cords free and pulled open the brown paper wrap*pings that were underneath the thick* layers of newspapers.

"You don't think it's the money?" Loveday asked, awed. "The actual money?"

"What else?" The newspapers and the paper, old and yellowed, were thrown aside, and a black leather box, reinforced by wooden cleats, came to view. Hugh pried away the cleats and the loosely hinged top was pushed up. Both he and Loveday were breathless.

(*To be continued next week*)



COLLIER'S "Oh, boy, are they moving!" SCOTT BROWN

Mars and the Bright Blue Stallion

Continued from page 18

and finish your spinach. Seems to me, you ask a lot of questions for a twelve-year-old."

Then I remembered Bright Blue. I remembered him standing there in the new stall that I had built for him myself. My old man said it was a good job, too. Bright Blue didn't like it much, though—it kept him from the other horses. It kept him from showing off in front of the fillies. He was handsome enough to show off in front of anybody, I reckon. We called him Blue, but he was really black. He was so black that when the sun caught him just right, he turned as blue as a good gun barrel. I sat there eating spinach, like my mother said, but all I could see was Blue shoving his nose inside my arm.

"You ain't thinking about selling Blue?" I said.

MY OLD man put down his fork, sat staring at me. "Why should I think about Blue, son?" he asked. "Blue ain't my stallion, is he?"

"No, sir, you gave him to me while he was still a colt," I said. "I remember what you told me. You said, 'Take the little rascal if you want him, boy. He ain't goin' to be but half a horse anyhow.' That's what you told me, Pa, when Blue was lying there in the wet grass of the pasture beside the old mare."

"I was wrong," my old man said.

"I ain't sellin' Blue," I said. "I ain't sellin'—Army or no Army."

"You quit sayin' ain't," my mother told me. "What good does it do me to send you to school?"

I didn't answer her.

"No one asked you to sell," my old man said. "Seems to me, I've been at this table all night and I ain't heard no one bidding for that Blue of yours."

We didn't talk about it any longer because my mother started in on the old man about going to prayer meetings every Wednesday night and he couldn't think about horses until she got through. She was still talking when I got up from the table and slipped out of doors.

Outside in the night, I flopped down beside the steps in the spot where me and Harry used to tell each other stories. I got to thinking about Harry way off there in Australia, and I got to thinking about how nice he must look behind that medal. I ain't jealous of Harry. He's older than I am and it's only right that he gets to do things that I can't do, like fighting the Japs and all. No, sir, I ain't jealous of Harry. I ain't jealous of his medal. I couldn't think much about Harry because I couldn't forget what the old man had said about Bright Blue being my horse. I remembered what he had said about folks besides soldiers, like Harry, winning medals. I knew what he meant by that. I knew all the time he was talking. "He wants me to sell that Blue," I said. "By golly, he wants me to sell!"

My old man came out later and sat on the porch smoking his pipe.

"Reckon you got plenty of horses to go, Pa?" I said.

"Not more than two or three."

"What about the others?"

"You can't run a farm without horses, son," my old man said. "You know that. Seems to me, you've been around here long enough to know that backward and forward."

"I'll let you use Bright Blue for plowing."

"With those thin legs of his, and all that spirit? Don't be foolish, boy. The man never lived who'll get Bright Blue to pull a plow, not without breaking him."

"That'd ruin him," I said.

"It would. It would ruin him before you could say Jack Robinson."

Then I thought about Harry over there riding around in an airplane, and I said, "How come they need horses any at all, Pa? Seems to me, they got enough tanks and planes to do things with. Seems to me they don't need horses any more. You don't see Harry riding no horse. No, sir!"

"Just the same, they use them," my old man said.

They my old man got up and went inside. He said he was going to bed and he said it was about time I went to bed, too.

I said, "All right, Pa, but I'm going down to the barn for a minute."

He stood in the door, watching me walk away. "You'll ruin that horse, bothering him at night," he said. "Why don't you let him alone?"

Bright Blue heard me coming and he reached into my pocket with the edge of his lip, looking for carrots. "They want you in the Army, boy," I said. "They want to take you away, Bright Blue, but they ain't gonna do it. Not unless it's over my dead body."

Funny thing was that my old man never mentioned it to me again. He never said anything else about the remount man coming to see us, from that night on. My old man believed in minding his own business, like he said that night at supper. He figgered if I didn't want to sell Blue, I didn't want to sell, and that was that. I saw him examining Blue once, running his hand up and down inside Blue's legs.

"There ain't nothing wrong with that horse," I said.

He looked at me with one of those half grins of his. "No, son, there's not a thing wrong."

I ain't the smartest boy in the world. I don't know half as much about anything as Harry. It took me a long time to figure out a way to keep Blue at home. I knew I wasn't going to let that horse go, but I didn't know just what to do to keep him.

THEN one day we were galloping down near the river—Blue and I—and I saw this thing crawling through the brush. Blue let out a gasp and tried to cake-walk on his hind legs. It was a sure-'nough rattler, the first I had seen for spring, and it was moving mighty slow—as if it had just pulled out of its winter sleep and didn't know exactly where to go.

I had my rifle on the saddle, next to my leg. I jumped to the ground, tied Blue to a tree, and went over and aimed real close at that ugly-shaped head. I shut one eye and pretended that I was my older brother, Harry, scooting around in a shark-faced plane, and here was a Jap squatting in the sights.

"You're dead, you Jap," I said, and I let the rattler have it right through the head.

Then I took a heavy stone and crushed the head until you couldn't tell whether the snake had been shot or chewed to pieces. Then I dragged the body from the brush, sprawled it across the trail. I knew the old man would come riding past sooner or later. He always took a canter early in the morning. I waited until I heard him coming and then I jumped back on Blue, taking the reins from the tree.

"What's up?" my old man asked.

"This old Blue horse just saved my life," I told him.

"How's that?" My old man looked scared at first until he saw I wasn't in-

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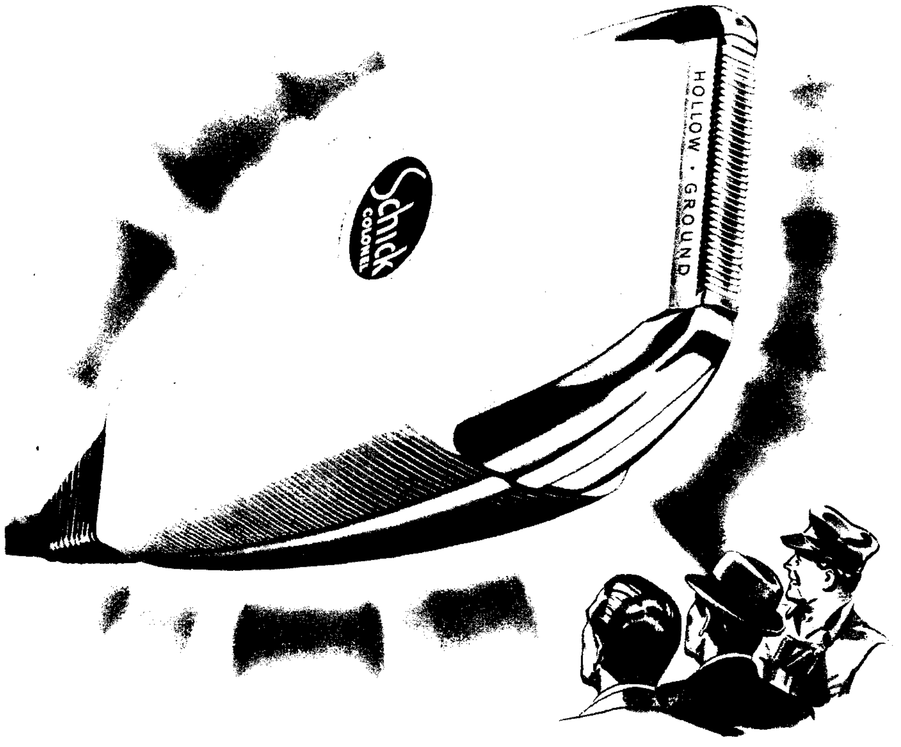

It may take a bit of looking around to get a Schick Electric Shaver these days. That's because our factory is all out on war production and the only Schicks now in stock were built before we went to work for Uncle Sam.

And, to take care of our *old* customers, we also built up a backlog of shearing heads and renewal parts for the nearly 4 million Schicks already in service.

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jured. Then he saw the dead snake and pushed his horse over to it. "Big feller, ain't it?"

"I was walking through the brush," I said. "I was going down to look at the river, Pa. This here rattler come up at me before I had time to think. Yes, sir. Blue reared up and let that snake have it with both feet. Yes, sir, Blue busted that snake twice, once with each foot, and it was all over."

"That was clever of Blue," my old man said.

"Blue ain't like other horses," I said. "He's a horse by himself."

We rode along, not talking much. Then I said, "I was thinking about letting the remount man have Blue, Pa. But a man can't get rid of the horse that saved his life, can he?"

The old man shook his head. "Hit that snake with both feet, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's funny," the old man said. "That's mighty odd, son. I could swear I smelled gunpowder down there in that bottomland. I thought I smelled it, plain as day."

He never said anything else about me selling that horse, though. My mother forgot all about it; she couldn't think for long about anything but Harry. I guess she worried more than we knew about Harry. I guess she worried when the rest of us were busy, or sleeping. I guess she laid there at night, wondering if everything was all right. "It's a good thing you ain't old enough to go, boy," she said. "I couldn't stand it with you both gone. I couldn't stand it if I knew you had the war to bother with, too. I'm glad it hasn't touched you, Roy."

MY OLD man looked across the table at me and I could tell he was thinking about the stallion. "You don't have to go to war, Ma, to have it touch you," he said.

The remount man came earlier than the old man expected. Before he was near enough for me to see him clearly, I knew who it was by the way he climbed from the car. His legs fanned out, and he walked like a man who hated to walk. I was standing down inside the barn and I went up to meet him. He said to me, "Where's your daddy, son?"

The old man came hurrying in from the upper pasture and he and the remount man slapped each other on the shoulder. "Glad to see you back, Colonel," the old man said.

"What kind of horses you holding, Charlie?" asked the colonel.

Another man had come up behind him. This man had a notebook in his hip pocket. He didn't slap my old man on the shoulder, he just said, "Hello, Mr. Weatherford."

"I ain't got much this time," my old man said.

They looked at the horses about three hours, I guess. They bought two blacks, both geldings. They never got a chance to see Bright Blue. I kept him tight inside his stall. No one went into the barn but my old man, or me. The two officers stayed outside.

"Is that all you own, Charlie?" the colonel asked.

"That's my lot," the old man said. He didn't mention Bright Blue. He didn't look at me when he said it. My old man wasn't going to butt into my business.

The colonel blinked. "There was a blue horse here two years ago," he said. "I remember him very well. He was too young for the Army then. Did you sell him, Charlie?"

"No, I didn't sell him," my old man said.

"What happened?"

"I gave him away," the old man said. "As a matter of fact, he didn't belong to me when you saw him out in pasture before. He belongs to my boy. Every inch of him is Roy's."

The colonel looked at me, his gray eyes ran up and down me. "Where is he now?"

"He's in his stall," I said.

"Will you sell?"

"Why, you wouldn't want that horse, Colonel," I said. "He ain't half the horse he was two years ago. Don't reckon he'll stand more than fourteen hands."

"Undersize, eh?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Will you trot him out? Let's take a look, son, if you don't mind. Seems to me, he was a mighty fine horse."

"He ain't much," I said. "He ain't what you want, but I'll bring him out."

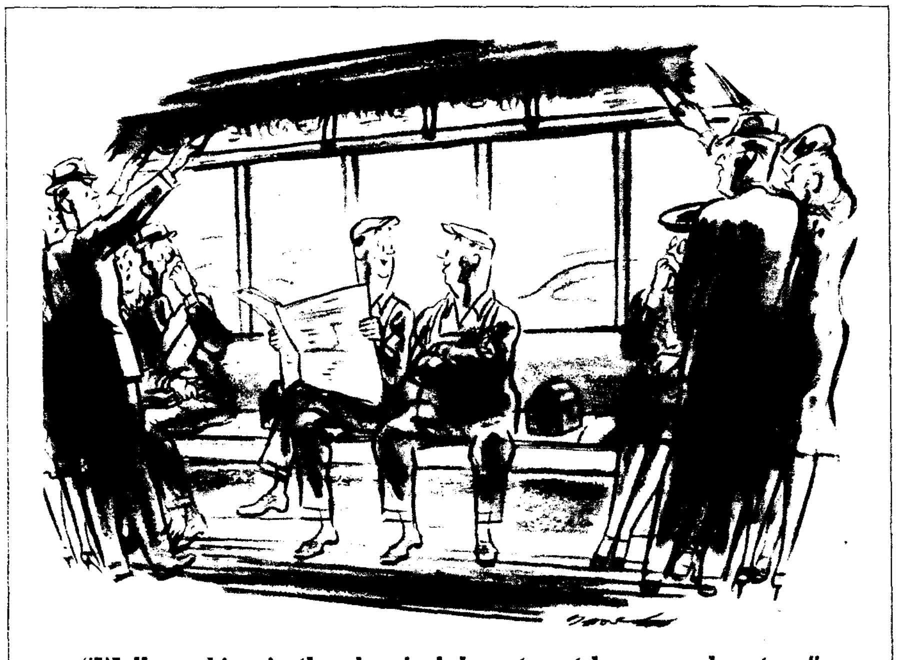
Blue butted me with his head when I entered the stall. He was feeling gay. He was glad that I was going to take him out. "Listen, don't you be too much horse," I said. "I don't want to sell you to no Army. You keep quiet, Blue. Don't you go showing off."

"He's not so little," the colonel said, and he measured Blue. "He's more than fourteen hands, son. Why, that horse is fifteen and a half, if he's an inch."

"His wind ain't so good," I said. "You'd be surprised about his wind."

"Trot him around the pasture," said the colonel. "Warm him up and then let him out a little."

I ran that Blue hard, I didn't give him a chance to get into the feel of the thing. I wanted him to be gasping when I brought him back. Once or twice, I



"Well, working in the chemical department has one advantage"

Collier's LEONARD DOVE

booted him in the belly. "Pant, you fool horse," I told him. "Come on now, Blue, pant hard."

The colonel put his ear down to Blue's nose and listened. He called the captain over—the man with the notebook—and they listened together. "Sounds all right to me," the colonel said. He examined Blue's hoofs.

"He's got a temper," I said. "You ought to know about his temper before you buy. Sometimes he's a mighty mean horse, Colonel. He might kick a man."

The colonel grinned at the old man. "If a twelve-year-old can push him around, son, I guess the Army can."

"I know him," I said. "I know him better than most people do."

Then there was the sound of a whistle in the front yard, and it looked like the mailman, or somebody.

My old man looked at me; he saw how hard I was taking it. "You go see who it is, Roy," he said.

I was glad to get away from the colonel. I was about to cry.

"That's the best horse I've seen around these parts," I heard the colonel say when I was walking toward the house. "Yep, Charlie, that's a right good horse."

MY MOTHER was talking to the mailman, or whatever he was, when I came in. Her face was white. She didn't hear me coming. She was looking at a yellow piece of paper.

"What's up, Ma?" I said. "Tell me! What's the matter?"

She looked at me as if she didn't see me, as if she didn't know who I was. "He's missing," she said. "This thing says Harry is missing."

I took the yellow paper from her hand; it was a telegram. That's what it said all right. It said Harry was missing. I closed the door on the mailman, or whatever he was. I closed the door and he stood staring through the glass. "Don't you worry, Ma," I said. "You still got me."

My mother sat down then. She didn't cry, or anything. She just sat there staring.

I held the piece of yellow paper tight in my hand. I went out into the back yard. I went down to tell the old man.

"We won't take this horse, son," the colonel said. "If you want him, you keep him."

"You take him," I said, looking at Bright Blue but thinking about Harry. I rubbed Blue's nose and he blinked his eyes at me. "I guess you better join the Army, Blue," I said.

Then I told my old man about Harry. I told him quick, while the colonel and the other man listened. My old man turned to stone right then and there. Nobody could say anything to him. There wasn't anything to say. He looked as if he would never talk again.

The colonel left us then. "I'll mail you a check," he told me. He forgot to ask about the price. I forgot about it, too. I couldn't think about anything much but Harry. The colonel left and he took the other man with him.

My mother cried the next day. The old man said to leave her alone because it was better if she cried. My old man said it did folks good to loosen up. He didn't cry, though, not so you could see him. Sometimes his eyes looked red, but he never cried out loud.

I never cried either, not really. Once or twice, I let go a little, but not much. I couldn't see old Harry any other way but up there riding his plane, like he told us about in his letters. No matter what the yellow paper said, that's the way I saw him—shooting Japs, flying hard, and winning medals right and left.

"Well, anyway, you're out of it, Roy," my mother said. "It's good to know it won't touch you."

We heard the big trailer truck moving then. The one with the horses.

My mother asked, "What is that?"

My old man put a hand on my shoulder. "Nothing, Mother," he said.

Once I thought I heard Bright Blue calling, low and clear—the way he used to call when he saw me going off to school. I didn't listen, though. I didn't try to listen.

"Well," I said, "I hope they'll send him to Australia."

My old man pinched me hard. We walked into another room. "Damn!" I said. "Oh, damn!" But I said it low so my mother would not hear. She doesn't like for me to swear. My old man heard me, though, but he didn't care. My old man always understands.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

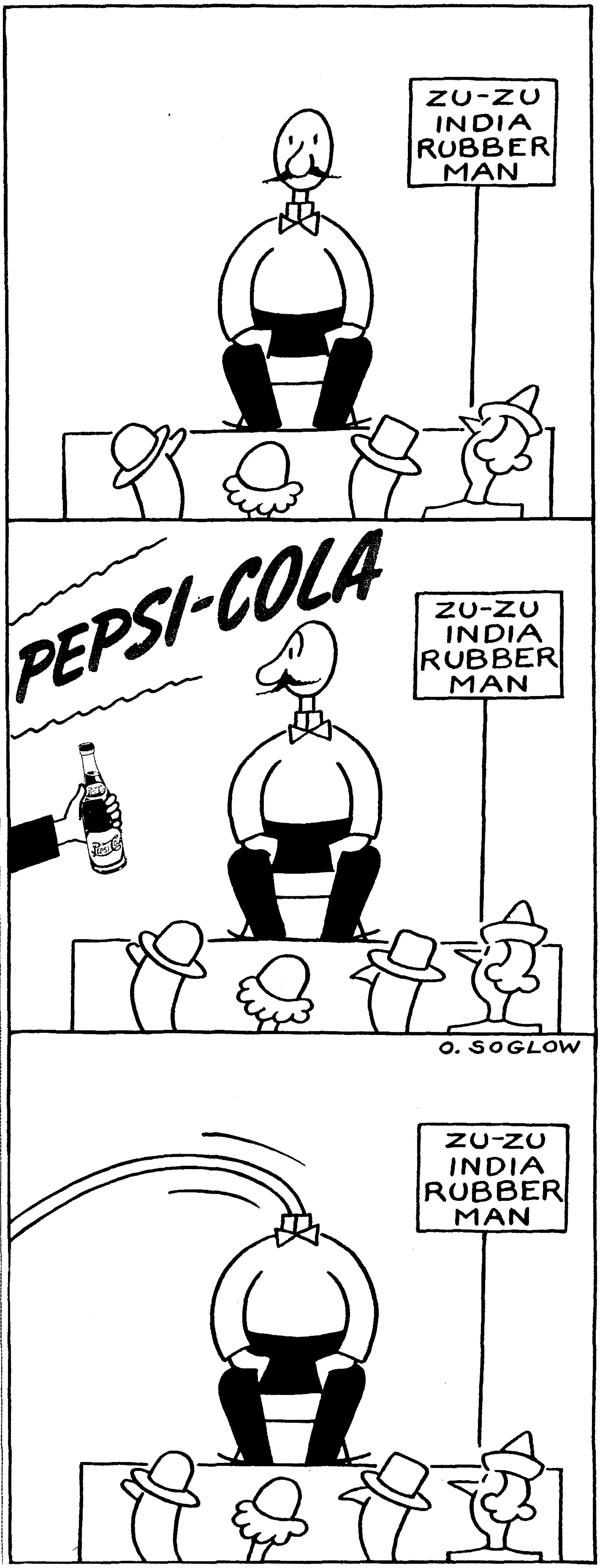
White Ant. These various termites build structures, some low mounds, some twenty-foot columns, until the plains around Darwin, seen in the moonlight, give you the impression of ruined castles and villages in miniature. The so-called "magnetic" nests are the most famous—tall, slabwise, sharply templed pillars, the ends of which always point exactly north and south. Woody substance inside, they are covered with fine clay that hardens into fortresses that repel all the termites' enemies. The Yanks found a use for these. They ax off the tops, chisel out a hollow in the bases—and have fine barbecue or picnic stoves!

THE chief unrationed recreation of the Yank airmen here is hunting—Nips in the air, kangaroos, snakes, dingoes or wild dogs, emus, ducks, buffalo, crocodiles on the ground. The kangaroo remains of greatest interest. The boys catch young ones and try to tame them; each plans to take a 'roo home with him. But they find the 'roos dumb and unresponsive; "just misshapen rabbits." One squad tent has a mascot—an old 'roo that, on his own, attached himself. He will eat food that's set on the ground. He comes in at night and sleeps under one of the cots. But if you try to pet him he runs out. At reveille he moves out about thirty feet from the tent; sits there all day, watching, sidestepping anyone who goes near him. In four months of this, no one has succeeded in touching him.

THE Yanks try to build up auxiliary air-raid warning services with their wild-pet friends. Goannas, a type of monitor lizard, are plentiful in all the camps—roam about all day on their business of catching insects, not allowing the advent of thousands of men to disturb their lives. They are not dangerous—except that if you stand motionless, one may think you are a tree and run up you, with unfortunate results to your clothes and skin from his knife-like claws. The goannas have a habit of standing on their hind legs, very still, following the sound merely by turning their heads, whenever planes go over.

The parrots, which also abound, are taught to squawk: "Air raid, air raid, shake your fannies, boys!"

Trouble is, they have no sense of good or bad. Can't seem to learn to tell our planes from the Nips'. W. B. C.



PATRIOTS
will get a [illegible] out of this

THIS 1942 model shell casing pictured here differs from shell casings of the past in one important aspect:

There is no copper used in its manufacture. *It is made of steel.*

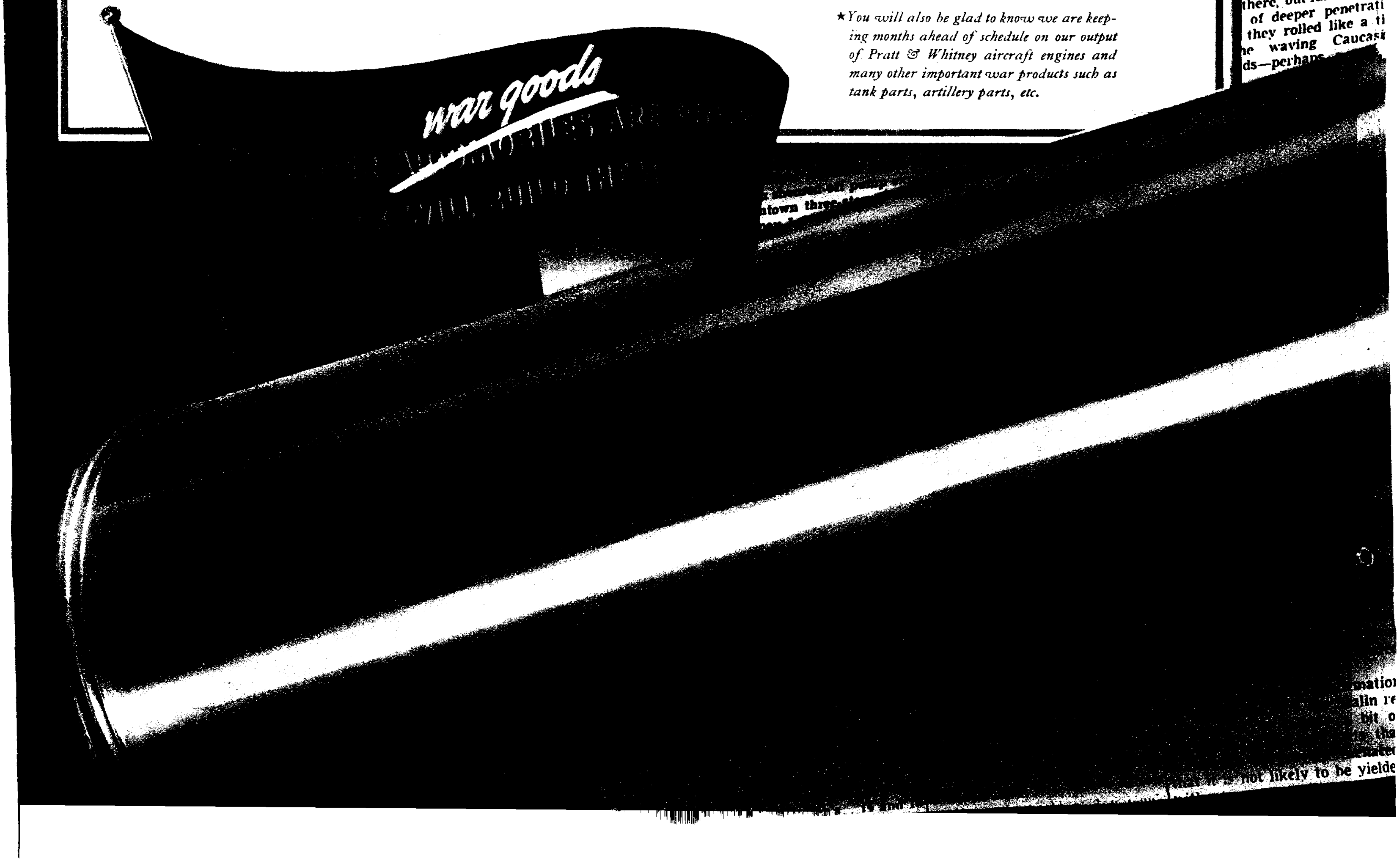
Over long months Buick, in cooperation with a special U.S. Army ordnance-industry committee, has worked on one of the special and ticklish processes of its production—and now that the job is rolling, all that's been learned of special processes and techniques is available for all shell-casing-makers to use if they desire.

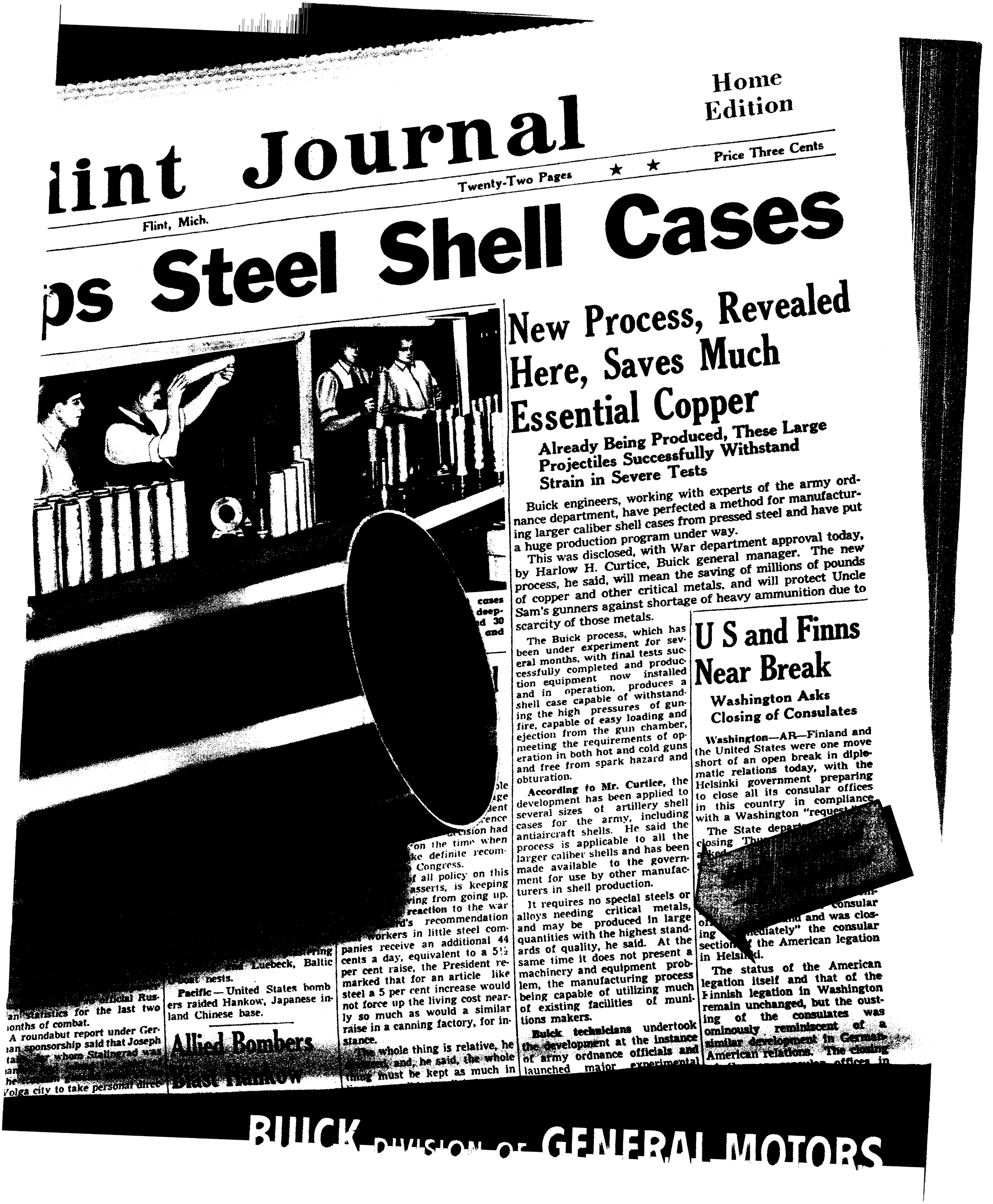
It's a notably good shell casing. Tests in quantities already have been successfully concluded, and these steel cases are being turned out on an accelerating production basis.

With copper as desperately scarce as it is, and the millions of these shell casings that will be needed for the hungry guns, you can imagine what a first-rank contribution this is to our nation's war effort.

Buick is proud to have played a part in its development, proud to have worked hand in hand with the Army, glad to have demonstrated that in the pinch American ingenuity is still doing business at the same old stand.

★*You will also be glad to know we are keeping months ahead of schedule on our output of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines and many other important war products such as tank parts, artillery parts, etc.*





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New Process, Revealed Here, Saves Much Essential Copper

Already Being Produced, These Large Projectiles Successfully Withstand Strain in Severe Tests

Buick engineers, working with experts of the army ordnance department, have perfected a method for manufacturing larger caliber shell cases from pressed steel and have put a huge production program under way.

This was disclosed, with War department approval today, by Harlow H. Curtice, Buick general manager. The new process, he said, will mean the saving of millions of pounds of copper and other critical metals, and will protect Uncle Sam's gunners against shortage of heavy ammunition due to scarcity of those metals.

The Buick process, which has been under experiment for several months, with final tests successfully completed and production equipment now installed and in operation, produces a shell case capable of withstanding the high pressures of gunfire, capable of easy loading and ejection from the gun chamber, meeting the requirements of operation in both hot and cold guns and free from spark hazard and obturation.

According to Mr. Curtice, the development has been applied to several sizes of artillery shell cases for the army, including antiaircraft shells. He said the process is applicable to all the larger caliber shells and has been made available to the government for use by other manufacturers in shell production.

It requires no special steels or alloys needing critical metals, and may be produced in large quantities with the highest standards of quality, he said. At the same time it does not present a machinery and equipment problem, the manufacturing process being capable of utilizing much of existing facilities of munitions makers.

Buick technicians undertook the development at the instance of army ordnance officials and launched major experimental

U S and Finns Near Break

Washington Asks Closing of Consulates

Washington—AP—Finland and the United States were one move short of an open break in diplomatic relations today, with the Helsinki government preparing to close all its consular offices in this country in compliance with a Washington "request [illegible]

The State depa[illegible] closing Th[illegible] asked [illegible] consular [illegible] and was closing [illegible]ediately" the consular section [illegible] the American legation in Helsi[illegible]ki.

The status of the American legation itself and that of the Finnish legation in Washington remain unchanged, but the ousting of the consulates was ominously reminiscent of a similar development in German-American relations. The closing [illegible] offices in

ple age dent rence cision had on the time when ke definite recom- Congress.

f all policy on this asserts, is keeping ing from going up. reaction to the war d's recommendation workers in little steel companies receive an additional 44 cents a day, equivalent to a 5½ per cent raise, the President remarked that for an article like steel a 5 per cent increase would not force up the living cost nearly so much as would a similar raise in a canning factory, for instance.

The whole thing is relative, he [illegible], and, he said, the whole thing must be kept as much in

official Russian statistics for the last two months of combat.

A roundabut report under German sponsorship said that Joseph [illegible] for whom Stalingrad was [illegible] Volga city to take personal direc

Luebeck, Baltic U-boat nests.

Pacific — United States bombers raided Hankow, Japanese inland Chinese base.

Allied Bombers Blast Hankow

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Action by Night

Continued from page 21

He swayed from the blow—and suddenly struck back, knocking Stuart to the ground. Tap's gun raised, centering on Pairvent and Tap took a steady aim. He would have fired if Stuart had not yelled at him:

"Cut it out! That's the way he wants it." He got up and looked at the trees around him. He pointed at them: "Those will do. Sling the ropes over." He motioned his crew to be at it; he passed by Tap and murmured a word and went on. Tap turned, following him, with Trumbo watching that little byplay closely. These two were out near the trail and Stuart said some quiet thing in Tap's ear. Tap nodded, swinging back; he held his eyes steadily before him, looking straight into the trees, but by that deliberate training of his glance he gave himself away. Trumbo stirred on the saddle and pushed his hands against the horn. Star Cross had three ropes hanging down and Tap rode from rope to rope, forming the knot and the noose in each, adjusting the length of them as casually as though he were repairing a fence. Stuart said, "Bring up the horses."

TAP went back for the horses and led them up. He cut an extra piece of rope, four feet long, and unbraided it and used the single strands to catch and tie the hands of the Horsehead men. Pairvent lunged away from him whereupon Stuart lifted his gun. "Be still, George."

Drum and Baldy had given up, the closeness of death laying its frost on their nerves. Trumbo, still detached and sharp-eyed, observed this and wondered if death's forerunning chill always had the power to freeze the pain of the final passage. He hoped it was so, for he was a man cursed with an imagination, and his imagination had often visualized his own end. He hoped for a dullness just before the stroke came, but he was not sure. It seemed to depend on the man. Drum and Baldy were only half alive, while Pairvent, by contrast, stood straight and hated every soul around him with that bitterness which had been a constant thing in him.

Tap called the Star Cross men forward. They boosted Pairvent and Drum and Baldy to the horses. Tap mounted and rode forward with them, a black and wicked little man acting as death's chaperon and liking the job. He dropped the nooses over each man, he cinched the nooses and coolly tested the ropes. He rode back. He said, "Stand away." He was still Star Cross foreman, obedient to his owner, and waited now for Stuart's command.

Hoby Spade was sick. He wheeled his horse and trotted fifty yards into the trees, whereupon Tap looked at him with a zealot's intolerance. His glance came slowly back, touched Trumbo and paused, and Trumbo saw once more that distant and eager hatred grow bright. Stuart looked up at Pairvent.

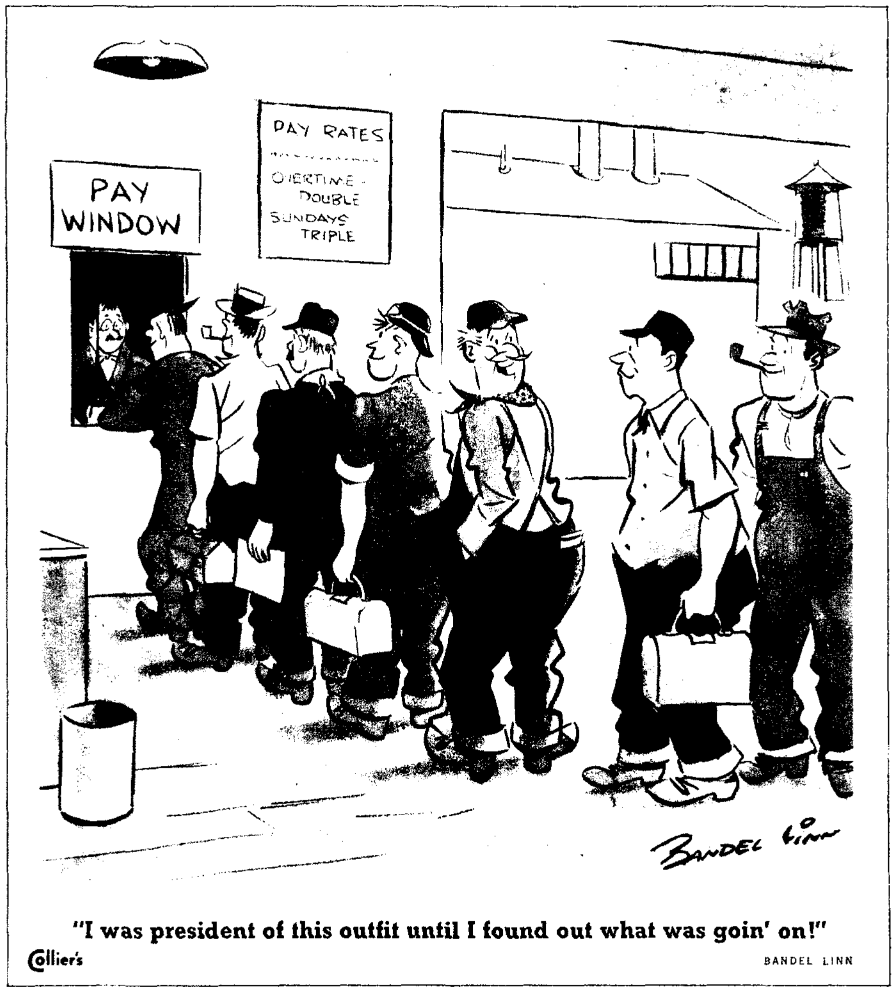
"This is the end of a crooked outfit. If you're thinkin' the Basin will condemn me for this, you're wrong. The Basin would do it sooner or later." His anger whipped him and his basic brutality fed upon this scene. "I hope," he ground out, "the rope slips. I hope you strangle a little at a time."

"You can quit talkin'," said Pairvent.

The lines of Stuart's face deepened and all the evil of his soul filled them; he thought of one last malign thing and almost smiled as he thought of it. "Tap," he said, "George goes last. Let him see the other boys swing."

Tap moved behind Drum. He paused a moment, lifting his quirt, methodically setting himself; then he put his horse to a run, struck Drum's horse a hard blow with the quirt as he swept by. Drum's horse rushed on, dragging Drum from the saddle. His feet whipped and churned in the air, and broken sighs came out of him; his legs moved slower and slower, and ceased to move. Stuart called, "You like that, George?"

Pairvent said nothing. Tap swung behind Baldy, raised his quirt and ran forward again. Baldy let a last, violent yell out of him as he was swept from the horse and he struggled with his hands, trying to free them. His eyes grew large and his terribly congested stare hit Drew Trumbo. Trumbo clenched his teeth together, feeling Baldy's agony. Tap went behind Pairvent.



"I was president of this outfit until I found out what was goin' on!"

Collier's BANDEL LINN

"You like that, George?" repeated Stuart.

Spade called out from the rear: "Stuart, a white man's a white man! Don't drag it out!"

TAP struck Pairvent's horse. But Pairvent, until now wholly still, suddenly made a leap upward from his stirrups, kicked himself violently free and fell with a force that broke his neck at once. The rope jerked him upward and gave a dull twang and whirled him a little; but he had died without delay. Stuart stared at Pairvent's full-length figure as it slowly swung and he spoke a lifeless phrase: "He beat me out."

Tap rode slowly into the center of the clearing. He had his back to Trumbo, he was looking at Stuart. Stuart said, "That's three of them. Now we have got to find Alvy. After that I want Ben Solvay. As for that Wilder woman, I will make sure she has left the country."

"Is that all?" asked Tap, still watching Stuart.

"No," said Stuart, "not all. Go ahead, Tap."

Tap used his legs and his left arm to bring his horse about; and, as he turned, his right hand dropped for his gun. He came thus face to face with Trumbo and he had half drawn on Trumbo. That was as far as he moved. Trumbo, thirty feet across the small clearing, had his revolver centered on Tap. He had known for ten minutes that this would come.

"Too late, Tap," he said.

Tap's face was alive with his desire. He held the gun half-risen, pointed at the earth; he held it still and waited and watched. Hoby Spade suddenly ran his horse forward and stopped near Trumbo. Spade was an outraged man, a common man made brave by desperation.

"You damned Piute! Ain't nothin' enough for you?"

"Hoby," said Stuart, reclaiming his old, arrogant manner, "stay out of this or you will go the same way. I've had to drag you through this by the heels. As for Drew, I told him to look out for himself. The two of you have made your own plans. I have made mine. Stay out of this and go home. You will never get an inch of Horsehead, either of you."

Spade called to his two riders. "Come here," he said, and waited until they had joined him. Now he added, "I see how it will be. You won't feel safe until you've got us out of the road. Trumbo and me will be dodgin' through timber the rest of our days. Might be well if we finish this business right here and now."

Stuart said sharply, "Don't be a fool, Hoby."

"Drew," said Spade, "you take Tap. I'll handle Stuart."

"Let them start it," said Trumbo. He looked at Stuart briefly, "Start it, Dan." and looked back at Tap.

Stuart's red color had returned. He watched Spade steadily, reading the man and guessing how close he was to a killing. He had no great opinion of Spade, but his opinion did not sufficiently reassure him now. Therefore he shrugged his shoulders, turned about and went to his horse, well knowing Spade would not fire at his back. He climbed to his horse. He said, "All right," and led the way from the grove, Star Cross following. Tap was last. Tap reluctantly holstered his gun, reluctantly gave up his desire. In a moment Star Cross vanished down the trail.

Spade ran a nervous hand over his face. "That's not the end of it."

"A thing like this never does end," said Trumbo.

"Then," said Spade, "I think we had better finish the thing. Stuart will hound us until we're dead. We had better get him first." He looked at Trumbo, hating Trumbo and despising himself. "You got me into this deal, Drew."

"Play your part, Hoby. You wanted some of Horsehead."

"That's true," murmured Spade. "I wanted it. Then when I saw what it meant, I didn't want it. Now it is entirely too late to mend anything." He caught the fleeting end of that thought with all its implications, and burst out: "A man can't ever quit in the middle."

"I said there never was an end, didn't I?" replied Trumbo.

"We've got to go after Stuart. That's the end of it."

TRUMBO shook his head. He sat on the saddle, a ruddy and handsome man darkened by his thoughts; a man condemned to know goodness and right without the strength to follow his knowledge. It was his tantalizing insight which controlled him now. "Stuart thinks he can wipe it all from his mind by destroying the men who know of it. You think you can set everything proper by destroying Stuart. None of that will help. This thing is like the seed pod of a thistle—a thousand seeds bein' scattered around. They'll root and grow everywhere—mostly in you and me and Stuart." He drew a heavy breath. "Doña Gertrude will outlive all of us."

"What?" asked Spade.

Trumbo shook his head and moved to the trail. Star Cross had gone downhill in the direction of Horsehead range, the dust of their passage still hanging in the bright air. He could not go that way, well knowing that from now on he would be under constant observation by Stuart; they had set out upon a course of destruction and had been partly successful. Yet he knew Stuart could never feel at ease until the last outsider participating in Doña Gertrude's death had been disposed of. Stuart would track him without conscience; neither he nor Spade could expect any relief from that.

Doña Gertrude would follow Stuart still. The time would come when Stuart, obsessed by it, would look upon his own crew as accusers; he would see in the eyes of his own men the memory of the act and then he would turn crazy, and try to destroy them. "No end," Trumbo thought. "No end at all." He turned south, moving toward Gateway. As he did so he felt for the first time in his life two alien sensations: the feeling of being hunted and the feeling of being alone.

BEN SOLVAY, camped off the trail near the summit, had been warned by the two shots, sounding in the north and not far away; and presently, crouched in the timber, he seemed to be the center of a good deal of crisscross riding. When that died out he got to his horse and ducked forward from tree to tree and so eventually spotted a group of men standing in a glade below him. Thus he was a witness to the hanging and was helpless to prevent it. Long later, after everybody had gone, he ventured forward and cut down the Horsehead men, immediately leaving the area. Back in deep shelter he considered his own situation and found it bad. Stuart and Trumbo had wiped out most of Horsehead and no doubt would next be after Coleman. But since he, too, had thrown in with Horsehead, it looked as though he was also a fugitive. Valencia had been right; he could not go back to the Basin as long as Stuart was in it.

He pondered this over a cigarette, very calm and very thorough; and at last he said to himself, "Why, to hell with them," and rose up, mentally buckling on his armor. He would find Coleman. He would fight.

COLEMAN dug hard with the oars, making deep, short chops into the water; he got the stern squared at the white tumbling river before him, and poised the oars. They swung out of the chute and scraped past a black-edged boulder and faced the wilderness of white rollers ahead. The boat dropped stern-first into a short cross trough, was thrown upward and slammed down again. Long gouts of spray curved aboard and the bottom was awash, and the thin planking of the boat began to squeal with the twisting and the straining given it.

The stern whipped aside and slowly swung beam to. Coleman dipped his oars and had them almost wrenched from his hands by the sudden seizure of the current. He tried to backwater with the right oar, but the river ran here so rapidly that he could not shove fast enough on that oar to make pressure against the river. He put all his force into the left oar, feeling it bend. Sometimes he buried it deep into a roller skimming the top edge of the boat; sometimes he caught nothing but air as the hollows came beneath him. He got the stern straight again and rested. Sweat rolled back and forth under the brim of his hat.

"Ann," he said, not daring to look around, "you're all right?"

"Still here."

They shot on, rocked and jarred. They swayed through the eddying turbulence at the lower end of the rapids and were picked up and shoved forward by a stretch of smooth, fast river. He relaxed and bowed his shoulders and wished he had time to light a smoke. His coat was soaked and water sloshed around the boat's floor boards, high as his ankles. He heard Ann bailing.

He looked at the banks and saw nothing there. To either side the canyon rims were higher, the canyon faces steeper; down from those rims, through the hundreds of thousands of years, huge boulder chunks had fallen, and these boulder chunks were great, black teeth on either side of him, waiting to trap and chew the boat to splinters. He heard Ann say: "I've got Drew's rope. Can you think of any use for it?"

The river was a foreign thing to a man who drew his life from land; a river was an enemy with unknown ways. The thought of the rope caught his attention at once and he looked at the rocks running by, calculating the possibility of shunting the boat near them and laying a loop over one of their sharp points. He made a guess as to the speed of the boat and his ability to snub it down and he said, "Pass it forward." He took it from her and laid it at his feet. It was a long chance, for once ashore they faced the complete isolation of the canyon, the walls giving them no hope of climbing out, the water permitting them no way of walking upstream toward the mine.

Meanwhile as he thought of these things, the small chance faded. The current rushed them on and the steady roar of other rapids grew greater. He said: "What are we coming to?"

Bridal Veil. Broken water and rocks. A little worse than the last one."

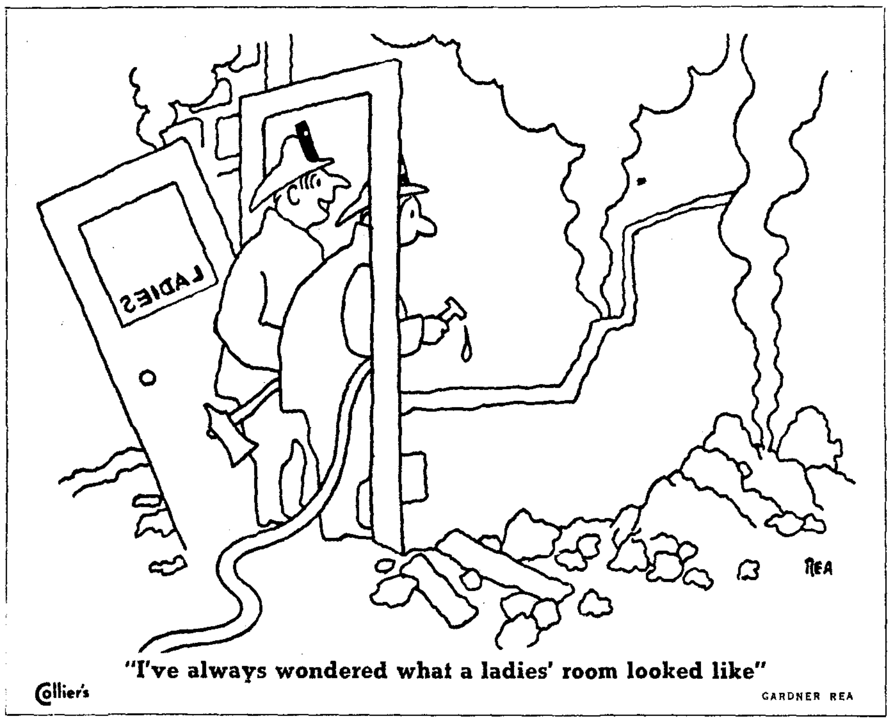
He said, "How far have we come—how far on to Gateway?"

SHE delayed her answer, apparently making a thoughtful study of it. Over the stern of the boat Coleman saw the river rush downgrade straight at the base of the left canyon wall, swing from it and pass around a bend. The main current took them hard by the wall, so near to it that Coleman's left oar once touched the broken rock. It swung them around the long bend and as they came out of the bend Coleman saw the river tilt and make its steep, wild drop through a whitely jagged surface. Once there had apparently been a slide, scattering great rock chunks from bank to bank. Around and over and through these rock chunks, which made darkly awash shapes, the river broke and whirled and threw up its layers of spray. A half mile of water poured over this ancient wreckage, straight on to another bend. At no place did he see a safe channel.

"We're four miles below the mine," said Ann. "Ten to Gateway."

"Quick four and a long ten."

She said, "I've watched Bridal Veil



"I've always wondered what a ladies' room looked like"

GARDNER REA

Collier's

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mean throat-irritation —for YOU!

These facts about the five most popular cigarettes are *given by eminent doctors who compared them:**

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* *Reported in authoritative medical journals.*

many times from the west rim. There's no main channel through it, but if you can hug the left-hand shore you won't have as many rocks to dodge. There's a little piece of beach below."

The current's smoothness broke into short, choppy ridges. He lowered his oars and pulled the stern square, and he checked speed and sideslipped the boat to the left, and then was thrown at the shore faster than he had calculated, straight upon the rocks. He straightened and pulled hard, letting the boat bounce and sway toward the head of the rapids, toward one black finger against which the water struck and broke into spray.

"Tracy," she called, "I'll tell you one of old Tam's tricks. He drifts straight at those big rocks and lets the side current carry him around."

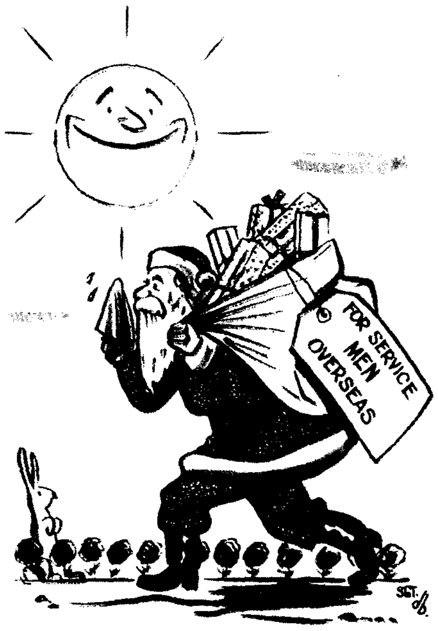
It was around nine or ten o'clock, the sun somewhere half up in the sky but not yet reaching to the bottom of Cloud River's narrow crack; everything down here was a pearl-gray shadowing against which the water made its ghost-white dance. He lifted his oars a moment and watched the half-drowned boulder leap at him; he dipped and rowed and checked the stern hard by the rock. He was on the crest of the water, and then he fell off and the current whipped him by the rock, around it and into the chop below; water poured aboard and the boat dropped as though the bottom of the river had vanished from it. It struck with a great jar, and immediately afterward lifted, sternforemost, high into the air. He had his feet stabbed against the floor cleats, but the drop and rise flung him forward. His knuckles, fixed around the oar handles, hit the floor and Ann, likewise unseated, fell against him. Her hands seized him at the shoulders and righted him on the seat.

THE stern had yawed wide. The left-hand shore was quite near, all awash to the cliff face; and as he looked up at the cliff face he saw the dark glitter of spray on it and one small green bunch of ferns clinging high up. He hauled off from the shore's risk, pitched around other boulders and watched the stern fall far down, placing the boat half on its end. Somewhere behind him Ann sat high and lonely against the sky; he heard her short, startled cry as the stern struck a rock and swung end for end.

The bow was now downstream, placing Tracy's back to the lower river and thus ending his control. He could not backwater against the swiftness of the stream. He poised the oars and turned on the seat and in that moment's glance noticed the white tongues of the river leaping. "Hang on!" he called.

He drove one oar into the river, holding it; he hauled full-strength on the other and saw the stern slightly answer. He pulled the boat half about and felt the stream push roughly at it. Ann sang out, "Close to the shore rocks!" Now broadside to the current, he shoved hard with the right oar, still pulling with the left. The boat rose as though a hand had flung it and as it came down its bottom landed squarely on a rock; there it teetered and slowly slid off, and when it fell away his right oar's point hit the rock and flew from the oarlock. The handle sprang up and struck him under the chin, knocking him back on the seat. He let go to catch himself, straightened, and watched the oar whirl away in the water.

The river came through the floor boards in steady gush; behind him was the quick clatter of Ann's bailing can. He used his single oar in a kind of sculling motion to hold the stern down. The roar which had been a solid booming all around them now was a great racket to the rear; he saw calmer water beyond and he saw the cliff face rise straight out of the river, below which one single patch of gravel beach lay half touched by the sun. The stern would not hold to the single oar. It swung and smashed into the cliff, was caught at the bow by the current and flung around. Ann cried, "Watch out!" A moment afterward the boat struck a rock and capsized.



ONLY 32 SHOPPING DAYS LEFT

YOU have just five weeks in which to do your Christmas shopping and mailing for that soldier, sailor or Marine on shipboard or on overseas duty. And although the Army and Navy have set November 1st as the dead line, it would be better if you set yours earlier—say, next week.

We have some tips on tap. Don't send clothing (unless specifically requested) or food, which has a way of disintegrating en route.

Keep the package shoe-box size, if possible; in any case no heftier than 11 pounds, no longer than 18 inches, and no bigger than 42 inches of combined length and girth.

Complete address (including your own return address) must be plainly written on the wrapper. Parcel-post clerks are smart but not crystal-ball readers.

If you've been corresponding with men overseas, you already know that no additional postage is required on mail or packages beyond New York or San Francisco. From either of these embarkation points Uncle Sam totes it all free.

What your man will probably go for—if you want suggestions—are cigarettes, waterproof wrist watch, notebook, pipe, wallet, pen or pencil, photos (small and framed), magazine subscriptions, books or a sewing kit. In other words, think of a gift that will weather any climate and be easy to lug around.

Ann's warning had turned Coleman. He had reached out and seized her arm with his hand. The collision threw him free and the water's coldness hit him like a board and he went down lower and lower into the black depths of the river. He touched bottom. He churned his legs steadily, he clung to the girl's hand and felt her whirl against him, and he rose and saw day and took in air—and went down again.

He fought the river with one hand; that other hand was fixed to Ann in a grip that would not relax. He remembered coming up again, and thought that he must have dropped and risen thus half a dozen times until images began to flicker and flash through his brain. Afterward—so long afterward that the day seemed to have rushed by—his feet hit solid bottom and he began to walk, with no knowledge of where he walked. He pulled Ann with him and saw day and breathed again. Ann fell against him, her eyes closed. He took her in both arms and pulled her to the beach. She was a weight that was hard to bear; he let her slide to his feet and then he dropped to his knees and slowly stretched full-length on the rocks.

THIS was the first time in his life he had ever been so punished as to be thoroughly humbled, the first time he had thus lain and felt himself at the last frayed ends of his vitality; for he wanted only one thing—air to breathe—and he could not seem to get it. This water, so soft and yielding and smooth to the eye, had beaten him within a narrow margin of his life and it had left him as no other accident had left him—numbed and passive and powerless to immediately rise and fight back; he felt a new thing in his body—the helplessness of being weak, the terrible indifference of being weak. The river had thoroughly scoured out of him the will to fight.

He watched Ann slowly stir on the gravel. She had been turned from him and when her face came around it had a blank expression; he saw how slowly her thoughts moved through the empty areas of the last few dizzying moments, filled them, and at last understood what had happened. He watched the gradual loosening of her face from its drab and gray intensity. Suddenly she reached out her hand and closed her fingers tightly around his arm. "For a moment, Tracy," she said, "I thought I was alone."

"Tough place to be without company."

"Yes," she said; and he saw the wake of terror in her eyes. Her fingers fell away and she put her shoulders on the gravel and stared at the sky.

The sun was overhead, breaking the rock-dull shadows in the depths of the gorge. The heat lying between these high walls began to reach into his marrow-deep chill; he looked at his hands and noticed that they were pale beneath the summer's tanned blackness, bleached and bony. Water slid through his clothes and along his skin and dripped down. The rocks under him grew cold; he moved to a dryer and warmer patch.

"I think," murmured Ann, "I must have lost consciousness for a minute—but the last thing I felt was your hand. I knew you wouldn't let go."

"No," he said, "I wouldn't let go."

Some warmth came back to him, and some confidence. By the slowness of its return he knew he had been a long way on the road to a distant place. He let his mind move cautiously toward the thought of that place. The door stood a little way open and he had the feeling that maybe he had been near enough to look through. He shook the thought aside.

"Tracy," she said, "where's our boat?"

"Haven't looked."

"Have you thought of what's next?"

"No," he said, "not yet. Roll over to warmer rocks. Better get as dry as you can. It will be cold tonight. One thing it is not necessary to worry about. No way of going back upriver."

"And no way of climbing out."

High above them two stunted pines grew perilously on the lip of the rim, between five and seven hundred feet distant; between those pines and the beach on which they lay was a dark gray wall without foothold. It came down from the rim in one perpendicular rush, worn smooth by a million years of the river's assault. Halfway to the top there was what appeared to be a ledge. He watched it for a long time, and cast it out of his mind. The wall on the other side of the river was equally sheer.

"No," he said. "Nothing there for us."

"That's why I wondered about the boat."

"The pieces of it are probably passing Gateway by now."

He sat up. He put his hands down to his wet boots and started to pull them off; he foresaw a tussle and he wasn't ready for a tussle. So he rose, feeling thick, wide aches in his body. Somewhere during the last hundred feet of the rapids he had taken a sharp beating from rocks, although he had felt nothing at the time. His whole left side hurt him. The rapids lay behind, sunlight whitening the lacy, brilliant leap of the water; and the sound of the water was a rush and a slash and a steady-echoing roar from wall to wall. The beach upon which they sat was not more than three yards wide and ran along the foot of the cliff for two hundred feet. The downstream end narrowed and pinched out against the bluff, the upstream end was a curving finger pointed into the stream; between that finger's end and the cliff was a pool of slack water in which a dozen or more logs, bleached by water and heat, lay jammed together.

Coleman said, "There's the boat."

The mention of it was enough to bring hope to her. She came to her feet, turning. The boat, striking the beach, had swung around in the current, had been lifted and thrown against the logs. It lay bottom side up now on the gravel, one side caved in. "But not much use to us," he added.

SHE stared at it. She stood thoroughly motionless, her shoulders rounded, her features still; and then she turned her head to him and he saw hollow defeat in her eyes. Knowing her composure and her normal courage, he realized how violent a shock the sight of that wrecked boat had been; it shook her will. He moved to her and he put his arms around her and pulled her against him, her miseries hurting him as they hurt her. He said, rough and short, "What made you come with me?"

She lifted her arms and laid them on his sides. She held to him with the lightest touch. She put her head against his chest, her hair wetly and brightly shining against the overhead sun. She said nothing; she held him and looked down.

"I know why you came," he added.

She lifted her head. "Do you?" she asked, and drew away. The fear had gone and the despair had been pushed back. Even when she was deeply serious her lips formed a slight upward slanting at their corners and this, with the usual light in her eyes, made it appear she was holding back a smile. As he saw it he felt small for the doubts he carried within himself; this girl was greater than anything he knew about.

She had turned to look again at the boat. She walked on to the edge of the pool and she reached down and lifted something and turned. It was Drew

Trumbo's rope. "At least he tried, Tracy."

He took the rope and coiled it and built a loop and slowly shook it out. This was a familiar thing, a well-understood tool whose weight was good in his hand; and he looked around, wanting some use for it. He considered the canyon walls again, yard by yard, all the way to the top, seeking to break its impassable surface by the power of his wishes. He looked across the river, he swung on his heels and studied the small gravel bar upon which they stood. Below them was a long stretch of smooth water, bending at last out of sight. Down there—far down—was the murmur of other rapids.

"What's ahead? Better or worse?"

"No better. Remember how you climbed upgrade from Gateway, by the road? That's the way the river drops."

He quit shaking the rope. He let it lie idle in his hand. A rope was half of a man's needs; a horse made the other half. But in the canyon there was no use for a horse. What took the place of a horse here? He swung about, again regarding the boat. "It could be patched up," he said aloud, "but it wouldn't last long."

He walked into the pool, knee-deep and climbed on the log jam. He tried his weight on one log and another. "A rope and a horse can do almost anything," he said. "On the river maybe it is rope and something that floats. I can roll three or four of these logs into the slack water and lash them together with the rope."

He was thinking aloud, piecing together a length of rope, a few logs and a smashed boat—and making some sort of chance for them. He knew it was a small chance, but he was wrapping his stubbornness around those logs along with the rope. She still felt the quickness of his hands around her; he had seen her misery and it had gotten into him and made him reach out to comfort her. Then she asked herself: "Would he have done that to any woman?"

"But the logs," he said, "would rub the rope apart in about five minutes. Need something else to stiffen them. That brings us back to the boat. Take it apart. How many miles do we have to go?"

"The Punch Bowl is just below us. It is six miles on to Gateway."

"Well," he said, "it might work. If it doesn't, we can hope we hit another bar. If we hit another bar, then we can figure out what else to use."

He sat down and pulled off his boots and drained the water from them. He put them on and stepped into the water again and waggled his head at his own folly. "I'm not thinkin' too fast." He hauled the cracked boat ashore and tore off the broken sides. He used a rock to splinter the ends of the boards in order to get the nails free. It wrecked some of the boards, but the nails were more important than anything else. He made a pile of them on the ground; he had the boat knocked apart in an hour.

HE TOOK a look at the log jam. Some parts of it were too solid to stir, some gave beneath the pressure of his weight. He went all around the jam, sizing up the logs; he came ashore and sat down. Ann dropped beside him and watched him reach for his tobacco. It came out of his shirt pocket as a handful of brown pulp and when he looked at it he showed his first real distress. "Miserable situation," he said.

"We've been very lucky," Ann told him.

"Written in the book when the luck runs out. I guess we haven't come to the end of the writin'."

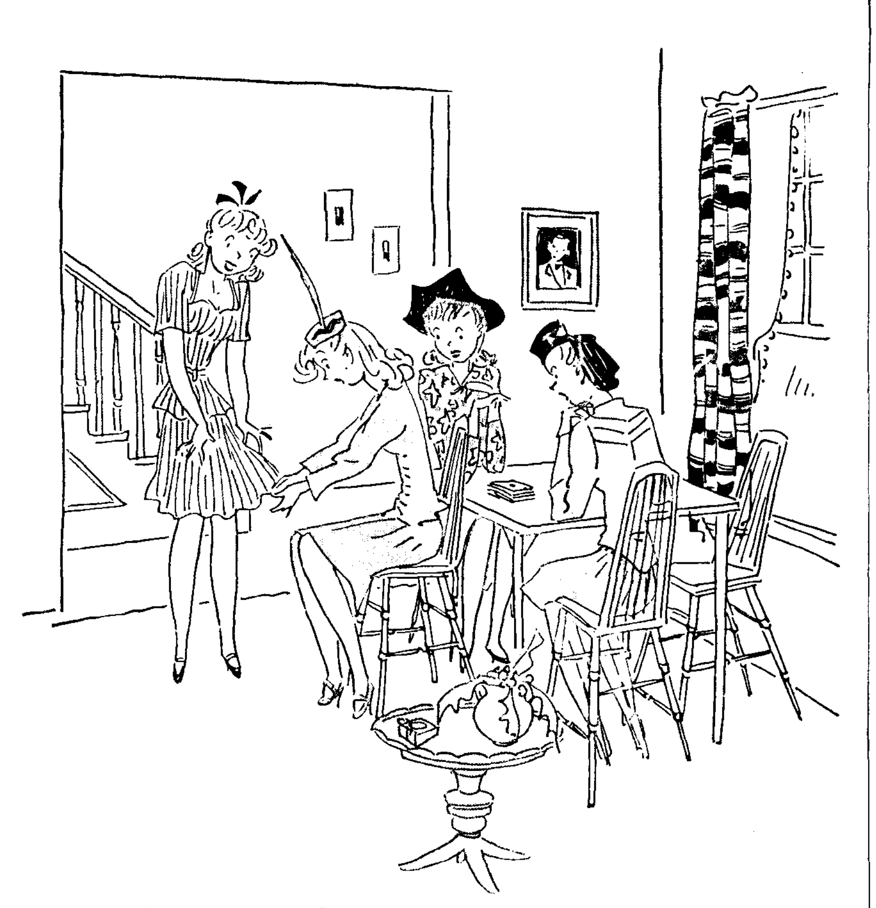
"You just believe that, Tracy. You don't practice it. If you really felt that everything was arranged for us, regardless of how we struggled, you'd not be prying those nails out now. You'd not be fighting. What you really believe is that a man makes his own luck."

"Maybe the wish to live is the strongest thing of all."

"Not in you."

He looked at her with some doubt. "Nothin' much in me except to do the first thing at hand and sleep on it."

She smiled, long watching him, so that he saw in her eyes the shape, the color, the outline of something he could not name, but a thing that rushed power-



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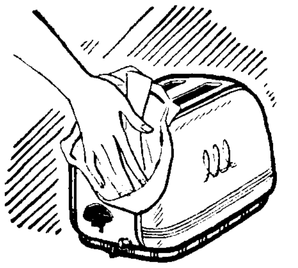

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fully upon him. This was strange—to live with his restless, vague wishes and yet not to know what those wishes were, and now to see in a woman the first form of them; as though, long dreaming of a picture and never able to bring it out of the misty background, he here watched it take shape. It had not happened before.

"If you only wished to live," she said, "you'd have left this country before now. If you only slept and never had hopes I would not have jumped into this boat." She abandoned the subject quickly: "Our luck may hold. We may land at Luke Wall's. Then the Basin will be at us again."

Habit made him reach a second time for his tobacco. "Damnation," he grumbled, and got up. "Well, one thing at a time." He waded into the pool and tackled the logs.

He worked for an hour before he found a log which would come free of the jam. He pushed it against the gravel and tried again; and the afternoon was half gone when he had collected four logs of odd sizes and lengths in the slack water. He was tired in a way he had seldom been, still feeling the shock of the river, and steadily thinking of the journey ahead of them. Even as he labored he had not the confidence and the certainty which was always otherwise with him. His world was one of horses and land and of things done so many repeated times that the pattern was cut into him. This was another world, the power and the ways of water beyond his knowledge.

HE LAID the boards over the logs at intervals and nailed them down, using a flat rock for a hammer, thus creating a raft with an incomplete decking. The nails were not large and went only an inch into the logs and he knew the hard beating of the rapids would pull them out. He laced the rope around and across the logs for greater strength. He battered a ten-foot length of the rope apart from the main rope and tied this as a life line around one log.

"You can slip your feet through that," he said.

The canyon was gray when he finished the chore. He pulled the end of the raft against the shallow gravel and he weighted the end with rocks to keep it from sliding back into the current; and he stood a while watching it. Rope and nails made a flimsy job of it; nothing would hold it together except luck. Luck had been with them so far and it might stay with them or it might run out. The hope of it was all they had.

"We'll run it in the morning," he said. "Getting too dark now."

She sat down, and as he crouched beside her he noticed the calm, close-seeing attention that went out from her to the sky. Trapped here, she would be thinking about freedom; cold, she would be thinking of warmth. Those things lay only a thousand feet away. As he watched her, he thought of Valencia Wilder. This other girl came into his head suddenly and stood before his inner vision, calling to him with her disturbing will. He said to himself, "Why am I thinkin' of her?" and tried to know the reason. She was nothing mild or meek; she was not innocence. She was a hungry, rebellious spirit speaking to him.

Ann spoke with a wistful amusement: "I should be thinking very serious thoughts. But I think of coffee hot enough to burn my tongue."

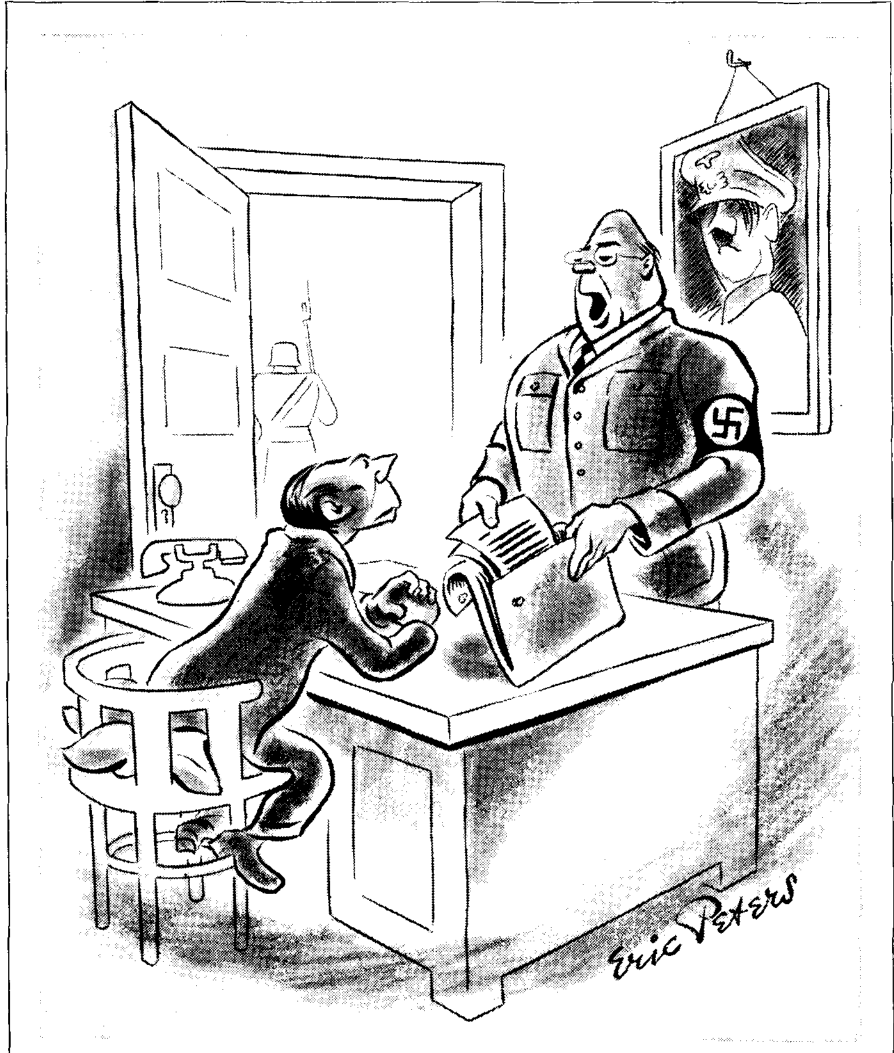
Wind came down the gorge, carrying away the heat; it went through his damp clothes and turned him cold. Ann would be chilled through in another hour. He had this in his mind but at the same time the memory of Valencia was keen and the impulses she lifted up in him were hard and blackly colored so that he felt ashamed to be thinking them so near Ann. Yet he let those thoughts work through him, knowing he had to find the roots of his own feelings. He drew a long breath, he stared into the gathered blackness downriver. A man was a mixture of things—and evil was in the mixture.

Ann's voice laid its soft touch on him: "You are far away."

He rose and walked to the edge of the pool. The raft still hung there; it had not shifted. He turned back to Ann and stood over her. He said: "You're gettin' cold."

"There's nothing to be done about that."

He sat down and turned and put his arms around her. He drew her against his chest; he spread the edges of his coat as far about her as they would reach. He said nothing; there was nothing he wanted to say. He wished only to hold her, to make her warm. She lay still, her head tipped upward and away from him. The warmth of her body was as great as the warmth of his own; the softness of her body came against him. The things that had been in his mind so short a time ago disturbed him and he was afraid that the stark wants which Valencia's memory had brought to him would reach over to touch Ann. It was an unpleasant thought; it held him still.



"Americans are divided—some want to beat us with bombs, and the rest prefer guns"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

IN a moment that fear left him, for the image of Valencia faded and the call she made upon him died and he felt a contentment wholly new. There was a difference and a change, like a sweet, warm wind blowing. He thought, "Nothing's been like this."

The canyon grew black, and the sound of the rapids pounded violently through this blackness; a moonlight glow diluted the sky's steel color and stars made a ragged pathway north and south. Ann stirred. She turned until he saw her face, round and soft in the shadows. Suddenly she murmured, "I am heavy on you," and drew upright. She had her back to him, square-pointed in the night. She sat in this manner, watching something, or listening, or caught in her own thoughts. Presently she turned and lay out on the gravel, half curled. She said: "A little sleep is better than none, Tracy."

HE STRETCHED beside her, gouging holes in the gravel for his shoulders and his hips. He turned from her; she put her arm over his shoulder. Mist began to thicken in the canyon and became a wetness on the gravel and rolled against them and had the weight of a fine, thin rain. Long afterward he heard her say: "Sleeping?"

"No."

"I have been thinking. Everything gets smaller and smaller until there's only one or two things left which are important."

"What things?"

She didn't answer and he didn't ask again. An hour of this cramped position was all a man could stand. He turned about, and this made her turn about; and so the night dragged and the wet cold of the rocks got into him and his bones began to ache. Somewhere beyond midnight, as near as he could judge, he rose and walked the full length of the gravel beach and back again, shaking the cramp from his muscles. She had risen and when he came close he saw the weariness on her face. He sat down and pulled her into his lap; he held her cradled again and he knew, without understanding how he came to know it, that she had been silently crying.

"The waitin' is about half over," he said.

"I thought I was stronger."

"I've seen men give way for less reason."

"I wasn't afraid until you walked off. Being alone is what turns you inside out. I should do it better—I've always been alone."

"You've had your people."

"People have been around me—and I have been around people. It isn't that kind of loneliness I mean."

"Everybody has to belong to somebody else, Ann. Or own somebody else."

"When did you learn that?"

He started to say, "A long time," but he didn't. For it occurred to him he would not have said this before. It was a new piece of wisdom, acquired during the last hours. A man grew, and never realized it; and a man died and was not aware of it. This was a law in the big book. "Not long," he said.

She turned from him. He put his arms around her and drew close, to share with her the little heat left in them both.

HE ROSE at the first break of light overhead. There had been no sleep for either of them, nor anything else than an uneasy resting that brought no rest. During the last small hours of the night he had risen with an actual shock, remembering the raft in the shallow water and remembering the river that reached for it with never-still fingers. The river never left anything alone; it needed no sleep or rest, it was a power older than any living or moving thing upon the earth.

Ann rose with him and they walked the gravel bar in chilled silence, back and forth to whip the drugged weariness from them, to bring some warmth back and some vitality. The night before, they had felt relief at being permitted to live; but now they were close again to the chance of the river and the sound and smell of it and the dank feeling of it.

Coleman said, "Six miles to go. How many rapids?"

"White water most of the way. The river drops fast from here to Luke Wall's."

"Any falls to go over?"

"No."

He stood at the water's edge, considering the flimsiness of the raft, and he went over every resource within his reach and found no other way by which to make the raft better. Then, painfully careful, he searched the rims again with his glance, watching their black faces turn gray. Near the water a heavy dew laid its dull shine on the rocks; farther up, daylight reached down so that he saw again the narrow ledge near the top of the eastern edge. He had abandoned this as a possibility the prior afternoon. Now he studied it, lowering his attention foot by foot, searching for a way of climbing; but as before he found none. He went over every possibility and thought of one new chance.

"YOUR father would make an attempt to get you," he said. "He might call in Tam Malarkey. If they could find another boat they might snub it downstream by rope, around one bluff and another. Hand-line the rapids."

"There's no other boat on the river."

"Might make up a raft from the boards at the mine dump."

"If they had thought of that they would have sent someone along the rim to find us and signal us. They said goodby to us when we dropped around the bend. We're dead to them."

Day had come, mealy within the canyon, bright blue above. Coleman stepped on the raft; he walked over it, trying his weight on it. He cast off the stones anchoring it down and held out his hand to Ann. "Time to go."

(To be concluded next week)

Up Ship!

Continued from page 23

a small lake of 100,000 tons of water, plus an estimated 10,000 cubic yards of mud and perhaps 100 tons of broken glass and other debris that will have to be ejected. Possibly 1,000 tons of material may be put back in the form of concrete bulkheads.

When righted, the ship may run to 54,000 tons dead weight. Supremely important in this redistribution of weight is the job of preventing the colossal mass from swinging over out of control, with consequent damage to itself, the pier, and danger to the lives of the workmen. To secure greater freedom for the ship's turn and avoid disastrous impact with the pier the latter may, though it is yet too early to be sure, have to be partially removed, even to the supporting piles.

Engineers' Problems

Perhaps no greater exercise of the engineer's skill will be manifest in the salvage operations than the effecting of the righting movement *gradually.* To this end, the hull will be compartmented. With the decks in their present position serving practically as longitudinal bulkheads, transverse bulkheads will be established at various points to divide the ship roughly into fourths. This may also involve a three-deck-deep, fore-and-aft bulkheaded compartment.

Now, knowing the capacities of all subdivisions, the engineers will at all times be able to balance one compartment against another. Accordingly, knowing the rate of discharge from every pump, reasonable control of pumping throughout the ship may be maintained, which will tend to secure progressive equilibrium.

Narrowness of 'tween-deck areas in the unnatural position of the hull compels the removal of many partitions; staging must be erected and through the vertical galleries formed by the tilted decks the divers must descend—over a hundred feet from the upper catwalk—to the black chaos below, amid the muck. Glass fragments and the broken furnishings await him but he is in constant telephone communication with the men above, and through reference to an ingenious scale model of the ship his position, at all times, is determined. Down there he will place in position the electric submersible pumps and special suction devices for mud removal. His will be the job of sealing some 375 air portholes, to prevent water inflow while the pumps are in action.

This procedure is in itself interesting. A folding wooden disk, devised by Capt. J. I. Tooker of the Merritt, Chapman & Scott staff provides an effective method. By folding (see illustration), the larger disk is pressed through the porthole and, following the smearing of concrete through the aperture, a plate, bolted to the disk, permits the damming of the concrete around the porthole.

Essential, too is the shoring to be placed between the promenade and main decks, thus reinforcing these decks against external water pressure—all the more necessary as the water within the ship recedes.

Pier 88 presents a lively base for operations on the wreck. Throughout its thousand-foot length a striking mobilization of men and equipment marks the determined address to the gigantic problem. At a point opposite the ship's frame No. 150—an amidship section—a substantial ramp reaches over from the pier to the curving side of the hull. Strung along on both sides, and extending to the limits of the working platforms adjoining the catwalk, are the poles carrying lights.

You cross the ramp to the edge of the upturned deck. You are on a narrow catwalk that skirts the hull of the ship. You look down a precipice sloping almost vertically to the water 55 feet beneath; you see the jagged cutaway edges of decks just protruding from the water as barges deploy their massive booms to wrench at the steel skeleton.

Drums of oxygen and acetylene are supplying the divers who, like submarine rodents, are gnawing with underwater torches at the invisible structure below. From the ship's vast interior the debris is hoisted through many cargo ports or slipped down waiting chutes.

On the pier, near the ramp, are workshops where welding, plumbing, pipe threading and other necessary tasks may be quickly performed. One section is devoted to the divers of the Merritt, Chapman & Scott organization—veterans of many difficult salvage and other underwater activities. One is told that in ten years a diver will learn "all the tricks" but that a good diver is a "natural" and it may be necessary to study 100 men in order to find 40 divers.

Up at the other end is the local Navy diving school. Divers are needed not only for the present emergency, but war salvage work of an even grimmer character demands more and more trained divers. Junior officers are being trained as salvage officers. All the students are volunteers. Together they make about 30 dives each day, each descent being about 30 minutes. On a submerged workbench they practice use of the underwater torch, patching, pumping, ripping out partitions; erecting bulkheads; work on a model double bottom, learn submarine welding, etc. Three men go down at a time.

Six hundred laborers have been working on the vessel in three eight-hour shifts, and this number may rise to 1,000.

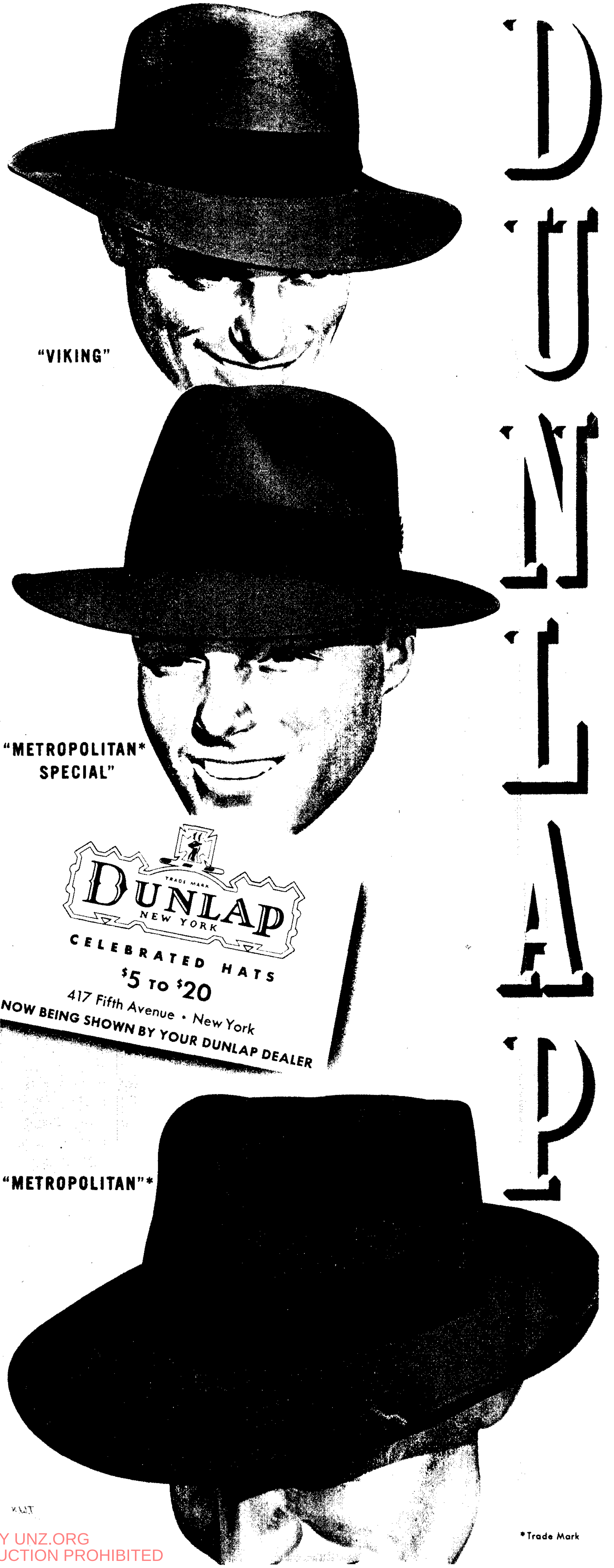
Twenty-five firemen under Ex-Battalion Chief J. J. Keeley cover the pier and ship in their patrols—which go around the clock. At their command are 4,000 gallons of water at 150 pounds pressure immediately available through the distributing facilities of 3,500 feet of hose. From the vicinity of the connecting bridge to the pier, a main trunk feeds pipes with outlets along the upper reaches of the catwalk. Chemical extinguishers are available wherever men are working. There will be no more fires on the Lafayette.

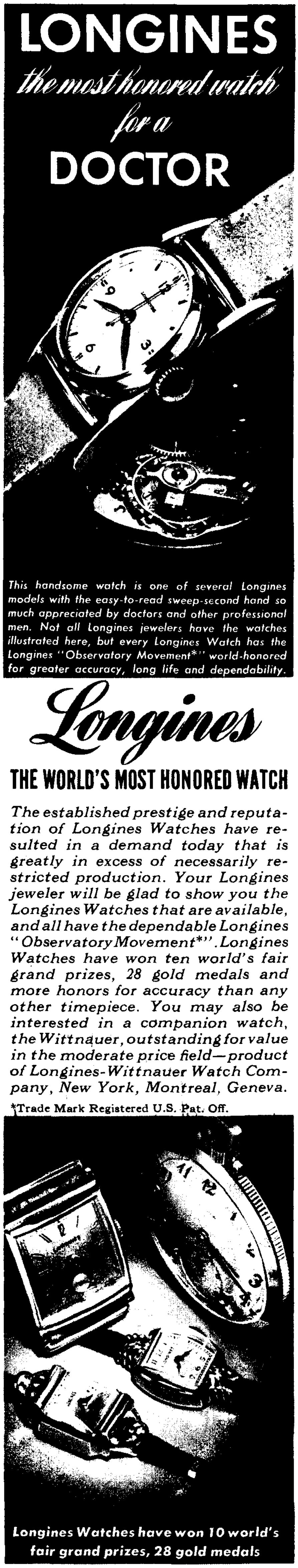
A Difficult Task

While righting the ship is essentially a matter of simple engineering, the size of the hull and the forces involved make it the most difficult task of its kind ever attempted. No one knows how long the job will take; none will guess. But steadily the hulk is being prepared for the next step. When the compartmentation has been finished, when shoring and bulkheads are in position, when the hull has been sealed, the real job will begin.

Then the engineers, delicately balancing weight against buoyancy, juggling the tremendous power of gravity against the irresistible lifting power of water; pumping, flooding, repumping, reflooding, will force the hull to lift itself, foot by foot, inch by inch, back to an even keel. It seems an incredible achievement as you watch the dwarfed figures of men scrambling over the vast hulk, and realize what they boldly propose to do. Yet you know it will be done. And you feel better for knowing it.

THE END

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Young, serious-visaged Dimitri Shostakovich began work on his monumental Seventh Symphony while he was a fire warden during the siege of Leningrad

SOVFOTO

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T LIKE MUSIC

BY VICTOR I. SEROFF

A boy who became a musician purely by accident has now become one of the world's great composers. Meet Dimitri Shostakovich

WHEN a composer has become celebrated, his relatives are inclined to imagine things about him. The story about Dimitri Shostakovich, the famed Soviet composer, is that he was taken at the age of six to see the opera Czar Saltan's Fairy Tales and next day was able to sing all the melodies he had heard the night before. Shostakovich himself blows up that small fiction.

"Up until the age of nine," he wrote, "I didn't even like music. When it was played at home I didn't listen to it."

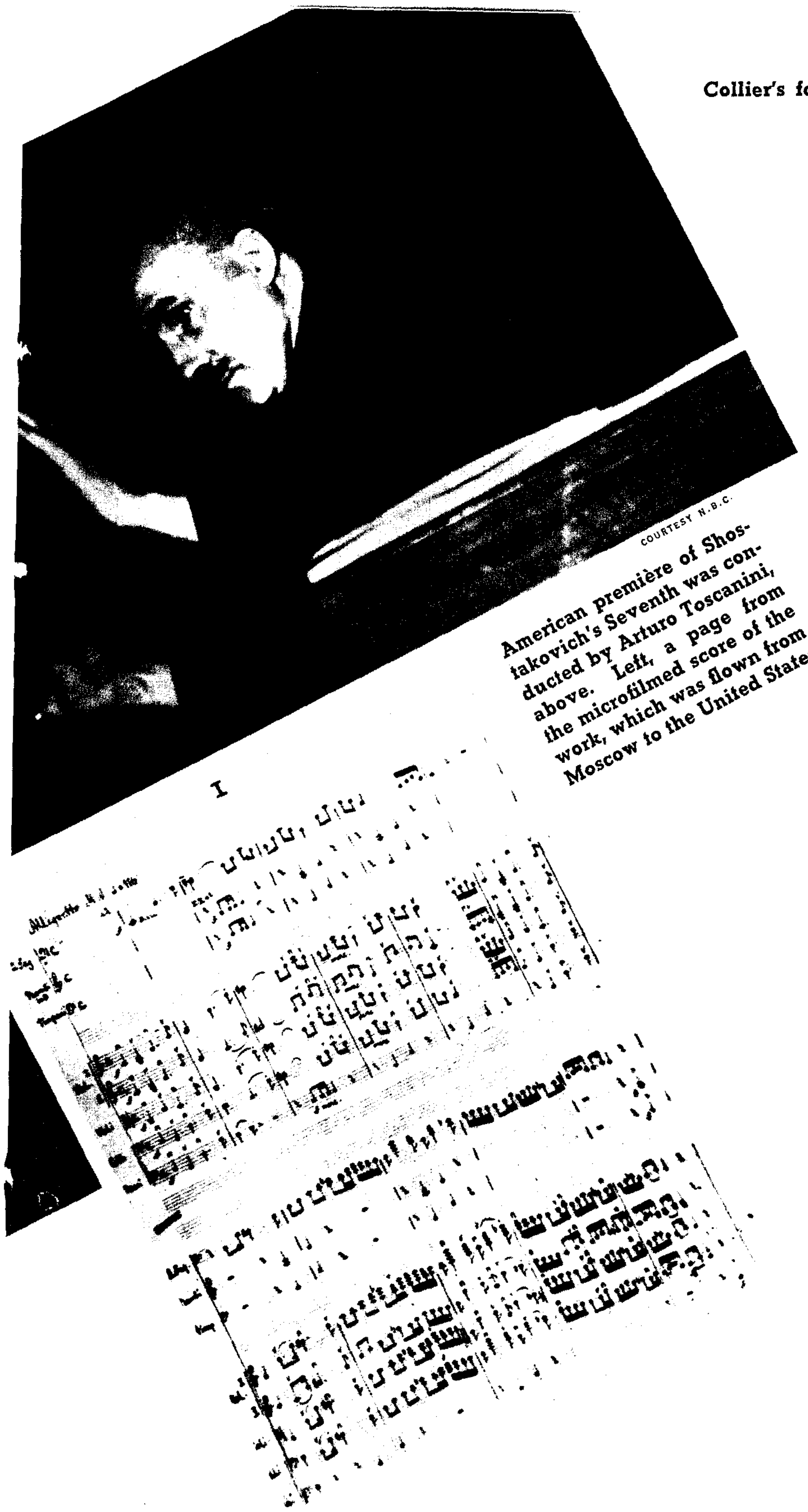
His mother had studied piano at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and wanted her children to become musicians, if only in a small way.

These were exciting days in Petrograd (the name having been changed from St. Petersburg when the war broke out in 1914) and they became even more explosive when the Czar was overthrown in 1917. Shostakovich had seen the events leading up to that, the barricades and fighting in the streets, heard the stirring speeches of the revolutionary leaders, seen the parades, the funeral processions for the heroes. After the first revolt came the overturn that brought the Bolsheviks into power. Petrograd was the center of all that, and young Dimitri, by that time studying piano with Professor Nikolaev, was inevitably tied up in it. It was not the ideal time for the serious study of the piano.

Dimitri was born in Petrograd (now Leningrad) and still lives there. The family consisted of his parents and two sisters, one older and one younger than Dimitri. His parents met in Petrograd when his father, Dimitri, Sr., was a minor employee in the department of weights and measures, and his mother, Sophie Kowkalin, was studying at the Conservatory. They were very poor when they married, his salary being only a hundred rubles a month. But he was fortunate enough to be engaged as manager of the estate of Baron von Renenkamf, a relative of the General Renenkamf who led the Russian armies to disaster in 1914.

The estate, which was fifty *versts* (a *verst* is approximately two thirds of a mile) outside of Petrograd, became the summer home of the family. As chief manager of the place, the elder Shostakovich had two cars at his disposal and a comfortable income. Later he became the commercial manager of two large industrial factories, making shells for the war department.

Young Dimitri was interested in literature and mathematics. However, he had shown greatly marked musical ability and he had managed to make an impression on Glazunov, the Russian composer who was then head of the Conservatory, Glazunov suggested that Dimitri should study composition with Professor Steinberg. On graduation he failed to play a composition of his own, as was traditional at that time.



COURTESY N.B.C.

American première of Shostakovich's Seventh was conducted by Arturo Toscanini, above. Left, a page from the microfilmed score of the work, which was flown from Moscow to the United States

Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff and others did it, but not Shostakovich.

The fault lay with his bad health. He was frail, and food was scarce in those days. He developed a tuberculous neck gland that had to be remedied surgically. He had school from 8:30 to 2:30 and after that there was homework, piano practice, lessons in harmony and counterpoint, and long hours spent standing in lines for food.

Symphony Creates a Furor

And yet the boy who did not play anything of his own at his graduation produced his first symphony two years later. It made him internationally famous. When Arturo Toscanini conducted the National Broadcasting Company Orchestra in Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony in July, it created a furor never before equaled in the history of music. Written during the siege of Leningrad, when Shostakovich served as a fire warden against the German bombs, it was heard by millions of listeners here and abroad.

While Shostakovich was still a student at the Conservatory his father died of pneumonia. It was not only an emotional but a financial blow and the family was left in straitened circumstances. Dimitri got a job playing the piano in a small movie house. An American comedy film was being shown and it brought about his ruin.

"He would stop playing and double up with laughter," reports his wife. The manager fired him.

This may explain why, in 1927, he went to Warsaw to take part in a world competition of pianists. That was another blow because, instead of a prize, he brought back a diploma. Then he met and married Nina Varzar, a beautiful girl with blond hair and brown eyes, who was a student of physio-mathematics at Leningrad University. Previous to this he had been living with his mother and a sister in a three-room apartment but now he moved to a larger apartment in the newly built Home of Soviet Composers and went to work seriously.

(Continued on page 57)

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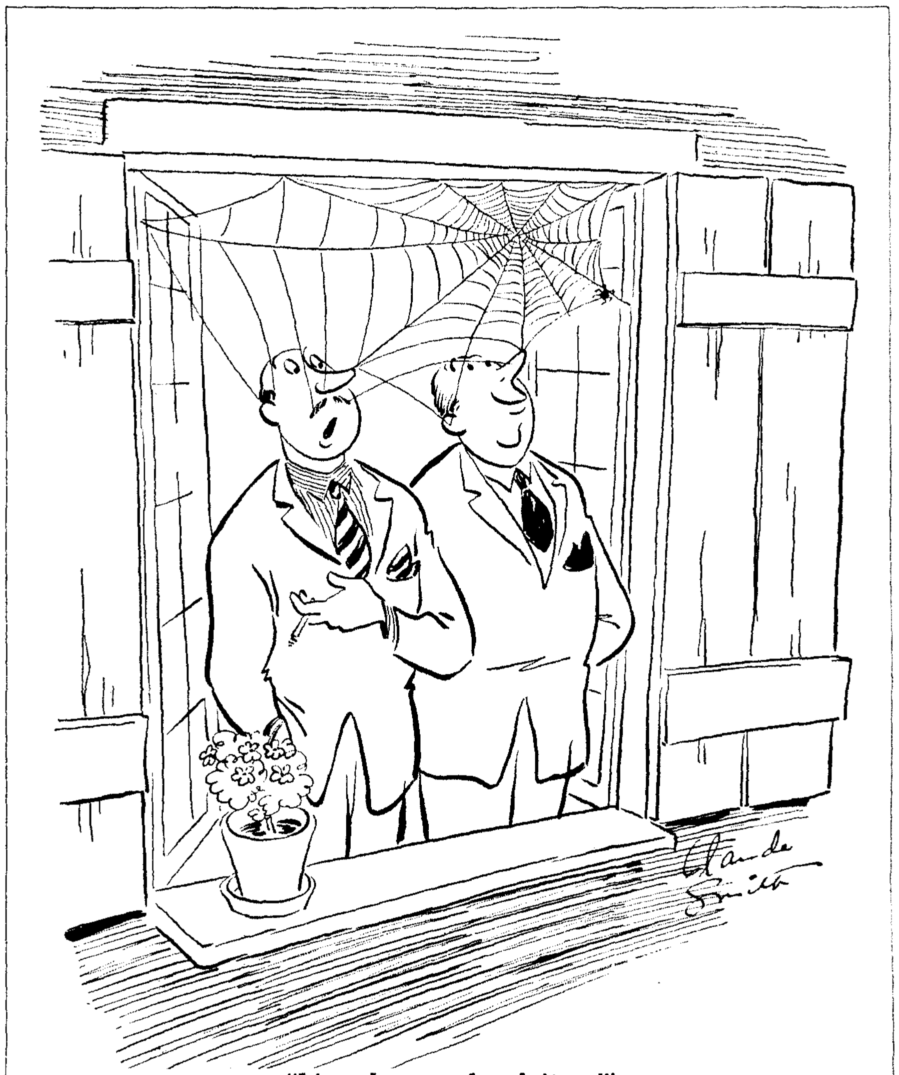
How Anti-British Tales Start

Continued from page 13



Collier's "It's a shame to break it up!" CLAUDE SMITH

are efficient and deadly. I realized how deadly only after I got back to America, and discovered here the same stories I had checked so thoroughly in Libya. I am convinced it is a deliberate fifth column.

Few of the American officers who have spent much time in the Middle East believe more than a tiny fraction of the terrible things they hear, because they have so often seen episodes in which they participated swollen and distorted into monstrous scandals by the sour grapevine.

A fine demonstration of the power of a whisper followed the catastrophe of Crete. The R.A.F. had only a few planes on the island, and only two airdromes. The Germans had hundreds of planes at Greek airdromes 30 to 300 miles away, which meant they could at will blow the Crete airfields and anything on them into tiny pieces. The R.A.F., logically enough, withdrew its planes, leaving the defenders of Crete defenseless (which they would have been anyway) but saving the handful of British craft from certain destruction.

The island people forthwith understandably decided the R.A.F. had simply run away. The fifth column inflated this simple fact most beautifully. Collier's itself printed, under the signature of one of the most reputable naval officers, a story that bitterness against the R.A.F. was so strong the fliers were confined to their quarters when the Crete evacuees began reaching Alexandria. No such thing ever happened.

The Englishman's scorn for American equipment and his failure to take care of it properly are topics of many a Cairo conversation. Yet I have never seen an R.A.F. man who wasn't obviously and flatteringly delighted to get an American bomber. Nor have I ever heard a British officer or soldier deny that our tanks were excellent machines; on the contrary, I have seen them manifest reckless faith in the tanks by taking our light, 13-ton job headlong into a battle a normal medium tank would have had trouble surviving.

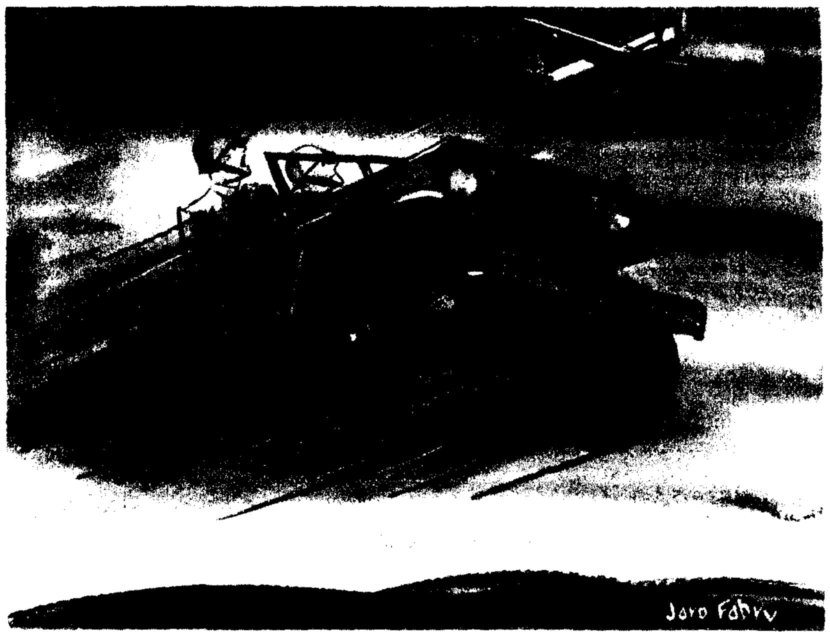
British Cherish American Equipment

No one can understand the charges of poor English maintenance of our material in the desert until he's lived in the desert. The Libyan sand is as pervasive as the sunshine. It drifts into every moving part of every piece of machinery. Airplanes suck it up into their motors when they take off; gun breeches and barrels are coated after a few rounds; the motors of trucks get gritty with it in a couple of hundred miles. The mildest sand storm blows up such quantities of dust that it sometimes is impossible to see the end of the rifle you're supposed to be firing. The dust, incidentally, is responsible for the charge that the R.A.F. has failed to support ground forces—troop engagements are surrounded by a blanket of swirling sand, and no man in a plane singing along at 300 miles an hour, no matter how low he flew, could possibly distinguish between friend and enemy.

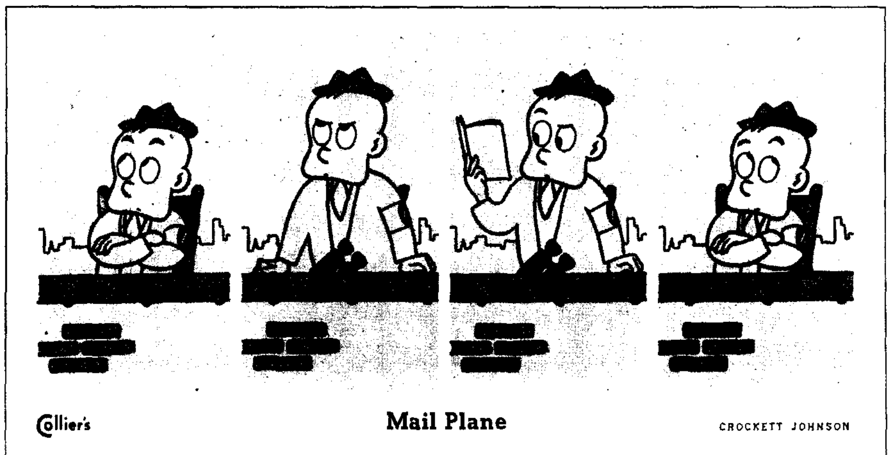
No reasonable amount of care would make any regular equipment last more than a fraction as long as under normal circumstances, a fact we are only now beginning to appreciate ourselves. My own experience was that the British cherished everything they had, our equipment perhaps a little more than their own. At least, I have seen them remove their old Blenheims and Wellingtons from the available sandbag walls that protect them from bomb splinters, and put in American B-25s and A-20s.

Also, I have seen pilots stagger into army billets after walking miles across flaming sand, guiding themselves by hand compasses, to report their planes down. And I have seen crews leap into huge salvage trucks they called Queen Marys and head back across the desert, steering themselves over the blankness the way a big ship follows a course across the sea, never knowing for sure if or when they would find the crippled ship, or whether enemy planes would find them first. Sometimes they returned carrying the entire carcass, sometimes only a few minor parts, but the only occasions upon which they refused to search for wreckage was when they had no facilities, or when the planes came down in territory then controlled by the Germans. When Rommel was moving most swiftly, a good number of ships were lost that way.

Personally, I found the British ready to share anything they had at least fifty-



Collier's "Give me terra firma every time" JARO FABRY



Collier's **Mail Plane** CROCKETT JOHNSON

fifty, even their few air coolers, certainly man's most precious possession in the desert.

I once had part of the responsibility for setting up an airdrome near Cairo for one of the first contingents of American planes to get into action in the Middle East. The British had picked what they considered a choice spot, and had turned it into a surprisingly competent airport. Concrete aprons had been laid out where the planes could warm up without drawing sand into their innards, and sandbag protection for planes had been provided at dispersal points around the field. Comfortable quarters were erected for the men. Efforts were made to permit both officers and men to join the common English social activities, and, perhaps most important of all, American officers were given honest access to all background information the British possessed.

Then, for strategic reasons, I had to reject the airdrome. I picked another site, and hundreds of workmen were turned loose to make it as good a field as the first. Then I discovered I could move into still a third location I had thought was closed to me, so I shifted again and once more the British pitched in with every facility they could muster to make it a workable base. During these three switches, I did not get one complaint from the British; only co-operation which could scarcely have been more complete.

R.A.F. Flies Antiques in Greece

Even now few of us realize the handicaps under which the British fought early in the war, or the ingenuity they showed in using what little equipment they possessed. The British air force in Greece, for example, was pathetic. It consisted mainly of a few old Blenheims, lumbering antiques protected by one .303-caliber machine gun. The Blenheims had no self-sealing gas tanks, no armor protection, none of the advantages built into modern airplanes as routine.

Bullets for the machine guns came, not in up-to-date belts, but in pans approximately the size of pie tins. Each time the gunner reloaded, he had to stoop, pick up a pan, and jam it into its holder.

The Italians rarely closed in on the weak old Blenheims, although they had five or ten times the fire-power of the Blenheim's machine gun. But they stunted around the ponderous bombers, making aerial faces at the R.A.F. men. When an Italian ship did get near enough to fight, the Blenheim crew always decided unanimously that the Germans were in Italy again.

Ultimately, however, the Italians learned they could sweep down on the Blenheims safely when the gunners ducked to reload, and they became very brave. Then the R.A.F. gunners pulled the obvious ruse, stooping as if to reload before they were actually out of ammunition, and rising quickly to catch the Italians full in their faces when they came in for what they thought was the kill. No composite box score was kept, but a perfectly astonishing number of Italian planes were brought down by the simple trick.

These Blenheims were used for some time from an airdrome in Athens to bomb Valona in Albania. The British never had fighter protection for the bombers, and only the reluctance of the Italians to get near a scrap kept the Blenheims from being wiped out. The Italian fighters always came up to greet the Blenheims, however, going through their customary gyrations. One day the British got a few fighters, and forthwith established an advanced air base near Corfu, some 180 miles closer to Valona. The range then was short enough so the fighters could make the round trip. On their next mission, six Blenheims left the advance base—with twenty Gladiators and Hurricanes flying high over them. As the unsuspecting Italians came up to meet the Blenheims, the fighters swooped down from the clouds and wiped out 18 of Mussolini's planes bingo!

In the whole Allied war effort, we must remember one thing, however—mechanical equipment is not all an army needs. It must also be equipped with training and experience, and certainly no fighting organization in the world has as much as the Germans. You can't put a Massachusetts amateur state boxing champion, even if he is a heavyweight, in the ring against Joe Louis and expect an even fight. The Germans' years of preparation for war, and years of experience in actual war is a very real advantage, and it explains much of what's happened in the war theaters I know anything about. Certainly the British have made mistakes, but so have we, and I suspect many of the things the gossips have magnified into colossal blunders will, historically speaking, be shown to have originated not from stupidity but from inexperience. Anything that's happened to the British would happen to any green military organization.

I remember sitting one day with the late Colonel Brower, another of the A.A.F. observers in the Middle East, while a British officer inspected an airdrome. A subordinate was called before the officer to explain why certain planes had not been repaired on schedule. The subordinate explained excitedly that the delay was truly unavoidable, that, among other things, the mechanics were so short of equipment they had to make their own rivets out of discarded Ford automobile crankshafts. The officer turned to us and remarked that he hoped we wouldn't have too bad an opinion of the Royal Air Force, after listening to their secret woes. Colonel Brower puffed slowly on his pipe, turned to the Englishman, and smiled. "Nothing," he said, "has made me so homesick except the letters I get from my wife."

The End

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FROM Bob Bowes

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The Barrymore Brat

By Nord Riley

Like all the Barrymores, acting is as necessary to Diana as breathing. But she's cutting out most of the Barrymore loopiness to prove to Hollywood that it's a serious business for her, even though she's a star

Diana Blanche Barrymore Blythe—quite some moniker to live up to. She's doing all right though; after one movie she's a star

DOOLITTLE KEAN

BEFORE Walter Wanger began production on his latest movie, Eagle Squadron, he showed a photograph of Diana Barrymore to Arthur Lubin, the director of Eagle Squadron.

"This is the kid playing the feminine lead," said Mr. Wanger.

Lubin stared at the likeness and uttered a mournful cry: "Who you kidding, Walter? This doll isn't even good-looking."

When Wanger went on to say that he had the creature under contract for a thousand dollars a week Lubin nodded glumly and shuffled off, muttering his wonder that a gent as smart as Wanger could take a shellacking from a brat like this Barrymore. Fresh from his golden successes directing Abbott and Costello, Lubin was all set to begin the classiest picture of his career, and for a heroine he had drawn a long-faced kid who had never acted in a movie.

"From all I had heard about her," he says, "spitting in a director's eye was a hobby of hers."

The upstart's first few days in Hollywood did not allay the suspicion that Wanger had been swindled. Never having been in Hollywood, she announced that she thought she'd find the place noisome, but upon arriving she rented a palace large enough to billet a regiment and amid slight uproar settled down with a French companion, a colored cook, a houseboy, a gardener, a romantic Great Dane named Cleo and a papillon, this last a pooch of great rareness.

Reunion with her father, John Barrymore, was a happy affair, and numberless pictures were taken. He was going to teach her Shakespeare. Then came an unnerving report that John Barrymore, himself the Clown Prince of the Royal Family of the Theater, had found it necessary to roar at his offspring: "Stop acting like a Barrymore!"

The child plainly suffered seizures of Barrymore loopiness. She was sassy. She had gone Hollywood, which is to say that she was putting on the dog. . . . Nobody knew whether she could act. She was by no means as toothsome as Lana Turner and she had a long face.

Subsequent events have served to prove that in hiring her Wanger wasn't so nutty after all. The first day of shooting on Eagle Squadron, the upstart took the director aside and informed him that she knew he expected her to behave like a berserk Barrymore. She vowed she wasn't going to, and if she did, it would be all right for him to beat her over the head. To the astonishment of all, she exploded only once. After three weeks of maintaining an uneasy peace she suddenly got lippy with Lubin, the director. That gentleman promptly hooted: "Ah-ah, putting on the old Barrymore mantle, are you?" This stopped the upstart cold. She regarded him balefully for a moment, then amiably stuck out her tongue at him. Since then she has been moderately unwarlike.

A Star is Born, but Quickly

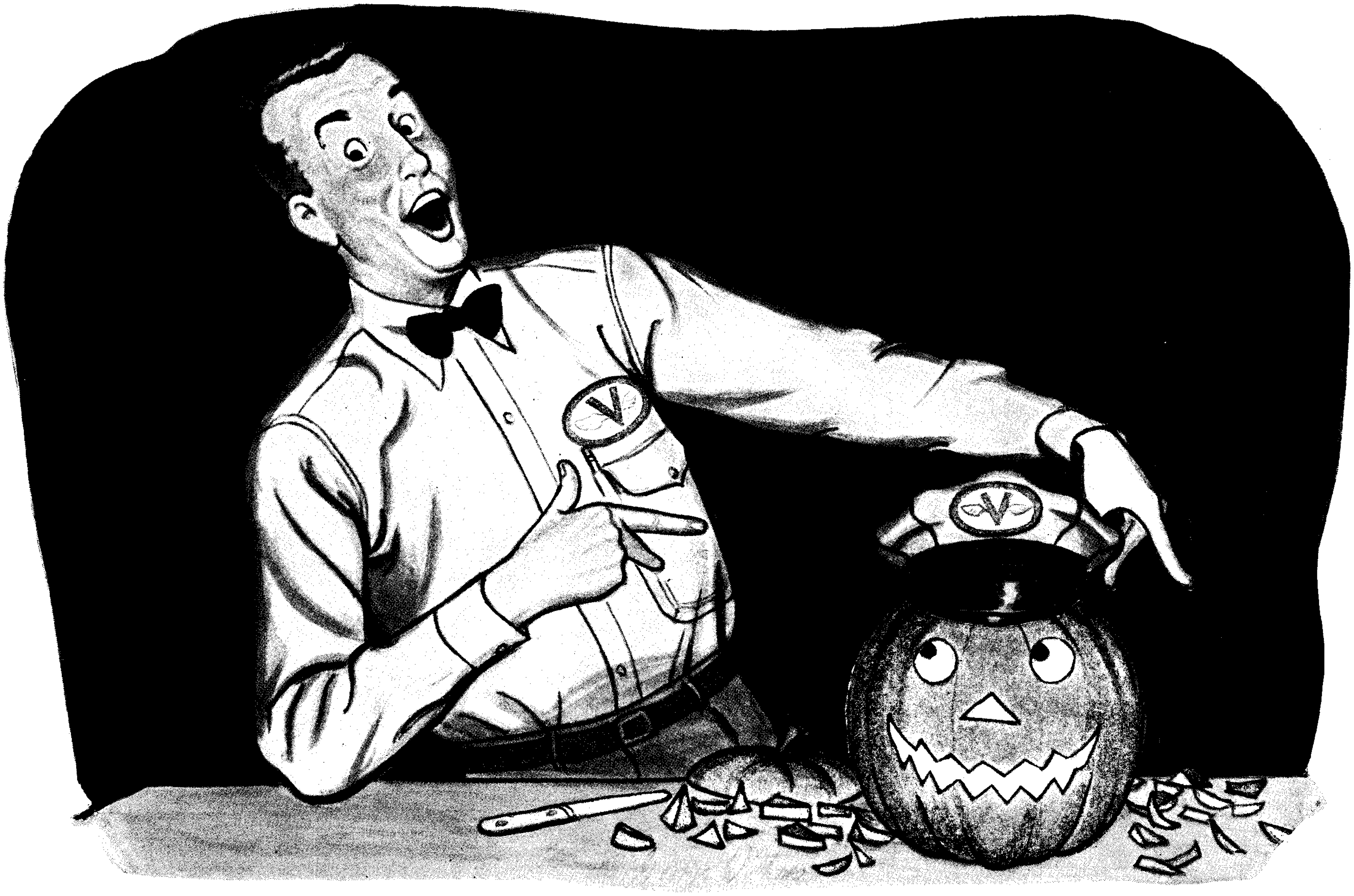
Universal took a gander at the rushes on Eagle Squadron and began crying aloud at what blessings heaven had sent. With the froth of Hollywood hyperbole wiped off, this meant Diana had eased through her first picture with some to spare. To give substance to their shouting, Universal borrowed her from Wanger while Eagle Squadron was still shooting, hiked her salary to twelve hundred fifty iron men a week, and tossed her a part many great ladies of the screen would have hocked their husbands to get. The part is the kind likely to put Diana in solid as an actress or send her slinking back to where she came from. In Between Us Girls, she tears into six roles: a 12-year-old girl, a Sadie Thompson, an iron-shirted Joan of Arc, a high-voltage actress, Queen Victoria at 82, and a lady like herself. Robert Cummings, Kay Francis and John Boles are in it too, but Diana gets the gravy. Her name will precede the name of the picture, which means she is officially a star.

Diana is the daughter of John Barrymore and his second wife, Blanche Oelrichs, who writes poetry under the nom de plume of Michael Strange. The child's full legal name is Diana Blanche Barrymore Blythe—Blythe being the Barrymores' real cognomen. John's wit and noble rhetoric did not descend to his daughter. She has a nervous quick intelligence, with a talent for pinning back a citizen's ears and a bad way of saying what she thinks, which is considerable. Nothing surprises her much, for she has kicked around enough, in Europe and America, in the society set and the theater mob, to be wise beyond her years.

"Don't let anyone tell you this Barrymore won't hold on to her coleslaw," an enthusiast at Universal points out. "Old Jawn adored bankruptcy. Not this kid. You know what she did with that fancy car she bought? She talked the studio into renting it from her for her picture. Twenty-five bucks a day ain't hay."

The saga of Diana's schooling is a study in how to be a brat. From the time she was born in New York in 1921, until she was five, her record is mild. After that it really sizzles. She left the convent when she was seven (her parents were divorced when she was six) and in the next nine years fought her way in, and out, of fifteen of the nation's classiest boarding schools.

Diana was seventeen when her mother decided that she should become a debutante. "Debutantes!" and she shudders. But mother



"And don't you be calling my partner a Spook!"

He may be a fugitive from a pie plate, but when it comes to making motorists act wise, there's none can hold a candle to my pumpkin-headed pal.

DANGER
AHEAD

No—he doesn't exactly *scare* 'em into switching to winter-grade Veedol . . . this year it's enough just to *warn* 'em cold weather's right ahead.

And now that first-class car care has become a patriotic duty—folks have quit quibbling about the few extra pennies it costs to get the *super* winter-protection which Veedol provides.

Yes, I said *super* protection. Because Veedol is 100% Pennsylvania oil at its finest . . . made from the world's toughest, most wear-resistant crude. And, just to make it an even better buy—Veedol's flair for fighting WEAR gets another boost in a special, patented refining process.

Speaking as one who has nursed a lot of cars through a lot of frigid winters, I'm telling you cold weather needn't scare you if you let *me* prepare you—with winter-grade Veedol, fresh every 1,000 miles.

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Winter-Grade VEEDOL**

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YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING—till you see the hawk-eyed care your precious car and tires will get when your neighborhood Veedol dealer goes to town with Veedol *Safety-Check* Lubrication. He knows his stuff. He's at your service.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
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OIL IS AMMUNITION [illegible] ★ ★ ★ [illegible] wanted me to come out, so out I came." A debutante, she says, is supposed to stay out for six months, theoretically long enough to capture a well-heeled husband. After putting up with being a debutante for two months she chucked it for acting.

She hadn't done any acting, other than stumbling around in school plays. She was a Barrymore, to be sure, but her father was merely a name in the papers to her, and she had been reared in high society. Her talent seemed to be sketching, which she had studied a good deal in Paris. Now she abandoned that to take a whirl at the stage. She entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and studied drama for two years. Summers she learned theater, playing stock in Ogunquit, Maine, where she opened her career as a somewhat scrawny Juliet opposite a Romeo played by William Faversham's son, Philip. In her two summer stands in Ogunquit she ran through the usual stock-company plays: Springtime for Henry, You Can't Take It With You, and the others. In the winter season of 1939-40 she got the role of Ann in Outward Bound. That the Barrymore name helped her get the part she admits cheerfully. "It helped me get in, but no name could keep me in," she points out.

The Outward Bound company went on the road, playing Chicago, among other whistle stops. By epic coincidence, her father, whom she hadn't seen since she was twelve, was performing nightly in My Dear Children in an adjoining theater. With droll comment on his wives and his bartenders, he put the citizenry in the aisles clutching their tummies with glee; if he followed the script the audience went home disgusted. After one performance he found a young thing in his dressing room, a skinny dame with a smile like his own and gleaming brown eyes.

"Ah," he cried in his courtly way, "you ambrosial creature!"

"Thanks, Daddy," the creature said.

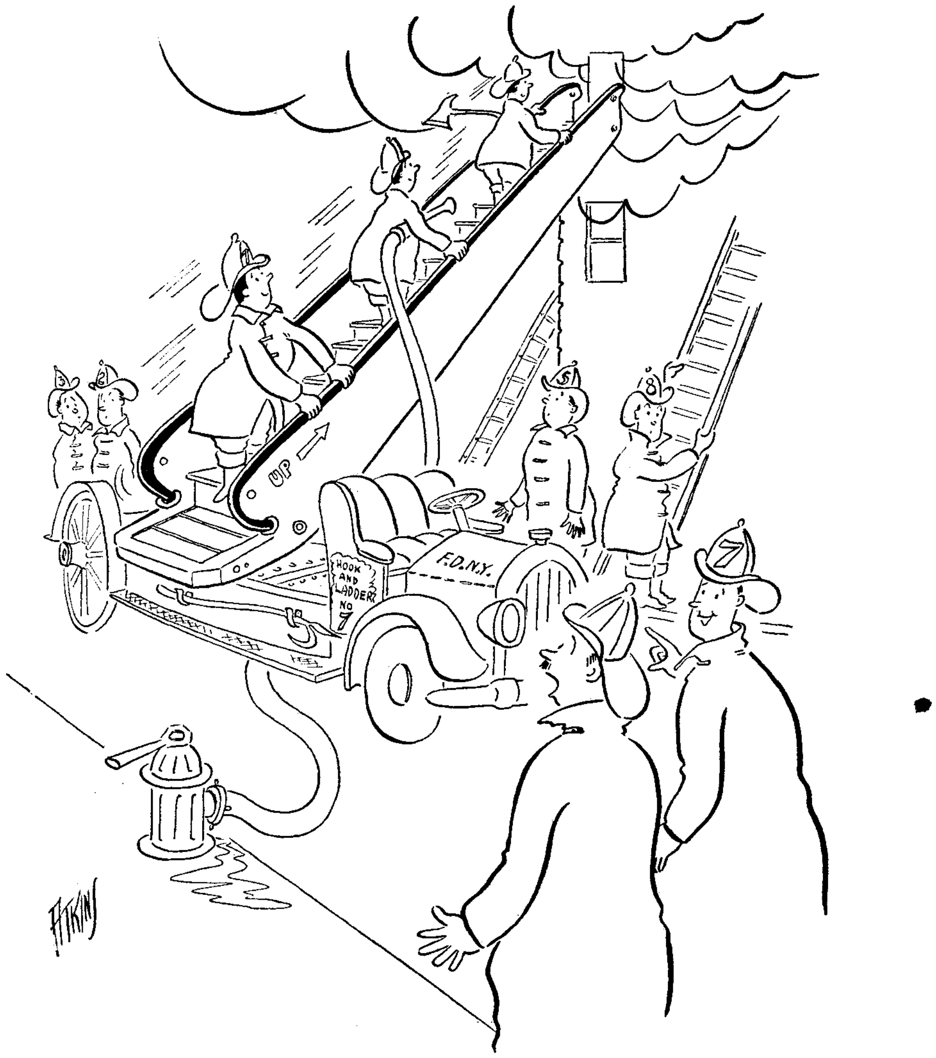
"Daddy?" The great one was stunned. Then he recognized her and roared, "My daughter!"

By this time the movie people, whose feeling of inferiority makes them drool over anything from the stage, realized that here was an actress whose name alone was worth something even if she fell into the orchestra pit every time she walked downstage. They advanced on the young Barrymore with contracts. "How much?" she demanded of them. "And for how long?" When they told her she said simply: "I want more money." She added that she thought she would hate Hollywood.

Hollywood Via Broadway

Nevertheless, she made a couple of screen tests. These she describes by holding her nose. No doubt the studios had a similar opinion, for they dropped the matter. After that came more spasms of stock-company dramas, including a leading role in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines which opened in White Plains. Last fall she grabbed a part on Broadway in the Edna Ferber-George S. Kaufman play The Land is Bright, a drama that caused no stampedes to the box office. She was toiling here when Walter Wanger hove into sight lugging a bag of Hollywood gold. He offered her a contract for four pictures a year at a thousand dollars a week. Being no dope, she took it.

Her first few days in front of the camera were hard. Everyone expected her to blast the joint wide open with temperament, the cameraman had troubles handling the angles in her face and her acting was not the kind to drive Bette Davis to opium from envy. Like most actors fresh from the stage, she overacted, because she didn't realize



COLLIER'S "The boys decided to modernize it, Chief" ELMER ATKINS

"going OUR way?"
WE WALK IT..and LIKE IT!

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Now that you're back on your feet, Walk it and Like it in Bostonian Ruggediers. They eat up the miles, take every hill in high gear. *Measure* their rugged soles, thick but flexible! *Caress* the fine grain leathers! *Splash* through puddles, *climb* over rock fences—these husky Walk-Fitted Bostonians'll come up smiling. And comfortable? They'd make a postman *crave* walking. $8.95 to $12. *Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.*

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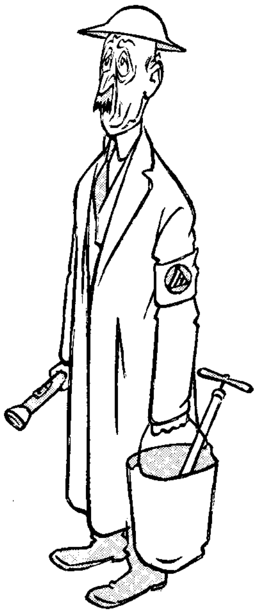
COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY



VOLUME II

SUBSADIARY: Fellow who doesn't feel good about being an auxiliary.

CHEERUPODIST: A doctor who makes your feet happy.

ETCETRIAC: A man who is always and-so-forthing.

CALLOUSTHINICS: Reducing exercises on a rowing machine.

POORTRAIT: A picture of you that you don't like.

WRATHEMATICIAN: Guy who gets mad totaling figures.

THUGCESS: What a good burglar might acquire.

IMMURAL: A lewd picture on a wall.

PATRIFIED: An Irishman who has been on ice for 100 years.

PORCUPRONE: A porcupine lying face down.

Faced with the stoopendous task of making this Fictionary a comprehensive work, Col. Stoopnagle will welcome words (with their definitions) from readers and will pay five dollars out of Collier's pocket for acceptable contributions. Address The Fictionary Dept., Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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how sensitive a camera is in picking demonstrations of emotion. After watching herself in a couple of rushes, she calmed down and did okay.

"Movie acting," she says, now hep to the racket, "is nothing but not doing anything."

Except for the minor explosion in Eagle Squadron recorded earlier, she has endured long hours of toil and numerous indignities with glacial serenity.

The mauling she took in Between Us Girls was so bruising there was a feeling that if she didn't holler uncle they would have her still, cold body on their hands. First off, she had to roller-skate and she landed on her rear with unrehearsed violence so many times a massage table and masseuse had to be installed in her dressing room to keep her repaired. Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom, former light-heavyweight champion, was employed to clout her on the jaw. "Not me," cried Maxie. "I won't punch no lady, especially a Barrymore. Barrymores and Rosenblooms are artistes."

To replace the gallant Mr. Rosenbloom, Big Boy Williams was hired and he walloped her good. When Williams was through, Robert Cummings took a turn at cuffing her around.

Miss Barrymore Gets Slapped

Twenty-two times he slapped her sassy face and each time it did nothing but disgust Henry Koster, the director. "Forget you are a gentleman," he yelled, "and sock her!" As Cummings wound up for the twenty-third swipe, Diana kicked his shins with her high heel. Cummings almost knocked her block off for it, but Koster got what he wanted. They thought the lady was sore, but she wasn't. "That slapping," she said wearily, "could have gone on all day. I knew he wouldn't hit me unless he was angry. So I kicked him."

At the sound of the assistant director hollering that it is lunch time, she often hotfoots it over to a kitchen she has found on the lot and there throws together a luncheon for her stand-in and herself. She even washes the dishes when she gets through, which is arousing some consternation, because nobody can remember any other actress who ever did such things. Unlike other Hollywood pretties who are forever being photographed stumbling around in a kitchen, this character takes honest delight in cooking. This may be explained by the even greater delight she takes in eating what she cooks. Also she is fond of fixing little repasts for Mr. Bramwell Fletcher, a Broadway actor she met a couple of years ago in the Outward Bound company, and whom she recently married.

He wallops her at table tennis, badminton and gin rummy. In revenge she drags him out to see as many horror movies as his stomach can stand. As Diana sees it, being Mr. Fletcher's spouse will not cramp her career. She will stoke the gentleman to the gills on her cooking, and hopes to present him with exactly two children, but the acting will go on.

Blackout Incidents

Miss Barrymore is content with the present state of affairs. To her astonishment, she likes Hollywood, declaring that only superior force will pry her loose from the place. She is acting and being paid handsomely for it. If anything bothers her, it is Edna, her colored cook. Edna can cook like nobody's business but in a blackout she becomes a menace.

Diana, Edna, the colored houseboy and a soldier who had dropped in trying to find his way to Riverside were caught in the dark during a recent alert. The houseboy became possessed of an urge to play the piano, and Edna was heard clucking to a pair of hot dice, which she said would be a big help in passing the time if the folks had any loose change on them. With the houseboy beating out Beethoven, Edna rattled and rolled a month's wages off Diana and picked the warrior clean. When the fleecing was complete, they tramped out on the lawn to look for bombers, Edna in a white dress. The warrior pointed out that the white dress would draw bombers like an arsenal, but Edna was inspired this night. "Ah knows what Ah'll do," she cried. "Ah'll take it off. Den dey won't see no Edna in no blackout."

THE END

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1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO

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. . . during the battle of Midway the men in the radio room of an American aircraft carrier got a chuckle. They overheard two very excited Japanese talking—and they didn't sound happy . . .
(news item)

. . . there were 81 enemy bombers—swarms of fighters above and below. . .
. . . when they were spotted the call went out over the radio—
. . . the Marines piled into them.
(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines — the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Dancing Feat

Continued from page 12

The third lot are Bulgarians, four divisions of them. No mention of Rumanians or Italians; they don't seem to trust them much.

"It doesn't say when they begin"—he opened the papers again—"but let's see . . . oh, yes, here it is. There's a regular schedule for the advance of each of the columns. They reckon the whole operation will only take two weeks. But the devil of it is that they seem to know all about the location of our forces, which is more than I do myself. No wonder things have been getting tough lately; they must have a network of spies . . . that infernal Gestapo. . . ."

"YOU puzzle me," said Estelle. "The raid was a great success, and we've now enough food for weeks, the whole camp is rejoicing; but you, Mike, are sour as a crab."

"All right," Dimitrof replied, "I'll tell you what's on my mind. In the raid we found some papers; the Germans are planning a drive—I don't know when, but quite soon—against all the guerrilla forces, to use about ten divisions, moving in three directions. Worse still, they know the location of nearly all our bands, not exactly but close enough. It is news of vital importance and must go to headquarters at once."

"But how lucky that you found it! Forewarned is as good as forearmed. You send the news on to Zagreb and everything will be fine."

"I can't send the news to Zagreb. That's what I'm worried about. Somehow the Gestapo has got on to our messenger service and broken it up. When I got back here this morning I found the mother of one of my messengers, who had managed to reach our camp, although desperately wounded. She died an hour ago, but was able to tell me what happened. What they'd done to her is beyond words. Are they men or devils?" He paused, scowling, then went on. "They tortured her son to death before her eyes, and then . . . they dealt with her. Some neighbors came and found them. She did not want their help, she must have known it was useless, just told them to put her on a horse. What heart and strength she had, to ride here through the night and tell me . . . before she died! Now I have this vital information which must be delivered to Zagreb so that our agent there can send it on to Mikhailovich. It *must* be delivered at once, but here is the damnable fact, that I don't know our agent there. I only know that he receives our messages in the theater on Saturday and Sunday nights."

Estelle caught hold of the table and pulled herself upright as if by great effort. Her face was white as milk, and twice she tried to speak, then suddenly she began a little tap dance, slowly at first, then faster, for nearly a quarter minute, before she sank back on the bench.

"You see," she said, "that's the answer. After all, that was why I learned it, and now . . . I must take my chance."

Dimitrof sprang to his feet. "I won't let you do it!" he said. "If you'd seen that woman's body . . ."

"Don't frighten me!" said Estelle. "It's settled, I'm going to do it, but don't frighten me beforehand! We began it as a joke, to give me something to do, dancing the Chetnik code that the taps of my feet would signal a message like the fires. Perhaps you don't take me seriously, but you always said that if the occasion arose . . . and the agent in Zagreb was told that if ever a dancer came doing the native dances, her feet would bring him a message . . . he would listen and throw her a flower to show that he understood. I know if we had more time you could get a messenger through, but now it's a matter of hours and this is the only way."

He said, "If you'd seen that woman . . ."

She struck him across the face. "Don't speak to me of that! Sit down now at once and work out the message in code. I'll have to practice all night to be sure that I get it right. Darling, don't look so unhappy! Can't you see how glad I am that there's something I can do, that all these other women . . . like this one who rode here dying . . . here's something I can do, you must not begrudge me the chance."

The man stood rigid, watching, then threw up his arms with a shout.

"You see," she said, "that is that. That stupid woman was right when she said you'd be better off if I went to dance in the town. Did you know that she even said she knew someone in Zagreb who could fix me to dance in a show there? All right, call her and tell her to fix it."

"Estelle, I won't let you do it! You can't, you don't mean . . ."

"Yes, I *do* mean, and I can! So bring on your Marfa Petrovna." . . .

Estelle felt sick and dazed as she lay on the frowzy bed in the little Zagreb inn. The last two days and nights were like an ugly dream. Marfa's gleeful face, then later at the feast the other women giggling. Then dancing half the night, with Dimitrof beating time, over and over again until she had the measure perfect.

"I'll call it the Fire Dance," she said when he told her she knew it. "Perhaps that will give him the clue."

He said, "It's too great a risk. My darling, I can't let you . . ."

"We've settled that!" she cried. "We've settled that before—and now, let me get some sleep. It's nearly three o'clock and I have to start at eight."

ALL day the long jolting drive in a springless cart, and the talk that seemed never to end in the dirty Croat village. Fortunately, none of these Croatians suspected her Serbian accent, or that her hair, dyed black and plastered over her forehead, had once been a golden nimbus. A restless broken sleep in a bug-ridden peasant hut, and then more hours in a cart, until they came to Zagreb. And that greasy pawing swine, the cabaret proprietor. No matter, the deal was fixed, to give her three days' trial, today, Friday, from ten to two, three dances every hour, and Saturday and Sunday. For fifty cents a night or less in American money. But then he had said with a leer, "A pretty girl like you can always make more than that. There are lots of officers here, and some of them are rich. You get ten per cent on drinks, the place stays open till four, and . . . we have rooms upstairs."

She looked at the cheap gunmetal watch which old Fomich had given her with the wish it would bring her luck. Eight o'clock already; in an hour she must go to the theater. In fact, she had been lucky. Tomorrow was a fête day and she had passed unnoticed among the crowds of peasants flocking to the town; and better, there'd been no hitch about the cabaret job. Wearily she forced herself to eat cold meat and bread and drink a glass of wine, then prepared the gay peasant costume she would wear in her dances tonight, with red shoes and yellow stockings, and folded it carefully in a big bandanna handkerchief. She was doing the best she could; the rest was a matter of chance.

The dressing room which Estelle shared with two Hungarian singers and the cringing girl assistant of a Turkish juggler was filthy, reeking of patchouli and stale air. The Hungarians eyed her askance, and she caught a muttered phrase that she knew meant "peasant pigs."

The cabaret did have a stage, or at least a little platform raised a foot from the floor, without any curtain or footlights, facing a three-quarter circle of compartments decked with dirty red velvet that were pompously termed loges. They were packed with officers in uniform and women, and here and there a man in civilian clothes. Similar parties sat crowded elbow to elbow at stone tables in the body of the hall. The place was full of smoke, and the low discolored ceiling threw back a loud hubbub of talk in a dozen different tongues.

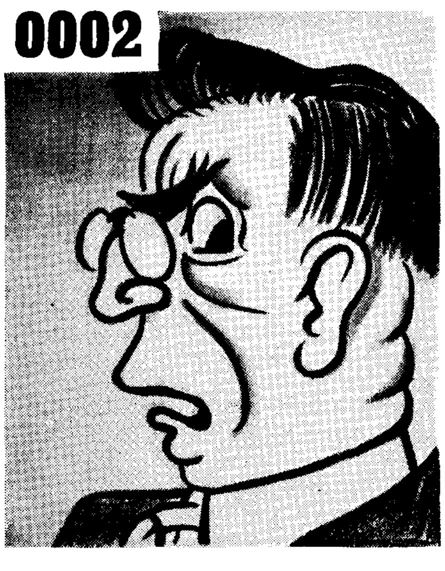
As she peered through a hole in the curtain behind the "stage," Estelle saw that most of the guests were Italian, but there was too, she noted with dread, a fair sprinkling of S. S. uniforms, "Himmler's hangmen." Now that the moment had come, she was suddenly terrified.

The Hungarians stamped off the stage, spitting like angry cats. The din was too great, it seemed, for their singing to be heard.

Estelle's first dance, a "Montenegrin Fantasy," as the announcer described it, won a fair measure of applause, and the audience bent forward to watch the new artiste. But her second turn, a fast Croatian dance not unlike the Hungarian czardas, was a failure. The stage was far too small and the music far too slow. That was her fault, she knew; she had told them to hold it down.

Now came the crucial test, on which

NOT WANTED for the Duration



SHORTSIGHTED GRIPER

Man who always squawked about Navy appropriations as wasted now demands: "Why Pearl Harbor?"

ALAN WOODS

everything depended. It was billed as a "Serbian Fire Dance." That had been her own idea; but while the announcer spoke she guessed she had made a mistake. The Croats hate the Serbs, and the Italian soldiers had little cause to love the stiff-necked Serbian race. They paid her scant attention as she waved her scarlet scarf and danced a quick double shuffle, tip, tap, heel and toe, with her body almost rigid. There was hardly any applause, and, what made it hard to bear, the response she awaited was lacking.

The Hungarians jeered at her as she left the little stage. They'd been having a row with the patron, who vented his wrath on Estelle. "Fire Dance, you call it!" he snarled. "You have no more fire than a fish. And as for dancing . . . pfui! A dancer needs blood in her veins."

She turned on him like a flame, in a fury of wounded pride. "You greasy ape!" she cried. "Don't talk to me like that! How can an artist sing in a place that is like a coffin, or dance on such a stage no larger than a pig pen? You tell me I can't dance? You ape, I'll show you tomorrow, if I have to dance it naked!"

That set the Hungarians going, and all of them talked at once, when one of the waiters came in. The patron suddenly smiled and said, "You have one more chance. If you don't do better tomorrow . . . and meanwhile," he grinned like a wolf, "an Italian colonel wants you in Loge Number Seventeen."

SHE woke with a splitting headache and the bitter taste of failure. What terrible champagne! was her first coherent thought. And, what I've let myself in for! But the colonel was rather a dear, and easy to stand off. Despite her head, she felt glad to remember the waiter's words, "You've beaten all the records for champagne served in a loge." Despite herself she was pleased; she'd avenged her wounded pride, and she'd show them something tonight if she had to dance as she had said, as naked as she was born. She staggered across the room, and drank a small glass of brandy, then looked at the gunmetal watch. It was only two o'clock, she'd better go back to sleep.

When she woke again it was seven, and her head was free from pain. She felt herself reckless and light, and somehow remote from it all. She looked at the peasant costume with wine stains on the blouse and thought: I can do without that. She took a pair of scissors and ripped the skirt much shorter to leave her legs bare above the yellow stockings. She wound the scarlet scarf tightly around her breasts, leaving both ends in the air, and danced over to the mirror. "Native costume, yes! Hawaii, not Croatia. If only this skirt was grass I could dance a hula-hula." She ate hungrily and drank a glass more of brandy. "Didn't the colonel say he'd call for me at nine?" She looked at herself in the warped, fly-specked mirror. "You black-haired witch!" she said. "Have you got no shame at all?" Her reflection said, "None at all," with pink cheeks and shining eyes. . . .

The Hungarians gasped for breath as Estelle came in singing to the dressing room and threw her cloak on the floor. One said in labored German, "But Fräulein, you're nearly naked!" She didn't give them a look. She caught the Turkish girl and danced her around the room, then sat herself down on the chair. "It's better so," she said in German. "You girls need clothes to sing, but the less a dancer wears the better she can dance." She tucked the flowing ends of her scarf into its improvised brassière, then ran out for her first dance. The Hungarians looked at one another and noted with sharp annoyance the sudden silence in front, the low soft beat of the music . . . and the thunder of applause.

Estelle changed her second turn. She danced the czardas number, but hardly moved from one spot, mimicking the movement with fast motions of arms and feet. Again they shouted their heads off and yelled for her to repeat. This was a gala night; she had caught them and made them hot.

The second Hungarian song went better than the first. They stayed and took an encore. Estelle took the brandy bottle and poured two more drinks. She was reckless and free from care. "Now, baby," she said in English to the timid Turkish girl, "we'll drink this one together. Come on, it'll do you good." The stuff burned her throat like fire. "That's what my dance is called, a Fire Dance," she said, and pulled out loose the arm-long trailing ends from the scarf that covered her breasts. "Wait, baby, do I remember?" She danced a quick double shuffle. "Yes, that's the way it goes, and then he will throw me a flower."

There wasn't a sound in the place as her last dance began. But it wasn't a Serbian dance, not this time. The announcer shouted loud, "The Fire Dance of Rome!"

She began with a swirl of steps, and the music followed her, low, then she moved to the front of the stage and did what she later called "an impromptu hootchy-kootchy," with all of her body moving, but her feet in the high-heeled shoes maintaining a steady beat, tippety tap, tap, tap, tip tap, tippety tap.

She stopped and smiled before them, and waited. The applause was like a storm, and someone flung a rose which became a deluge of flowers.

She stood there while they shouted, but the tongue in her mouth was dry. She had given her message again, but the answering signal had eluded her. She smiled and said in Serbian, "Thank you, I dance it once more, but this time, at the end I will add for you something new."

Oh, Heaven, she thought, will it work? It must, it has to work!

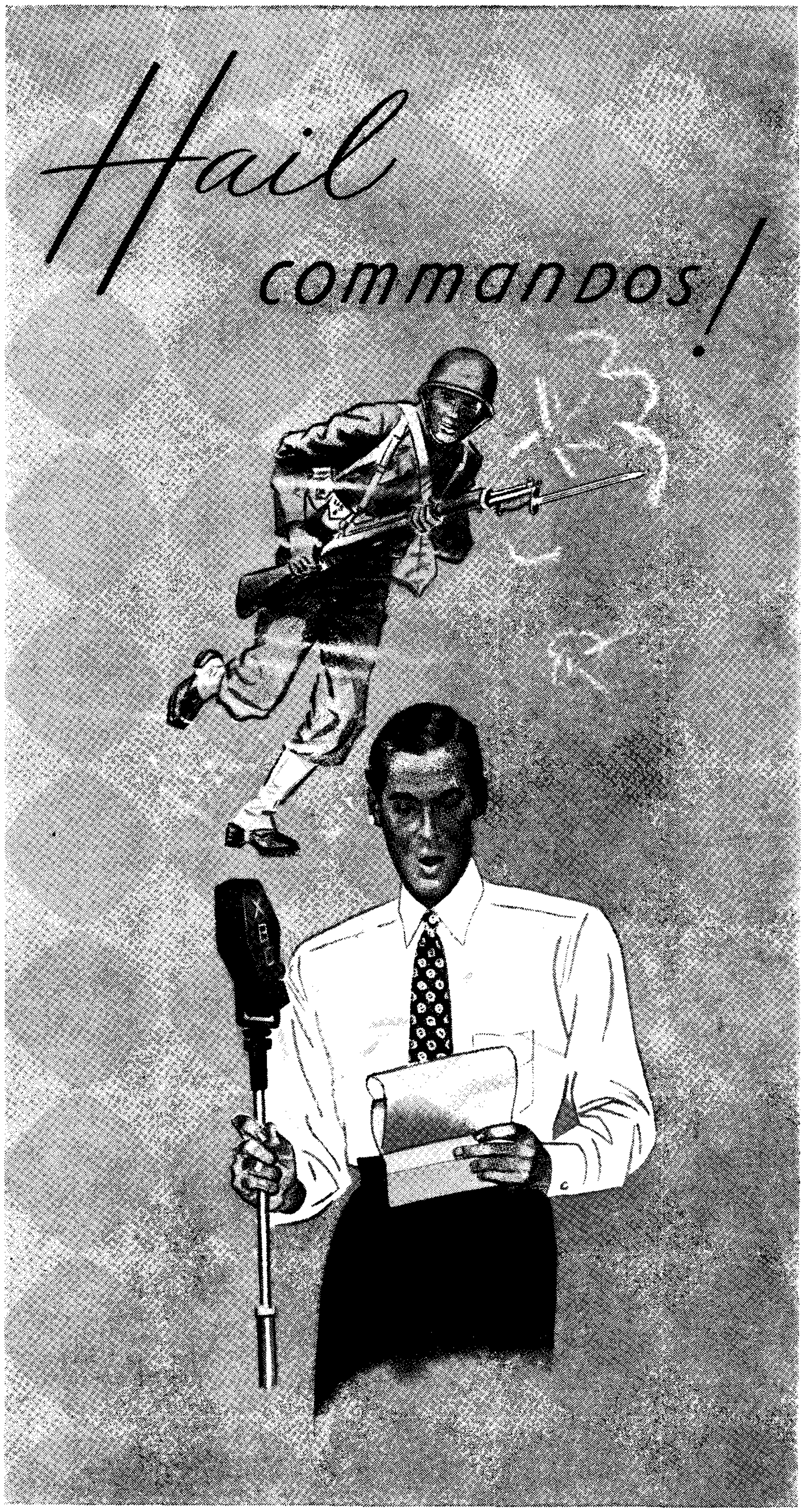
The quick patter of her feet was louder than the music, and the blazing ends of the scarf were like fire on her whirling arms. When she ended, there was silence, a tribute to the artist, then shouting and stamping of feet and another storm of flowers. And in the midst of it all, a sharp, shrill, piercing whistle from the second loge on the right.

Standing motionless, Estelle saw a sudden scuffle, saw a soldier turn on the whistler and hit him in the eye, and saw the man break away and plunge out of the door at the back.

There were flowers around her feet as she bowed and bowed again, but her heart was singing high; her message had been heard.

"I DID it, Mike, I did it!" she told him two days later. "But if you want me to love you, don't ask me to do it again. The first night was appalling, audience dull as mud, and I danced the whole thing through, giving the message in code. There wasn't any response, no flowers, no applause. I was sunk; did it mean that your agent wasn't there or that he didn't understand? I was desperate, but the next night I did it again and really made it hot. There was plenty of applause, but that was the shocking thing, there were also plenty of flowers. I ask you, how could I know? I had to think and think quick, so I danced it over again and put in an extra line, 'If you get this you must whistle.' I'd forgotten that whistling in Europe meant the razzberry, not applause. But he whistled all right, I'll say, and got poked in the eye for his pains."

THE END


Hail commandos!

Like men out of a poem the Commandos came . . . rushing the fight to the foe . . . shaming us out of our smugness with their fierce courage . . . *Hail Commandos!*

There isn't anything we can do that's too much to bring the fight to victory. Here on the home front it's a small matter indeed to make the most out of what we have. For instance, to make our shirts do more for us, to take good care of them, to make them last longer. And remember . . . better shirts wear better!

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ACME

At San Francisco's Presidio: General John L. DeWitt, commander of the Fourth Army and the Western Defense Command

Coast Defender

By Jim Marshall

From Alaska to Mexico, General John L. DeWitt keeps a sharp lookout along our Western ramparts

IF a whole lot of people were wrecked on a desert island, with a hurricane coming up, a mild-mannered, medium-sized man with keen gray eyes behind his spectacles probably would take charge. He would tell people what to do. Some would pay no attention; some would resent orders; others would ask, "Who does he think he is, anyway?"

Then the man would start speaking sternly but quietly—and specifically. Finally he would make the castaways realize their danger and follow his leadership. For a while he would be quite unpopular with some of the people but slowly they would come to accept him, trust his judgment and follow his instructions. If this happened, the likelihood is they would all come through the hurricane with nothing more serious than a few wind-blown bobs.

This is about what has happened in America's hottest combat zone since early last December. In those gay days, hardly anyone had heard about Lieutenant General John Lesesne DeWitt. He was, before Pearl Harbor, just another of those gold-braids out at the Presidio of San Francisco, California. The gold-braids came and went, and not one Westerner in a thousand could tell you the name of the general commanding in his area. The generals came and got a paragraph on page nine, made a talk to the Rotary Club, had a drink at the Bohemian Club and disappeared from mortal ken until they were relieved and sent elsewhere.

Then suddenly General DeWitt's gray eyes were snapping behind his specs, and his name was in the headlines. He was speaking harshly and incisively to big men and little fellows and politicians who didn't seem to understand what had happened to the West Coast, or who thought war was something they had over in China or Russia. All DeWitt wanted to do was get on with his job, which was merely to protect everybody and everything along the whole Pacific Coast from the Japanese attack that at the time seemed a distinct probability.

Overnight, the active general became a dictator, military and civil, over more than 1,450,000 square miles of America, through which are scattered fewer than 13,000,000 people. His bailiwick comprised the West and Northwest, including the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Montana and Utah. The coast alone, with its hundreds of miles of wilderness, seemed almost enough of a headache. But DeWitt also had to take a keen interest in military defense plans in western Mexico and in British Columbia, through either of which an invasion might come.

To top this, there was the problem of moving scores of thousands of Japs and Japanese-Americans over the mountains, eastward—a job made no easier by the sly efforts of a few enterprisers to profit from the forced sale of Japanese property. DeWitt insisted that the job be done with justice and humanity, and it was. It took six months, in order to make it as easy as possible for the migrants. In any other country it would have been done brutally, in six hours.

In addition to the defense and Jap problems, the general had to make sure that a huge flow of war materials got through his command rapidly and was sent to sea safely—which was a job and a half in itself.

All these things gave him little time to waste with political numskulls who were thinking of themselves first and the war about No. 8. He had a hard time, too, making Coasters realize they were in a war. There wasn't time to explain everything. You just had to go in and use a few blunt words and give orders to civilians who weren't used to taking orders from soldiers—and maybe hope to explain later.

That is what DeWitt did. He had to. But around the clubs and at bridge teas, people said mean things about the general who had suddenly come out of nowhere to snap orders right and left. Westerners are independent folks and they weren't order-broke as Japs and Germans and Italians are. So it was some time before they realized that DeWitt was working twenty hours a day for them and that he was just too busy to invent fine phrases and say "If you please" every minute or two.

When people did realize it, they began to respect the man and finally to feel a great affection for him. He can get almost anything he wants in the West today.

When he had time, he called in editors and reporters, and brought out his maps and spoke frankly. They fired questions at him and he spoke straight, with no weasel words. So, in the end, newspaper people knew what he was driving at and where the danger was and just how dangerous things were in Seattle or San Diego or elsewhere.

He fixed up a plane as an office and went swiftly over his big command, getting his troops and guns and planes and tanks spotted in the right places, taking cat naps whenever he got a chance. He and the admirals on the Coast got together and worked hand in glove—which was something new.

DeWitt Drops a Bomb

His first tiff with San Francisco came after an alert had been ordered—and nothing happened. People said it was just a game—a practice; don't get delirious, it isn't serious. DeWitt strode into a meeting of city and defense bigwigs and barked that it was "all nonsense for sensible people to imagine I would practice an alert. I hate to say this," he rasped, "but it might be a good thing if bombs had been dropped—to wake up this community."

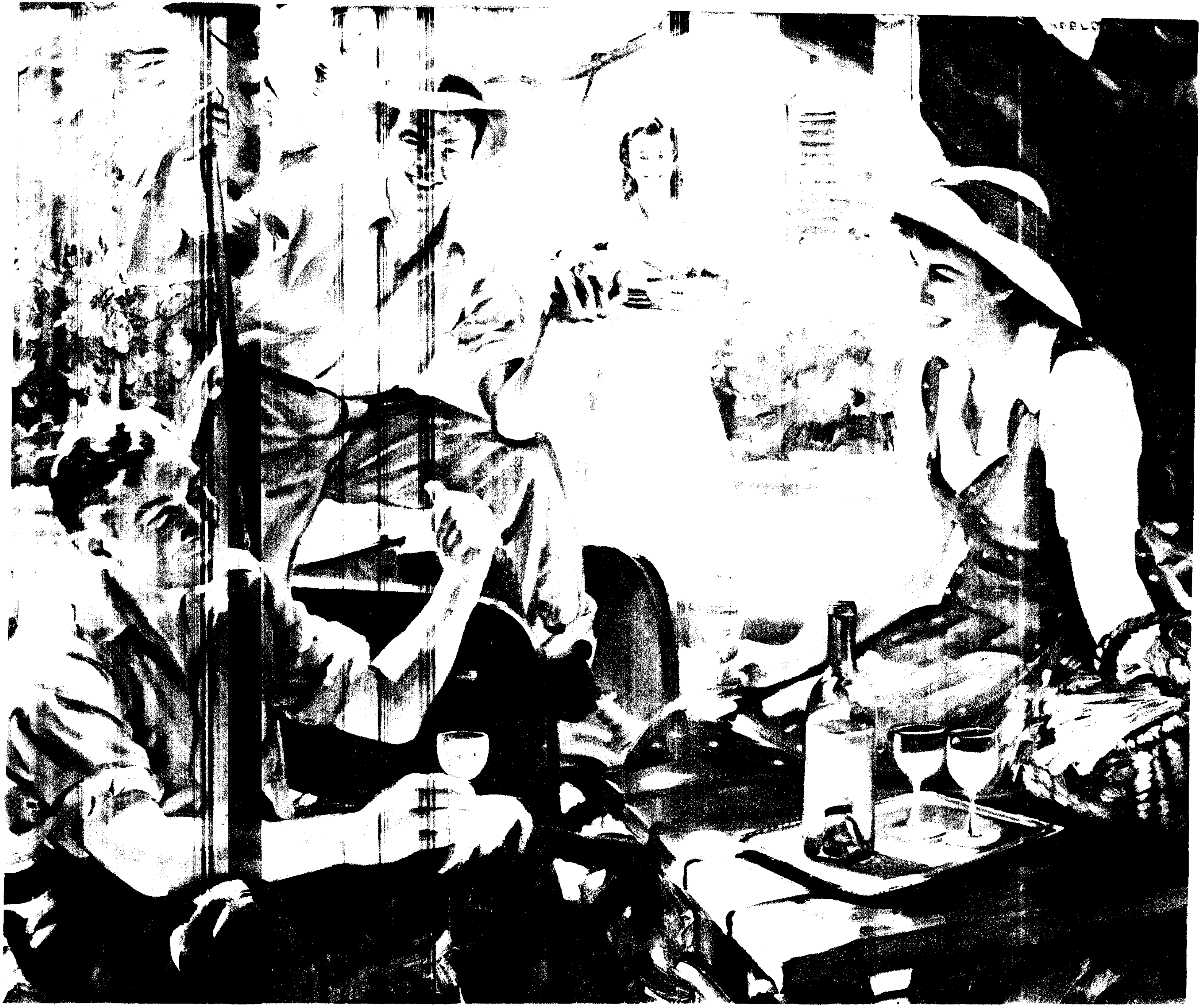
People sat up, not only in California, but all over the West. Some of them protested but the irate general went on, "If I can't knock the seriousness of this situation into you with words we'll have to turn it over to the police to knock it into you with clubs."

Then the fat was in the fire—until some level heads pointed out that it really was war and no foolin'. It wasn't long before DeWitt's toughness—but always honest, sincere toughness—had public opinion behind it.

General DeWitt was born at old Fort Sidney, a Nebraska Army post that had been built in the long Indian wars. His father, who retired as Brigadier General Calvin DeWitt, was post medical officer. He had served with the Pennsylvania Volunteers in the Civil War as a captain. John L. was second of four children. An elder brother is Brigadier General Wallace DeWitt, who was serving in San Francisco as head of Letterman General Hospital before he was transferred. A younger brother, Calvin, is a colonel; a baby sister, Mary, is the widow of a colonel.

John L. was born January 9, 1880, and his early years were full of the sights and sounds of prairie warfare. His parents moved around from post to post—the now-forgotten Fort Hancock in Texas, Fort Missoula, Montana, Fort Sully, in the Dakotas. The Indian wars were in the final stages. Sitting Bull was dead. The famous old Seventh Cavalry was cleaning up the last of the hostiles and from its officers and men the youngster learned about war. He saw the wounded brought in from fights now long forgotten and so acquired no romantic notions about it.

Frontier posts weren't as primitive as fiction would have them. Young DeWitt learned French, German, Latin and mathematics. At sixteen he was packed off, like many a DeWitt before him, to Princeton. From there, he tried to get into the Army via West Point but couldn't. He continued studying for a bachelor of *(Continued on page 69)*



Hi —*friendly as a garden chin-fest*

The kindly moderation of wine helps us to relax, helps us to share in good companionship

IT'S A GOOD THING to do. To have neighbors over for a simple get-together...to ease up and visit over good food and wine.

Bright and fragrant in your glass, wine is made for friendliness. In fact, more and more people are finding that when you set out wine you help everyone to relax in a moderate way. You help people to enjoy themselves.

Wine is best when it's offered simply, as you'd set out tea or coffee. If you'd like to have a new booklet on wine serving—and on wines in cookery—we are reserving a free copy for you. Just write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents all the wine growers in California.

California wines today enjoy the favor of connoisseurs the world over. These wines, of course, are pure vintages of fresh, vine-ripened grapes. They are brought to maturity in wineries close by the vineyards. The growers believe them well-blessed in bouquet and inviting flavor.

Merchants everywhere carry an assortment of such excellent California wines. Drop in at your wine dealer soon. Ask him to help you choose among these tempting wines of our own country.

This golden wine is Sauterne, a favorite to serve well-chilled with light refreshments or with a sea food or chicken dinner. When your main course is one of the heartier red meats, a red table wine like Burgundy or Claret is usually chosen. And as an appetizer before meals, the world's favorite is Sherry

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First Lap on Tokyo

Continued from page 17

own task force took up position with the other ships and, without a single lost motion, the newly formed fleet steamed on in perfect precision toward the west.

* * * * *

We had been at battle stations several hours after General Quarters sounded. A number of enemy aircraft had been reported in the vicinity, and a couple of times word came through that stray Jap planes had been attacked and shot down by our carrier pilots. That wasn't particularly startling. It had happened so often before that we were beginning to take such news for granted. In the middle of the afternoon another message was flashed to all ships of our force and this one meant business—fighting business.

A Japanese task force had been sighted some distance to the north and we were warned that action was expected about five o'clock. It was exactly one minute before five when the bosun's mate piped "Prepare to repel enemy air attack."

The carrier immediately started launching planes, as we and the other escort ships formed a protective screen around her. Two minutes later, the destroyer on our port bow signaled that enemy aircraft had been sighted, and we pulled our tin hats down a little tighter around our ears. From our battle station, a space in the foremast structure two stages below heaven, we saw a plane crash on the horizon off our starboard quarter. Circling around the tall plume of black smoke and flames were some of our own fighters. One of the Jap vanguard had been liquidated, and hardly had its fiery monument disappeared in the sea, when another was shot down, this time several miles off our port quarter.

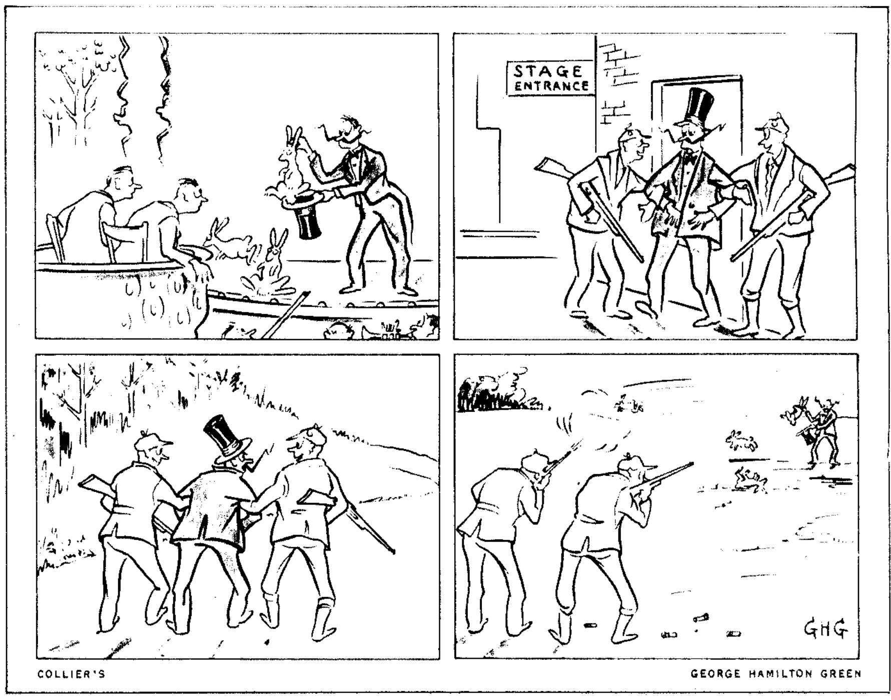
Seconds later the first Jap attackers to get through closed in around the carrier. They were dive bombers and Zeros coming in high, and our fighters were ready for them. The high-altitude dogfight that followed was a complete victory for our side. The Zeros, three of them, were knocked out of the air, and several of the dive bombers were hit. Some of them, however, reeled off after the melee and dived for our carrier. Before the first one could get its bomb away, a destroyer's antiaircraft guns surrounded the plane with a ring of fire. The Jap pilot then attempted to crash his ship on the carrier's deck, but the crews of the AA batteries were quicker on the trigger than he was on his controls, and he plunged into the water alongside.

Meanwhile, all hell was popping among the other ships of our force. Dive bombers and torpedo planes carrying bombs circled and corkscrewed all around us, dropping their eggs. That was exactly what our gun crews had been waiting and training months for. On our own ship, lead was flying like water from a high-pressure lawn sprinkler. The entire superstructure was obscured by a deep collar of belching flame.

From our exalted observation post in "Batt Two," we saw several Jap planes try to penetrate that collar. But our gunners had other plans for them. The planes and personnel can now be written off by Tokyo as a complete loss. Below us on the fo'c'sle our machine gunners were raining a steady stream of fire at low-flying Japs as they came in close to bomb and strafe our decks.

The ship was making full speed and taking tremendous seas over her bow which cascaded over guns and gunners but they stuck to their posts as lines of ammunition runners skidded along the slippery deck to keep them supplied. Shrapnel and machine-gun fire from the attackers hailed on them, but that failed to halt the rapid passage of shells from magazine to gun to Japs.

Our heavy duty antiaircraft battery of Big Berthas, mounted in turrets, opened up on the Japs at long range and followed them in until they were close to the ship where the lighter weapons could work on them. One battery of these was right below us and we watched them pound away so long and steadily that the paint on the muzzles of the guns was aflame. Another of these twin-gun batteries was firing so rapidly one of the guns jammed. Immediately an ordnance repair crew went into action and, while the other gun in that mount chattered away, corrected the defect and had the silenced gun back in action. Throughout this bedlam of bombs and gunfire our ship was plunging ahead.



COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

In position with the carrier all of our ships were describing a crazy zigzag course in an effort to escape the deadly dive bombers. The ships keeled far over on each turn and had barely regained equilibrium before making the same motion in the opposite direction. Undoubtedly this serpentine maneuvering saved us from direct hits. We counted four near misses dangerously close to our ship's sides and there were plenty of others at a greater distance.

One Lone Casualty

For some reason the Jap planes were concentrating most of their attention on our stern. Several times they swooped low over our fantail and, although their bombs missed, shrapnel splattered over our decks and their strafing with machine guns resulted in our one casualty. An aviation machinist's mate, manning the last gun aft on the starboard side, fell at his post hit by machine-gun fire. Hospital corpsmen ran from their battle dressing station near by and carried him below, but within a few minutes he was dead.

While the battle was at its hottest one young seaman gunner found his gun barrel had become overheated and was useless for further action. Grabbing a spare barrel he quickly shifted it into place while splashes from a bomb exploding in the water near by showered him. Once he had it installed he leaped behind the gun and the first object he caught in its sight was an enemy bomber bearing down on him. His trigger finger did the rest.

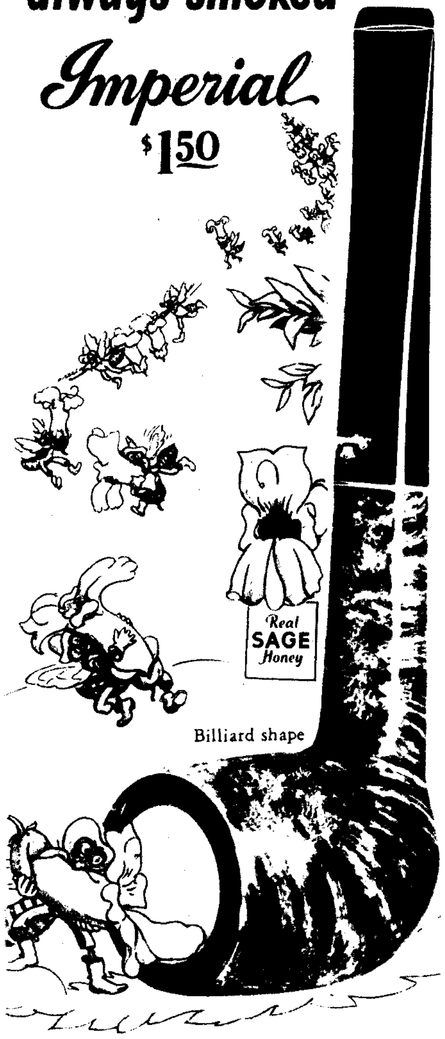
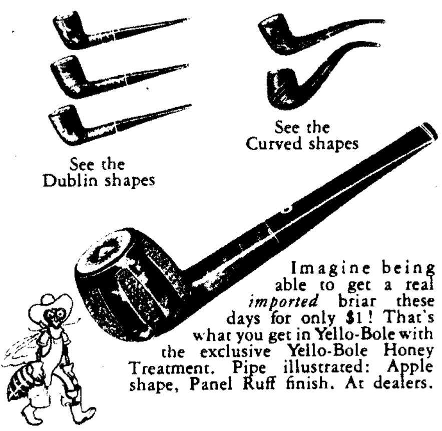
The whole attack came in three waves spaced less than a minute apart. Between these hot sessions the gun crews cleared the deck space around the mounts, calmly brushing empty shell cases aside, to give them more operating room. When the enemy started coming in again they abandoned housekeeping for fighting.

Then came the order to cease firing. We had been in action about twelve minutes, but, of course, it seemed more like an hour and a half. Our ears were still ringing from the Fourth of July pandemonium, and the acrid fumes of spent explosives still hovered in the air. The last enemy planes, what was left of them, were disappearing toward the north with our fighters in hot pursuit.

During the landing operations, the destroyer following the carrier suddenly swerved to starboard. Several men had fallen from the carrier's flight deck into the water and were swimming about waiting to be picked up. The destroyer's skipper eased his ship alongside them. Lines were thrown overside and the rescue was neat and prompt. Our ship passed the destroyer just as the last man was pulled in over the rail. Somewhere along the watery way he had shed most of his clothes, for as his feet hit the destroyer's deck his sole garment was a pair of bedraggled shorts

Aboard our ship, officers were totaling the score of battle and found it decidedly in our favor. It was figured conservatively that we had shot down half a dozen Jap planes and, adding others accounted for by our planes and other surface ships, our forces' final result was most disheartening to our erstwhile visitors. A tired, hungry crew talked their way through late supper that night and went to their bunks with our skipper's benediction: "The captain congratulates the ship's company on its performance under fire. The long hours of training paid for themselves today when every man showed that he knew his job and stuck to it."

Mr. Morris' magnificent eyewitness account of the United States Navy's successful attack on the Solomon Islands will be concluded next week.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The Boy Who Didn't Like Music

Continued from page 45

From a small boy with a crop of light brown hair combed carefully into two bangs above his horn-rimmed glasses, he has developed into a slender young man with an aristocratic air. He is polite and charming but also exacting and stubborn. He keeps himself aloof, his only close friend being Sollertinsky, the brilliant young musicologist and ethnologist, who is director of programs for the Leningrad Philharmonic. It is through Sollertinsky that Shostakovich has been so greatly interested in such European composers as Bruckner, Alman Berg, Hindemith, Schoenberg and Mahler, particularly the latter. They poke fun at him about it in Moscow.

"Shostakovich still suffers from Mahleria," they say.

Shostakovich is an enthusiastic sports fan, an expert on soccer. At home he keeps a "debit credit" ledger in which he diligently keeps records of all soccer games. Three years ago he took a course of training as a football referee, but has never managed to get on the field with a whistle. When things don't please him, he writes letters to the editor. On one occasion he criticized an article on football in Red Sports, giving a highly skilled and subtle analysis of a game played in Leningrad.

Doubles as Sports Writer

"Before the war," says his wife, "we could never keep him home when there was a soccer game or a hockey match or a prize fight. Rain or shine, hot or cold, he'd be there."

One night when the regular correspondent of Red Sports failed to send in an account of a soccer game at Leningrad, the editor got Shostakovich out of bed after midnight to ask him about it. The composer was annoyed at being disturbed until he discovered what the editor wanted. He at once gave a detailed report of the match, even supplying the names of the reserve players, showing great anxiety lest they be overlooked.

Though Shostakovich may not look like a typical Russian to some foreigners—his highly nervous manner of talking and moving suggesting more Latin qualities—his unpredictable character betrays his true nationality. He has a great sense of humor and uses a great deal of sarcasm in his music. The critics have taken him to task for his levity. In the midst of a composition, he will write in a musical gag that is more hilarious than solemn.

When Shostakovich goes on a binge, he gambles on anything—especially poker and baccarat.

Any doubt of his courage was dispelled after the controversy over his opera, Lady Macbeth of Mzensk, which, after a tremendous success, was attacked so ferociously by Soviet critics that it was taken off the stage in that country. Pravda, the political organ of the government, bitterly criticized the opera and reprimanded Shostakovich for his "un-Soviet tendencies." For a time it seemed that the blow would wreck his career but in no way did he ever show resentment. His Fourth Symphony was in rehearsal at the time, but after listening to it and talking it over with friends, he took it off the program and it has never since been played. Its character was gloomy and introspective, elements that had been condemned in the opera.

He went back to his duties as teacher of orchestration and composition at Leningrad Conservatory and started work on a new symphony. In November, 1937, at the Festival of Soviet Music in Leningrad, he introduced that symphony, the Fifth, and staged a comeback that could be compared in popularity only with the return of a prize-fight idol. In 1940 his piano quintet won him the Stalin prize of 100,000 rubles, the highest ever paid for one work in the history of music.

He has a tremendous capacity for work and nothing disturbs him. His workroom door is always open and he doesn't need a "special" atmosphere and he doesn't wait for inspiration. In this respect he somewhat resembles Tschaikowsky, who once said: "I sit down to the piano regularly at nine o'clock in the morning and *Mesdames les Muses* have learned to be on time for that rendezvous."

His two children, Galya the girl and Maxim the boy, a very boisterous pair of citizens, roam around the workroom and sometimes land on the composer's lap, while he is writing at his desk. His friends come in often for tea and chatter, and Shostakovich receives them while still working. In this respect his home life resembles Mozart's, whose house was always full of drinking, laughing friends.

According to his wife, one of his outstanding characteristics is his punctiliousness. "At concerts he arrives before the cloakroom attendants."

When the war broke out, he volunteered for service at the front but was told to hold himself in reserve. He worked up dramatic companies, organized plays, wrote music for the troops, and visited the front-line trenches with the troupes. When Leningrad was under siege, he worked as a fire warden on the roof of the Conservatory. It was then that he began his Seventh Symphony, which is a paean to the courage of his countrymen and a declaration of his faith in the future of mankind. It was on the express orders of the government that he left Leningrad and went to Kuibyshev to finish the work.

The Appeal of Beethoven

"He was unhappy and impatient there," says his wife. "It was too far from the battle lines, too quiet."

Serge Koussevitzky, famed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was not impressed by the early Shostakovich work but was won over by the Fifth Symphony. He now calls its composer "a genius who possesses the most tremendous appeal to the masses of any composer since Beethoven." When the Seventh Symphony drew critical comment as being "banal," "uneven" and "program music," Koussevitzky answered: "Critics who make such strong criticism today will strongly regret in the nearest future what they have said, for to criticize a man who is without doubt a genius one must listen not once but many times. . . . No one since Beethoven has had the esthetic sense, the approach to musical material that Shostakovich has. . . . His language is as rich as the world; his emotion is absolutely universal."

Shostakovich does not appear with orchestras, as is the custom with other composers, at least not as often as Rachmaninoff or Prokofieff. Although he is a capable pianist he does not play his own compositions with orchestra, as Prokofieff and others do. He says he has a "psychological technique," which means that, inasmuch as he plays only his own works in public, he doesn't have to practice.

THE END

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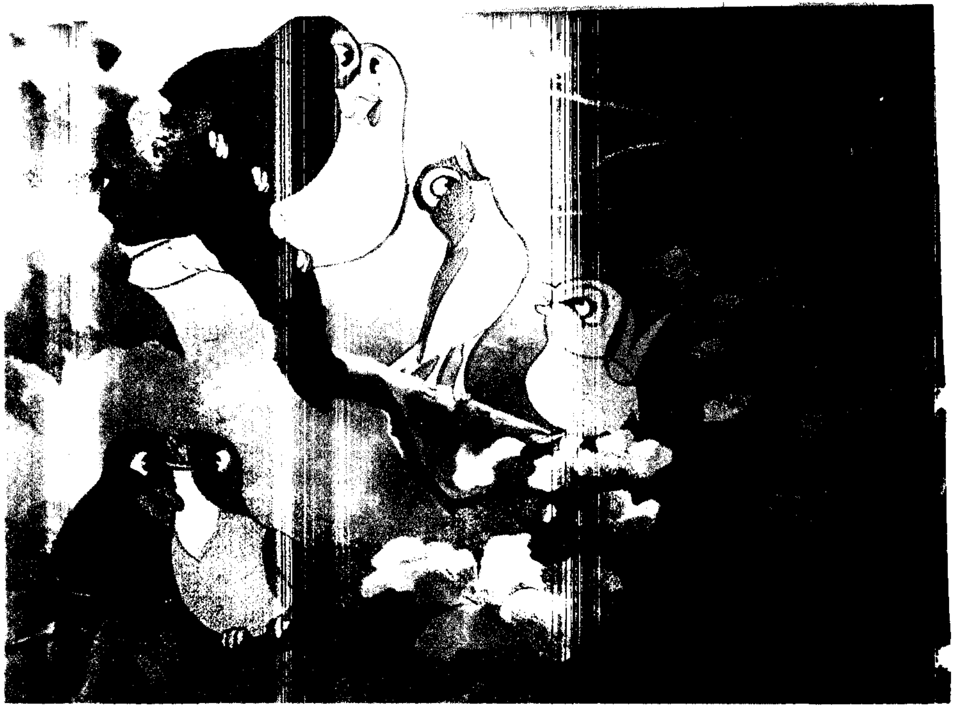
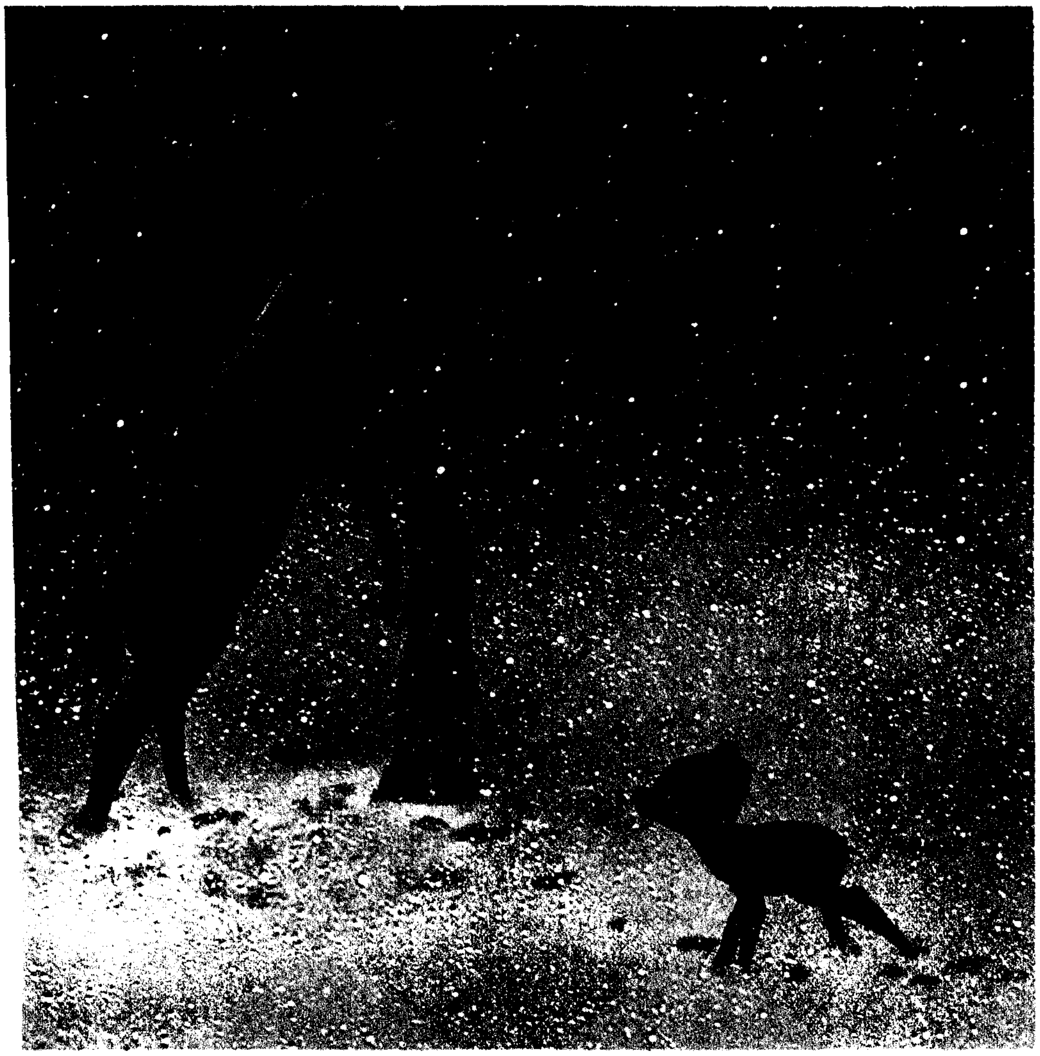
THE TRAIL OF BAMBI

By Richard Hallet

Deep in Maine's Katahdin forests, Disney's men found the fawn that became Bambi and brought him, with his background, to the drawing boards in Hollywood

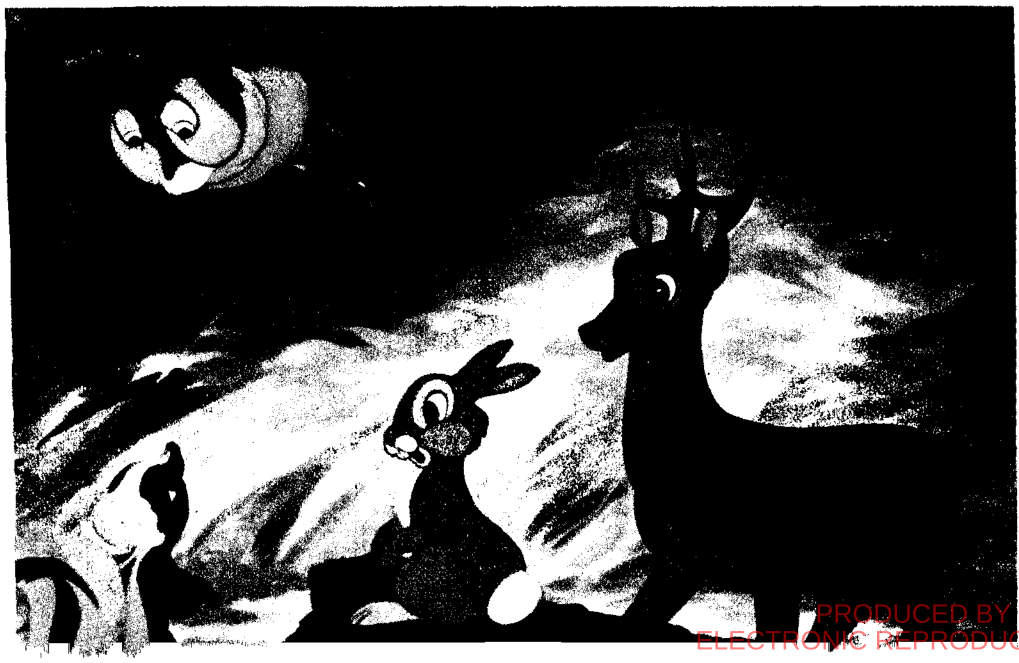


Though Owl disapproves, it looks like fun. **You twitter, you walk on air, you're knocked for a loop and before you know it you're twitterpated**



Hungry Bambi watches his mother pull the bark off a tree. You can be sure every corrugation in the bark is authentic. Jake Day saw to that

Owl describes the bitter sweetness of being twitterpated in the spring. Flower, Thumper and Bambi are confident it couldn't happen to them. But it does



WALT DISNEY'S Bambi had its first public showing in Portland, Maine. It was fitting that Maine should see it first, because in a real sense its origin was in Maine.

The original Bambi was an Austrian deer. What should Disney's Bambi be? Nearer home, of course. He fixed on a mule deer from Arrowhead, California. But a Maine man, Jake Day of Damariscotta, objected. Day was with the Disney artist force but he was also a good Maine wilderness man. He said flatly that California's mule deer was not Austria's white-flagged deer of Felix Salten's great story. To get the right deer, and no less to get the right background for the deer, Disney would have to go to Maine.

"Prove your point," said Disney.

To prove his point, Jake Day went back to his native heath and took a camera up into the Katahdin country. Thereafter he spent a total of seven months—including all the seasons, since Bambi runs the full circle of the seasons — getting close photographic shots of Bambi's country. He got the trees in all their dazzle after ice storms; he got beaver dams mounded with snow; and since Bambi was to end with a great forest fire, he turned his lens on the black satin corrugations of fire-bitten trees.

He overlooked no time of day, no mood of nature. With the first light of spring dawn, as early as 4 A. M., Jake Day would be lying on his stomach, waiting to catch the right morning blaze on grass cobwebs, or spiderwebs glorified by dew. It was just this grass-roots knowledge of detail that he was after; and the camera knows how to show the cartoon artist the root of the matter.

Day trained his lens on rotting logs, lichens, pools, leaves, ferns—all the strange medley of the forest floor. With his color camera he caught the gorgeous mahogany-red of pitcher plants; a thousand autumn reds and yellows; the blue of mountain lakes; the dark chimneys of Katahdin; and the mottled russet of peat swamps, where he followed Bambi's trail over land that trembled but never yielded entirely to his weight.

At night in his tent, Day and his friend Lester Hall studied the Bambi script. What should be the background for Bambi's first walk? Where should he meet the quail? What sort of pool should slake his thirst? Where should he first encounter "mouse-trouble?" What would be the natural habitat of Thumper the Rabbit? And what sort of log would be the right log for Bambi to stumble over in this first baby walk of his?

Jake Day's pictures convinced Disney that this and no other was the Bambi country. Here were the pools and glades and ferns and flowers and blowdowns and mountain chimneys that would make the only likely neighborhood for Bambi's life and adventures.

Such was the search for Bambi's background, tenacious and exhaustive, up there in Maine's roadless area, the wildest in the United States.

Meanwhile, our cartoon pioneers back-packed a forty-pound pack, watched out for bear tracks, ate oatmeal and blueberries, and photographed every last thing that Bambi's eye might rest on, right down to a bear cub's pad marks in forest mold. They had to combine the eye power of woodsman and artist, and those are different eye powers.

Reward or Penalty

Jake Day photographed the very atmosphere. He would climb a fifteen-hundred-foot wall of rolling, round rocks the size of tennis balls, and his reward might be a magnificent color shot of some deep valley lying under an ocean of blue haze. Or his penalty might be a pair of burned feet and a day wasted, because in a twinkling, all that glory of color might be blotted out by the shadow of a storm cloud.

Subjects for his camera swarmed under his heels. He had a long list of things that Walt Disney wanted photographed—hazel nuts, marsh grass, oak leaves, pine cones, close-ups of birch, beech, moosewood and squawwood; blueberries (low-bush and high-bush), red maple, sugar maple, hemlock, speckled alder.

"We had to remember," says Day, "that Disney has a ruthless fidelity to the physical scene, to the truth of nature, even when he may seem to be distorting nature. Once when he was making a corn picture, he held us spellbound for an hour. He had studied cornfields in all their moods; he talked corn with farmers, slept corn, dreamed corn—the rustle of it, the shine of it, all its speech and habits.

"When corn gets into a Disney picture, then make no mistake about it, corn must be an actor. And so up there in the Katahdin wild, when I took a shot—well, if it was only a shot of a burnt tree, or some great webby root grasping at rocky soil, or a lichen like a colored shell wedged into rough bark —I had to consider that Disney might say to me, 'What does that say to you? What do you feel? What does it *do* to you? Put it down on paper!' "

Well, they put it down for him all right. Those artists of his made over

(Continued on page 64)

The Distant Glory

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The power and the glory of the All-America was no myth to Bobby Drucker. But *it took him twenty-six years to make it*

WHEN the train slowed up coming into Ultima, Okla., the man who sat on the edge of the Pullman seat lifted his head and stretched his neck in a tortured way and said: "Oh gosh! Oh gosh!"

Arthur Wysor was a man who was always pitying himself because he was a man who deserved pity. As the best known sports columnist in the country, a man whose readers ran into the millions, he liked to think of himself as a sophisticated individual capable of running his own life. In truth, it was the last thing he could do. He was the sort of softhearted boob who was always letting himself be talked into coming to a place like Ultima, Okla., when he would have preferred to be anywhere else in the wide world.

When the first letter had come from Ultima—an epistle signed by the superintendent of schools asking him to make the annual address to the members of the Ultima High School football squad—he had been firm. Not only had he no intention of going to Ultima, Okla., but he had no intention of making an address to any football squad ever known. His reply to the superintendent had been quite curt: "I am sorry I cannot accept your kind invitation. My schedule is inexorably fixed. It will be impossible for me to come to Ultima."

The first letter had reached him in New York and the next one was waiting for him in Chicago, although he had thought that nobody but his wife and his syndicate manager had any idea where he was going when he left New York. But Ultima had caught up with him, this time with added inducements. "I think you'll be interested in knowing," wrote the superintendent, "that Bobby Drucker, All-America halfback from Ottawa State, 1916, is living in our town. He joins me in urging that you come for our dinner."

AS WYSOR hadn't started writing sports until after the war, he didn't know Bobby Drucker and dreaded meeting him because he found all old sporting figures to be great bores. He turned down the Ultima invitation again with what he felt was admirable sternness and repeated the performance a third time when he found a letter waiting for him in San Francisco. However, he made the unfortunate error of admitting that the next Arthur Wysor move would be to Kansas City, and then they got him. It seemed that Ultima was on the main line between Dallas and Kansas City.

He knew he was licked then and now he was kicking himself for his chickenheartedness as the train slowed down for Ultima.

There was a committee to meet him at the train and after the superintendent had wrung his hand in welcome, he said proudly, "And this is our own Bobby Drucker. I imagine you two will have a lot in common."

Wysor had forgotten about Bobby Drucker and now he looked at him with interest and some apprehension. He was a small pudgy man who smiled at Wysor through his spectacles with an eager look. A wisp of hair was dragged horizontally across his head to accentuate his baldness and his blue serge suit had a baggy look that denoted anything but affluence. But it was plain that the others regarded him with pride because they looked on the scene with broad smiles of pleasure.

"And this is young Bobby," said Drucker, pushing forward a tall young man who shook Wysor's hand firmly and looked him in the eye pleasantly and a bit questioningly. "Fullback on this year's undefeated team," added old Bobby. "Best Ultima ever had."

Arthur Wysor was a kindly man and he liked these people instinctively but he said very little in the first few minutes because he was steeling himself against something that was sure to come. In fact he thought it would be better to anticipate it.

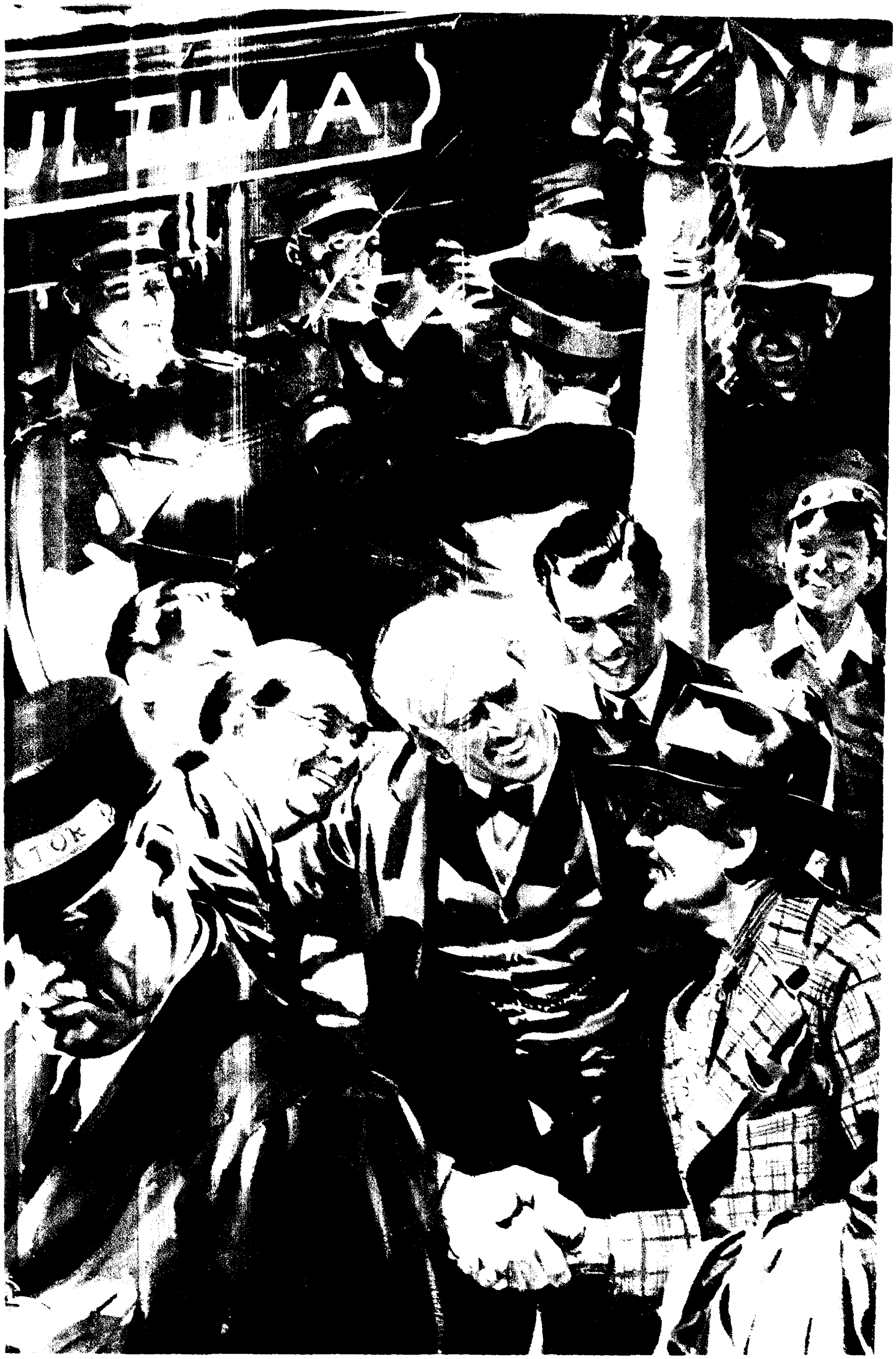
"I'm sorry I won't be able to ride around and see your nice little town," he said hurriedly, "but I'm behind in my work and have to knock out a column or two before dinner."

The idea of Ultima being the scene of the creation of one of the famous Arthur Wysor columns caused the beams of pleasure to spread so alarmingly among the members of the committee that Wysor was almost ashamed of himself; but he most certainly had no wish to view the civic wonders of Ultima. He was in his room at the hotel piddling about with the notion that he really *might* do a column when there was a knock on the door and old Bobby Drucker came in.

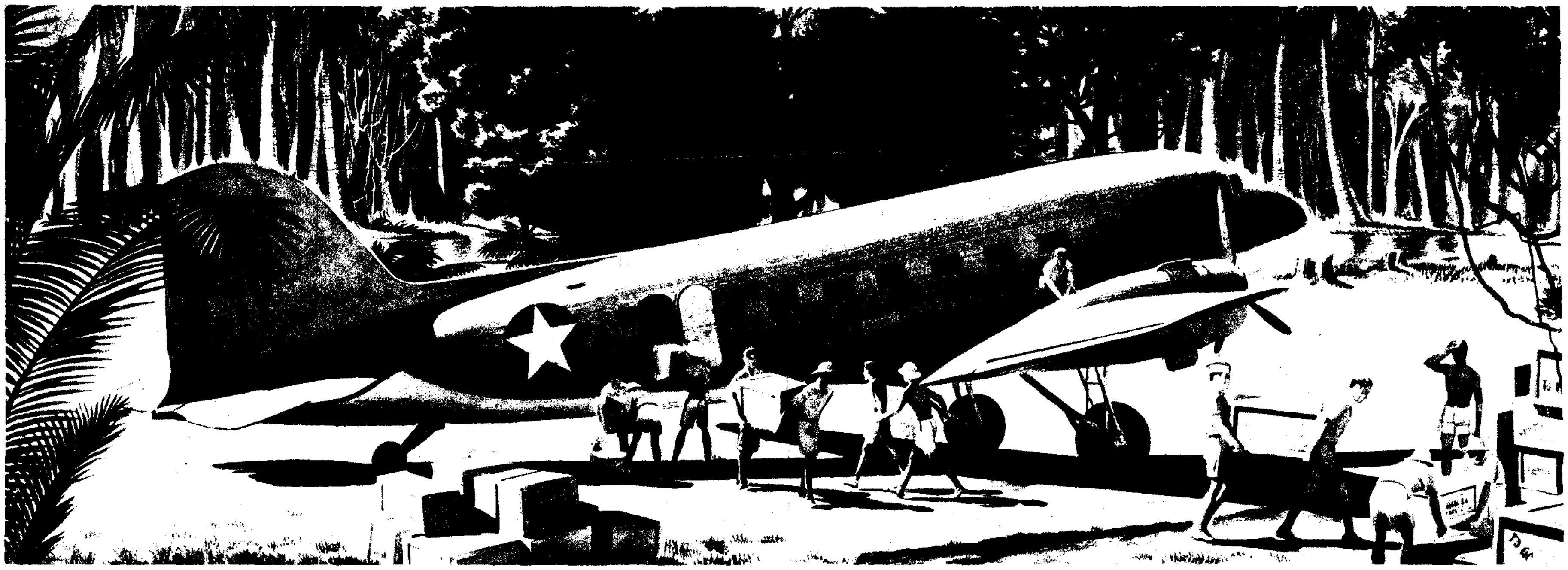
"I'm sorry to be bothering you, Mr. Wysor," he said, beaming in his friendly way, "but there's something I'd like you to do for me when you get back to New York. It's too bad you won't have time to come over to the house and see my collection of trophies and pictures. I have pretty nearly everything there from Ottawa State and everything about young Bobby since he started kicking a little ball around our yard, but there's one important thing I haven't got."

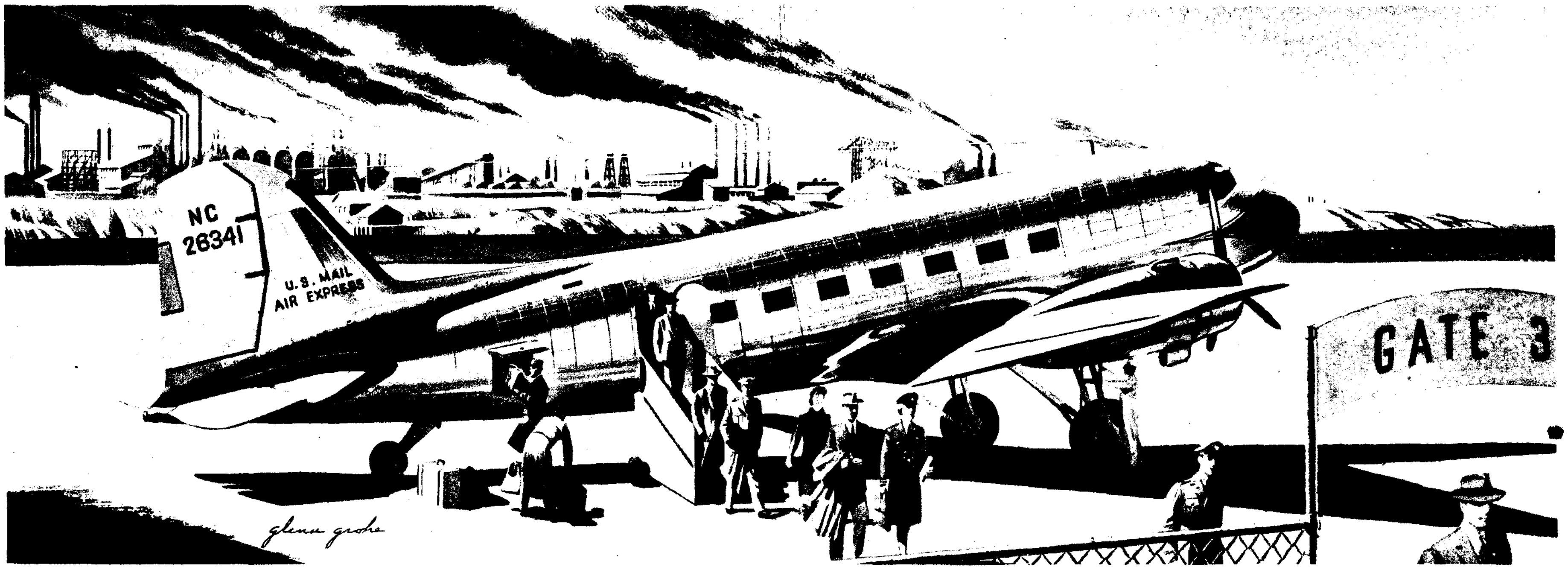
"What's that?" asked Wysor.

"Well, sir," said old Bobby, *(Continued on page 66)*



"I imagine you two will have a lot in common," said the superintendent proudly





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High into the Sun

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

These superb kids will make history. They've a job to do and they'll do it with zest. And when it's done they'll be ready to take over the task of keeping what they've won. Meet America's man of the future, the Army Aviation Cadet

At a training camp of the Southeast Army Air Forces: The day begins with an hour of calisthenics

THERE'S a gray mist over everything at six in the morning, and the sky sits solidly on the deserted streets and barracks and parade grounds. A mongrel pup slinks along the curb and bristles at you; he's the cadet mascot, and he doesn't like civilians. Never misses a formation, they say. He pricks his ears; they're coming now. Off in the mist you can hear the shouted "*Hut!* two! three! four!" and the steady shuffle of leather on pavement, and over it you begin to make out a low masculine rumble, the curious rhythmic chant of the Air Corps song: "Off we go into the wild blue yonder, climbing high into the sun. . . ."

The mist parts, and they march out of it toward you, eyes straight ahead. You look at them. You look at these kids who will be flying the fighter planes and the big bombers tomorrow. You look at the long line of them coming out of the mist, coming endlessly, coming four abreast in squadron after squadron, arms swinging in unison and legs breaking regularly at the knees, and all at once it hits you what this is: This country's future is coming at you out of the morning mist, eyes ahead and singing.

Fall in line and march with them into mess. March in step. *Hut!* two! three! four! Dress that line, mister. You're marching with something bigger than you ever knew before. You're marching with the biggest thing this country ever knew. Suck in your guts, pop out that chest. These men you're marching with are going to make history. The wash of their props will turn over a whole new page of history. Eyes ahead, mister. And if you feel your throat get tight, swallow hard because maybe you're finding out for the first time how good this country is.

Getting to Know the Cadets

You want to know how good this country is? Then meet these men who are training to be pilots and navigators and bombardiers, these men who are going to make up the greatest air force of all time. Get to know them personally. Find out what they think, what they feel, what's going on in their minds. Talk with them. Sleep in the barracks with them. Drink beer with them on Open Post. Fly in their training ships. Talk with kids who have just soloed, and kids who have just washed out. Talk to them about the girls they want to marry and the jobs they gave up to get in the Air Forces, and what they plan to do when the show is over. Find out what they're saying. Find out what they're thinking and not saying. Find out what they're like. . . .

This isn't the story we set out to write. We were planning to do a piece about the training of a cadet, and so we took a rapid-fire swing through the whole Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center, and we lived with the cadets in all the stages from the time they were inducted until they got their wings. What we found out while we were down there is so much bigger a story that we're dropping everything else and telling you about this instead, because this is news. This is the kind of news you've been wanting to hear. This is about the men themselves.

It's more than that; it's about how good they are. You've heard people ask, "Just what kind of men are we getting in the Air Forces today?" Well, we're here to tell you that the men in the Air Forces, the men we're counting on, are so good that it's the best news that's come out of this war yet.

What kind of men are we getting? Take the handful of really outstanding youngsters you've ever known and put them in this outfit, and they'll just be

(Continued on page 65)

The Lady and the Artist

Continued from page 20

wit, Tony. This is nothing. Wait till you've known him a while."

"Oh, well," John said, uncomfortably fumbling with the cup and the dish towel, "I . . . I don't know about Sunday dinner, but if you have nothing better to do I—that is, we could have a sort of barbecue, more or less. On the beach—but, of course, I have a car now and if you'd rather I can take you back to your—"

A slow crease of amusement appeared in her cheek.

"Never mind. You don't know how casual Sundays are in Hollywood," she said. "A barbecue sounds like fun."

Her eyes really were clear and sensible—and appraising and friendly like any other girl's—and she seemed relieved that Tony and his gibing talk were gone. In fact, she seemed awfully relieved.

They stood smiling uncertainly at each other for a minute, and then she said briskly, "Well. What have you in your icebox—or should we go find a store and have exotic delicacies?"

"Nightingales' tongues," he said. So they found a store a mile or two up the highway; and on the way back, jolting along in the flivver with the back seat piled with groceries, she didn't have a bit of that blank-faced look of Hollywood hauteur any more. She looked like a nice girl out for a Sunday afternoon in the boy friend's flivver, and, blurtingly jocular, he told her so.

"Well, we might pretend that's it," she said.

It was an afternoon of sunshine and lazy peace; and sitting on a blanket in the sand with the sun burning on her smooth hair, she was simple and interested and easy to talk to.

"What sort of a place do you live in?" she asked curiously. "When you're at home."

"Oh, it's—just a shack, much smaller and crummier than this one, but . . ." and somehow he got started telling her about the shack in the sand dunes and how he had quit his drudging job in the art department of a Chicago newspaper to go there and paint, and write his book. ". . . the surf shakes the windows a little, all night long," he said. "It's—it's a good place to work."

"Yes," she said softly. She looked at him as if she were beginning to understand something that had been puzzling her a little.

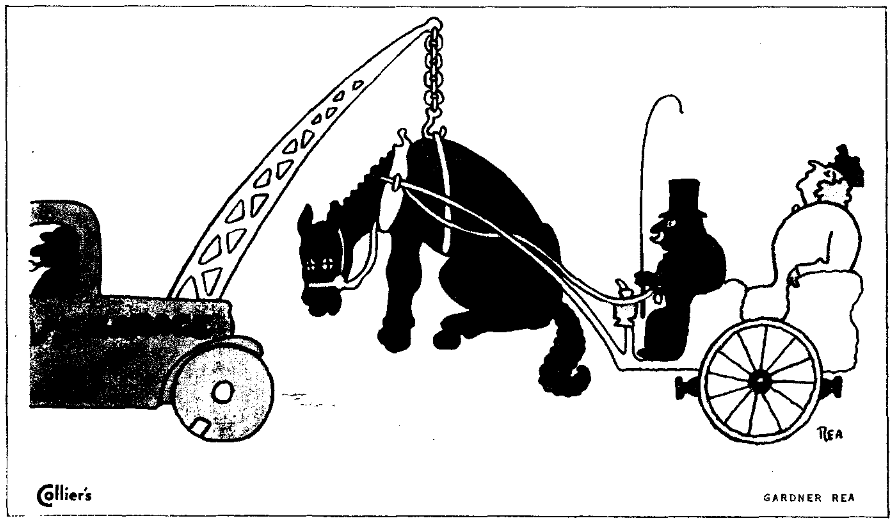
THE blue California shadows were gathering in the folds of the barren hills when they left, walking side by side through the sand to where they had left the flivver. She wouldn't let him drive her all the way to her house because it was too far and the Sunday evening traffic was bad. So they stopped at a bar in Santa Monica and after she had phoned for her car they had long peaceful Daiquiris in sun-drowsed and amiable silence while they waited. When her enormous shining car came, it pulled up behind his parked flivver, and at the curb Marcia gave him her hand: a quick, firm grasp.

"It's been nicer than you know," she said.

Driving back up the coast, John thought how good it was that a woman of her position, her dazzling celebrity, should be so delightful and so completely unaffected.

It was Tuesday afternoon that Tony Quimber came into John's office and, unwrapping a stick of chewing gum, said, "Marcia's giving a big party tonight. Better come along with me."

"I haven't been invited."



"That's all right. It's going to be a great rout. I'll tell you what; you and I will have dinner out on the Sunset Strip at a place I know, and then we'll go on to Marcia's," Tony said. He had an odd quirk to his eyebrows.

When they got out there in Tony's roadster, the big white and blue tile house, on top of its terraces, was filled with lights and people and noise. Tony faded away with a sort of dim smile, leaving John stranded among a lot of sumptuously dressed strangers. Somebody put a pinkish sticky-looking drink into his hand, and a deep bass voice said:

"I think I would like to do your head."

JOHN looked again, blinking. It was a little man with furry eyebrows and strange red-rimmed eyes. But he had an immense amount of wavy black hair. The lips opened again and the dreamy chest tones said:

"Yes, I think I would paint your very thoughts. I think you would be a sensitive subject. But wait—I can tell. Look at that picture!"

John followed the dramatically pointing arm—and jumped. It was one of his own canvases. Wildly, he wondered when Marcia had bought it. By the way it was hung he could tell that it had replaced a much larger picture within the last few days.

"What do you see there?" the man demanded.

"A New England landscape," John said. "And four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Bah!" the man said. "But that sky—that color makes me tremble. . . ."

A number of people said "*Ah*" and a woman whispered sibilantly: "Harry is so sensitive—he is doing such wonderful creative work—and the publicity he has attracted! Why, only last month the newspapers—it's only a question of time until one of the big studios realizes what . . ."

John saw then, that all this was for the benefit of a pouchy gray-faced man, probably a producer, who was dozing phlegmatically over a rye highball.

"I see all life in terms of color, and of movement," Harry said, turning away from John, the shabby stranger who had fulfilled his purpose as foil, "I see all life in terms of . . ."

John wasn't listening any more. From the far end of the room, through the crowd, Marcia was coming toward them, piloted by a faintly malicious-looking Tony. She was sheathed in a gown of gold lamé, and as she walked the lights flowed moltenly over her slender figure. She saw him suddenly, from a distance—and for an instant seemed as startled and as taken aback as he had been when she came to his shack. But without a break in her walk she came on, and said:

"Why, John, how nice! I didn't know . . ." And to the others, in the same perfect voice she had used in Gollech's office the first time he had seen her: "You know, Mr. Dawson is doing the sets for my new picture."

Everybody looked at him suddenly and the producer opened one eye and nodded. Harry turned very slowly and said, "Are . . . you John Dawson?"

John cleared his throat and looked away. Harry said, "The man who wrote . . ."

"But of course," Marcia laughed. "He has . . ."

John, who considered himself brutally honest, thought bitterly: *With one of my best pictures hanging above their heads, they think of me only as the man who wrote that darned book. I was a good painter, and a nobody, until I wrote a big pompous book.*

". . . more and more, his sets remind me of the Russian primitives," Marcia was saying. John remembered, with loathing, his chapter on the Russian primitives. "There is a foredoomed feeling," Marcia said, "the Day of Judgment shadowed on a moldly brick wall—vast, looming shadows, supernaturally ominous, conveying huge nebulous meanings not expressed in the dialogue in the script." It sounded written, like something you might read somewhere, but, dazed, John couldn't think where.

"Ah," Harry breathed, listening worshipfully while the Great Woman, whose influence could do so much, spoke.

"For instance in the first scene of the dream sequence," Marcia said, "there are the most unearthly clouds seen through a very high, narrow window. Like . . . like—"

"I know! I know! I can *feel* it!" Harry leaped to the occasion.

"I . . ." she said, "I—" and looked around for John.

He was gone.

JOHN didn't suppose he would be seeing Marcia Dunning again for a while. But he did. The next afternoon, at his drawing table, his brush, tipped with a depressed shade of olive green, gave a nervous little jump when her voice spoke from the doorway:

"May I come in?"

She looked as if she had been standing there for a minute, watching him. ". . . Oh, hello," he said. "Sure. That is, of course. Come on in." She still hesitated curiously, but in a breath or two she came over to the table and, after an uncertain sidewise glance at him, stood looking down at the design he had been working on.

Finally, she said, "You must have left early last night."

"I did."

"Oh," she said. She looked at him swiftly, and swallowed.

He walked over to the window. Her car was parked outside the main gate, and the chauffeur was standing on the curb beside it.

She was looking down at the drawing again, intently—too intently—and biting the unsharpened end of the pencil.

Resentfully, he thought of her: a Hollywood success—too much money, too easy fame in a bright, enclosed world where everyone was called an artist without working for it. No wonder she didn't know how to talk about thoughtful work.

Uncomfortably, she said, "Well, I . . . must be going. I . . . just dropped in for a minute, to see if you were getting along all right."

"Oh. Thanks," he said.

She looked at the pencil in her hand, and then laid it on the drawing table.

"Well, goodby," she said brightly.

He nodded, and with a polite smile stood beside the door as she went out.

At the window again, he watched her walk across the courtyard and through the gate toward her car.

John went back to the drawing table.

HE WAS surprised when she rapped on his door again the next day. She came in with an air of assurance, like an old friend, and without a glance at the drawing table, dropped into a chair. Blowing out a long breath, she said, "Whew! I'm tired. Give me a cigarette, please."

He fumbled hastily, grateful to her for making this casual way for them to be at ease together, and anxious to help. With the smoke curling about her face, she said:

"My good man, you haven't begun to learn how weird things can be when a picture is being made. I remember one time . . ." and she went on to tell him some stories about picture-making. The sort of stories, grotesque and funny and, in a way, pitiful, that every newcomer to Hollywood hears with wonder and disbelief. But she made them good stories by telling them well.

John prowled restlessly around the room, listening, trying to keep up his side of the scene, by an occasional question or an interested stare.

Suddenly, she bit her lip and finished hurriedly:

". . . and so after sending this assistant story editor all the way to Iceland, armed with a six-months contract for the new foreign writer that Mrs. Gollech had heard talked about at her ladies' bridge club, it turned out to have been a typist's mistake, in a memo Ben dictated in a hurry as he was leaving on a month's fishing trip. The new writer lived in Ireland. But the assistant story editor got snowed in or something—anyway, he couldn't get a ship out until spring. He's never been the same since. He broods. I've got to go now."

"Oh. I'm sorry," he said.

They stood facing each other, smiling, and then—the constraint was there again, between them, cold and paralyzing. It was as if his defensive brusque awkwardness of mind were suddenly tangible to her, confusing and numbing her, too. She dropped her eyes, and turned away.

"Well . . . goodby," she said.

"It's—it's been nice of you," he said with a thick throat. "The stories were—"

"It was nothing," she said dully. He stood still in the middle of the room, listening to her footsteps going farther and farther away down the bare corridor, and finally out of hearing. . . .

The next afternoon Tony Quimber came up. "Hello, Dawson," he said. "May I sit around here a while?"

"Sure. Go ahead," John said.

When Marcia rapped on the door, Tony was sitting on the davenport, placidly chewing gum. Whatever sly and ribald thoughts he might have been having at the time, you couldn't tell by looking at him.

Coming into the room, Marcia began:

"John, I—" Then she saw Tony.

"Hello, kid," he said.

"Oh, Tony!" she said. "I didn't know you—"

"Sure," he said. "I just dropped in to get a gander at another typically Dawson mood."

"Well," she said, "I was just . . ." she swallowed. ". . . just going by, and I thought—"

"Sure," Tony said. "Nothing like a Dawson mood, is there?"

Marcia was a good actress.

"What I was about to say, John," she said coolly, "is that in your chapter on symbolism in design, you had a sketch that I thought might be adapted for—"

"Marcia. Wait," Tony said. "Are you saying that you have read John's book?"

"Why, of course."

"You mean: *STAGE DESIGN, As Revaluated from the Cretan Primitive to the Restoration?*" Tony said.

"Y-yes. Darn it, Tony. Yes."

UNEXPECTEDLY, slowly and painfully, Marcia blushed. Tony looked at her for a long time.

"Ah," he said finally. "So that's the trouble."

"Oh, Tony, you're—"

To John he said:

"You've seen what it's like here. The shrill illusions: remember? It's hard on us all, and to someone in Marcia's position it's tough indeed. She has to uphold her reputation as the screen's most intelligent actress. This leads to fraudulent conduct—but perhaps necessary for studio purposes. To assure her of her place in the industry. Remember, she's spent a lifetime of hard work to achieve it. Personally, I don't think it's worth it, and I question her taste, sometimes—but that's up to her."

"What utter nonsense," Marcia said. "I'm going."

"Wait," Tony said. And to John: "Perhaps the fancied necessity for such public conduct is why she had such a good time with you at your shack Sunday. Perhaps, also, that's why she was not too pleased to see you at her grand party the other night."

"Tony. You're not witty today," Marcia reproved him.

"No," Tony said. "But I can see by your young man's face that much is now suddenly clear to him, and that he is full of humility and charity. . . .

"What I came up here in the first place for, was to tell John that they're building his first set on Sound Stage Seven. Why don't you two run along down there now? It would be good theater," Tony said. "Never could resist it."

He took a stick of gum out of his vest pocket, and unwrapping it, crumpled the paper. It was the nearest he ever came to laughing.

"All right. Run along now, you two," he said.

ALL the way across the lot, and down the pavement between the rows of great hangarlike sound stages, they didn't say anything and they didn't look at each other. On Sound Stage Seven, under a harsh glare of working lights, carpenters were working on a rearing framework of timbers and scantlings; and far away, among the cavernous shadows, a little ring of tourists was gabbling around an unused set for another picture. They didn't look at any of those things, either. They stood where men carrying ladders and planks jostled them as they went by, and Marcia said:

"John, can't you be friends?"

He looked at her, and tried to say something—anything—but his throat closed suddenly.

The little group of tourists was coming toward them with the studio guide. A woman among them had one of those peculiar, penetrating voices. They could hear her talking to her husband.

They stood there staring at each other. Marcia's eyes were half laughing, half filled with pain.

The tourists were trooping past them. The woman with the penetrating voice said:

"Say! Isn't that Marcia Dunning?"

Still watching his face, Marcia turned John half around.

"Look at your first set, darling," she said gently.

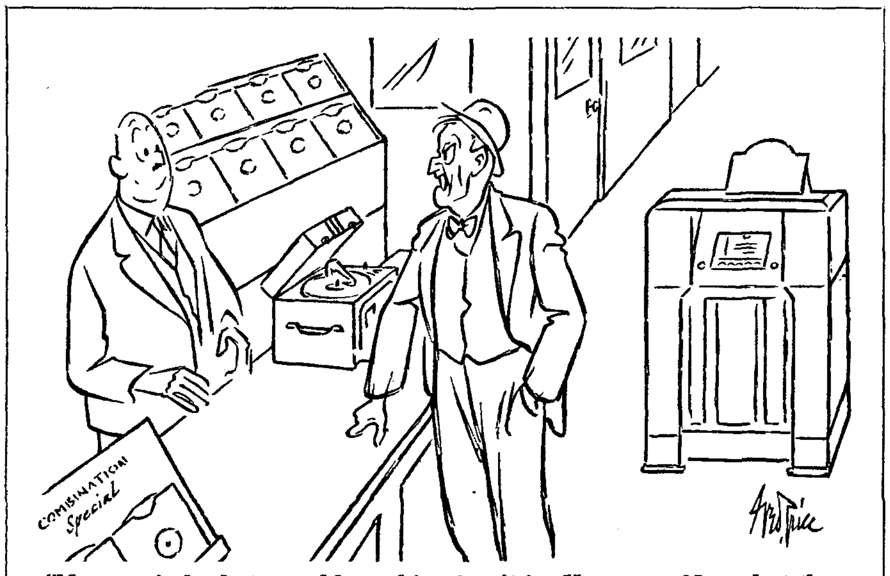
The apologetic guide waved his hands, trying to herd the tourists past. The woman who had spoken lowered her voice, but her whisper was just as penetrating:

"Look! Isn't she holding hands with that man? In public, too."

"Sssh, Martha."

"Well! Wouldn't you just expect to see something like that? Hollywood!"

THE END



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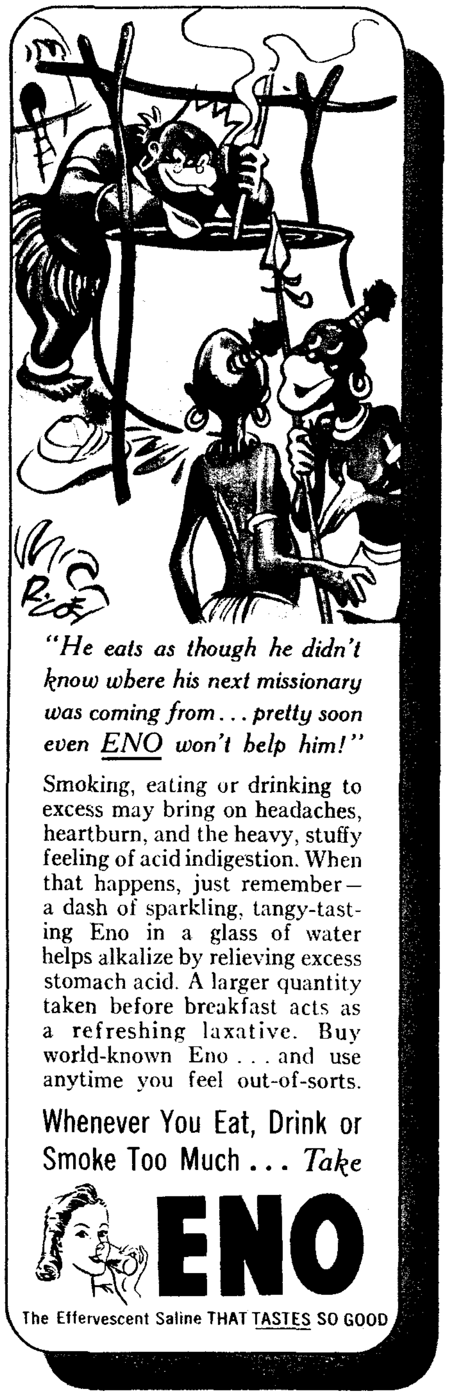

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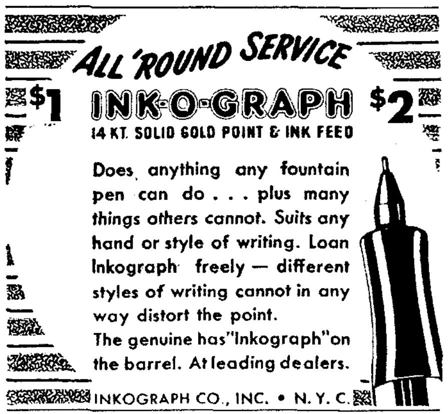

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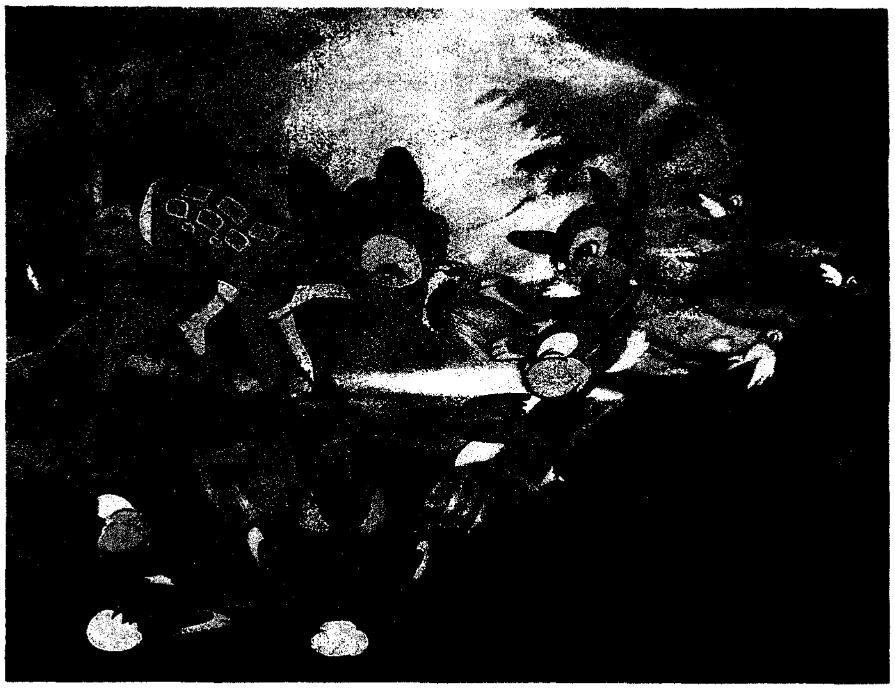


When the eager but slow-learning Bambi finally utters his first word he blows the surprised and amused audience right out of the picture

two million drawings for him, and Bambi in its finished form makes use of more than 400,000.

Jake Day himself took more than a thousand photographs of Bambi detail, surprising the Katahdin woods in all their moods, dark and bright. He *took morning and evening shots of* brightening or dying shafts of light through deep woods with their cathedral aisles: shots of mist, of morning dew; of the effect on foliage of that first puff of wind in the vanguard of a thunderstorm; shots of black creeks and icy fields; of dimpled snow crust under the shine of a winter sun; shots of frost-rimmed leaves, and dead pokeweed, and the March pussywillow, and the wild red raspberry of midsummer, and the fall sumac whose narrow leaves look like guilty fingers dipped in blood. These would all be part of Bambi's mystery of life.

Meanwhile, Disney's forces in Hollywood were waiting for the camera's story. They were not woodsmen, and it took one research lady, who knew her Maine, three years to get them to take their chipmunk out of a tree and bring him down to his proper niche in a stone wall. They were not woodsmen but they were artists in line and mass; they could prop up these photographs in front of them and go to work.

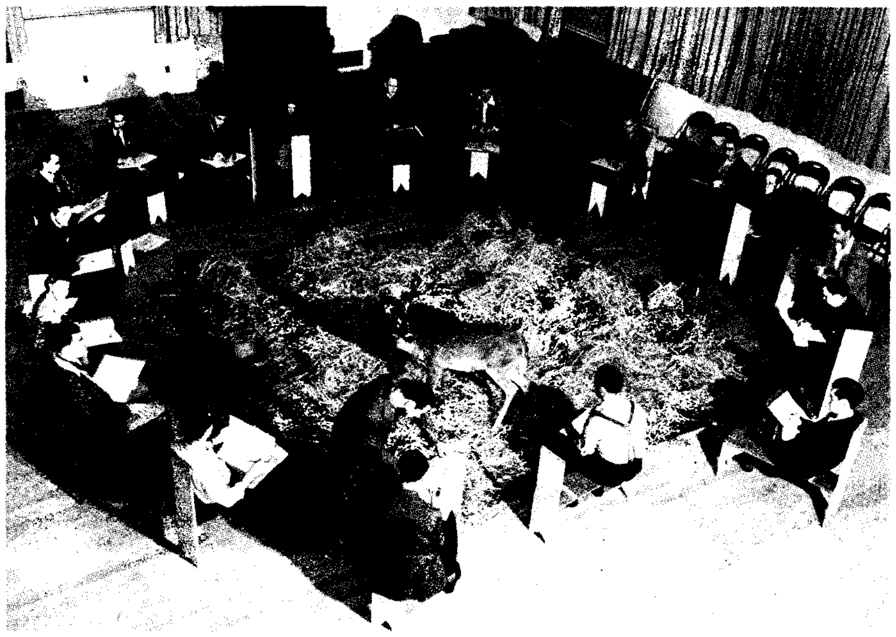
There was only lacking Bambi himself and soon Bambi was supplied to them—both Bambi and his sweetheart Faline. They too came from Maine, whose wardens, at the request of the Maine Development Commission, provided two four-months fawns, a male and a female, as models. These two little deer set out for Hollywood, to make their unwitting plea for a better understanding of their native haunts by man the hunter.

They were delicate missionaries. They lived on a milk formula, with plenty of lime juice for their bones, on that four-day train journey to Hollywood; and the express company had a very special job on its hands. Attendants had to be trained in the mixing of the formula, and there were special cans of Maine spring water.

The Starlets Arrive

Bambi and his consort got to their destination none the worse for wear; and to begin with, as Hollywood starlets, they found themselves eating hay in the middle of a circle of artists, who fixed them with lightning strokes in the midst of their antics. But Disney's artists, skilled though they were, lacked training for this job. There followed nine months of special art classes, and with the help of a world-famous animal anatomist, Disney's force studied the anatomy of the deer. They made drawings *ad infinitum*. Drawings were so thick around Bambi and Faline that one day they even ate a few for lunch. They lost their fawn spots, grew from four months to thirteen months, and Disney's artists drew them all the way up from fawnhood to doehood and buckhood.

In the end, five hundred of Disney's people were concentrated on these deer. In the cartoon they would have to have voices, of course; and almost any morning in the casting room you might see a flock of hopeful mothers with their children, anxious to play the part of the Skunk, or the Rabbit, or Bambi himself. A boy was chosen for Bambi's voice but the picture dragged on so long that right in the middle of it the boy's voice changed to a squawk, and then of course they had to go back to the beginning of the sound sequence and find another voice.



Sticklers for accuracy, Disney artists study and sketch a live deer under the expert eye of Rico Le Brun, famous animal painter

Stuart Erwin played the squirrel's voice, and the animators clustered round him and watched the expressions on his face, so that they could put—heaven knows how—those same expressions on the squirrel's face.

Disney himself played no part. As is well known, Disney is the voice of Mickey Mouse and will let no other play that part, but he plays no other voices. Nevertheless, he was on the ground, early and late, looking in at the conferences, leaning over the story boards, deleting a line, changing an expression, but managing to save something by the way. He is never satisfied. He retouches and reforms, tears down, throws out, destroys ends, and begins again with his beginnings.

Disney conferences over story-board sequences, by the way, show the same catch-as-catch-can wrestling with the wilderness of detail which Jake Day with his camera had begun on the slopes of Mount Katahdin. First the scene designers sketched the action for a sequence. These planners worked out the entire forest setting for Bambi, every last pool, brook, glade, trail, gorge, and covert; and then every Bambi artist had to learn the location of every important landmark by heart, as if this were an actual forest and they themselves the wardens of it.

For example, in the elaborate plan for Bambi's first walk through the forest you will find marked the precise spot where Bambi encounters the frogs under the waterfall; next the possum ground; then the mole runs, and the reeds where "mouse trouble" occurs; and finally the position and character of the log over which the infant Bambi is predestined by his creators to stumble.

Nothing comes easy along this thorny pathway of two million drawings; but all is evolved by a clash of wits, a stretch of imaginations, a throwing out of dramatic absurdities—all under the lash of Disney's "Out! Out! Out!" For Disney knows first of all what he doesn't want, and often comes to what he wants by successive eliminations of what he doesn't want.

"If I like it, maybe the public will," Walt says.

Today, Jake Day is back in his whittle shop in Damariscotta, Maine, carving wooden sea gulls, or else he is loafing through Katahdin trails. Who knows what the story boards will want next? Too much Hollywood might make a man carry his brain in splints, Jake thinks. He must spend six months out of the year with Hollywood, but he insists on spending the other six in Maine. His two sons are in the Army and no longer lodge porcupines and skunks behind the kitchen stove; but Jake's interest in the wild is still as keen as ever. It is through him that Bambi, the greatest force for natural conservation ever on the screen, draws the breath of its life from Maine woods.

THE END

High into the Sun

Continued from page 61

average. That's how good the average is. They're the cream of the country, and there are thousands and thousands of them, and if we can give cream like that, then all we've got to say is: We're some cow.

You really want to know how good this country is? Borrow a pair of sneakers and athletic shorts, and run with these kids through an hour's calisthenic drill. Trot the half-mile from the barracks to the field at double time, if your wind can stand it—a thousand rubber soles padding in unison against the hard dirt, bare arms pistoning, heads high.

Or wander down onto the flight line and hang around the field house and chat with the men who are waiting their turn to go up. Ask them about flying. Ask that kid who just came in and is unbuckling his chute.

"Flying?" he says. "Only thing in the world, far as I'm concerned. That's why I joined this outfit. All I want is just to be good enough to stay with this outfit till it's over. Even after it's over."

Rarin' to Go

Listen to what they're saying. "Me, I'll take a pursuit ship. Give me one of those P-47s. Just turn me loose with a hot baby like that and dare old Hirohito to take his glasses off."

"Not for mine! I want a lot of ship under me, a B-17 or a B-24. Give me a handful of throttles and some good guys with me and I'll go places, and those places won't be there any more when I start back."

That kid with the goggles on his forehead and the mile-wide grin has just soloed for the first time; ask him how it feels. "Mister, did you ever wake up and find it was true? Did anybody ever hand you the earth and tell you to peel it; it's your orange? Look, you be a millionaire. You be Hedy Lamarr's leading man. You be President Roosevelt. I'll be a flier. . . ."

Or drop into a barracks room at night and break out your pipe and sit around a while and get to know a few of them by name. That's Chick over there shaving by the washbasin; you met him this afternoon out on the line, the one with the grin, who had just soloed. Big, clean-looking, friendly; quit a good job back in Michigan to join this outfit. Never was up in a plane before he joined, by the way.

Jeff, writing a letter at the desk, was about to take over his father's mill business when the war came along; he's lean, sensitive, high-strung, with a way of jerking his head back like a nervous colt. Don't let his dark wavy hair and collar-ad profile fool you, though; he held the middleweight title two years at Virginia and he wants to fly a fighter plane.

Frank is sitting on the bunk with a can of polish and his left hand thrust inside a shoe; he's older than the others, has a wife and two kids, and gave up a promising law practice back in Georgia. Tall, slow-spoken, deliberate—the bomber type.

That's Bill just coming out of the shower now, with the pair of shoulders and the huge bear mat of a chest; he was All-America at Notre Dame and had a job coaching freshman football when he volunteered for the Air Forces. They call him "Mother Bill," because he worries about everybody else in the outfit; he's squadron commander.

It's an average room, you see. They could be anybody: soda clerks, college students, musicians, track stars, bellhops, radio announcers, millionaires, sword swallowers. It doesn't matter so long as they want to fly.

That's all they talk about—flying, flying, flying. They have a language all their own. Cadets are "misters;" they never speak of themselves as anything else. If a mister is on the ball, he's an "eager beaver;" if he isn't, he gets a "gig" or demerit. A "gig-flap," for example, is the flap of a rear pants pocket which has inadvertently been left unbuttoned. Teaching military discipline to an underclassman is "bracing."

The orders are highly technical: "Pop it out, mister, pull your wings in, rack 'em back, pinch my finger." Chick will be glad to translate that for you. "Pop it out" is to expand your chest. "Pull your wings in" is to tuck your elbows into your sides. "Rack 'em back" is to pull back your shoulders, and "pinch a finger" is, literally, to pinch an upperclassman's finger between your shoulder blades. You make notes of other cadet phrases on the back of an envelope, as Chick talks. "Dawn patrolling" is arising before reveille, a habit practiced by unpopular roommates. The elimination board which washes out unsuccessful cadets is the "Benzine Board." "Get your head out of the cockpit" means to pay attention.

One thing hits you over and over, as you listen to them talk. That's the spirit of these kids, their supreme cockiness, the confident way their eyes look back at you. These are men who won't be easily rattled. They'll do the job they have to do and they'll do it with zest.

Maybe that's the thing about them that's most significant of all. They have fun. They're heading into a grim job and yet they can play.

Here's the kind of thing we mean: We're in a Flying Fortress roaring above the clouds on a practice mission and suddenly a P-40 slides alongside us as though we're standing still. The waist gunner beside us grins, swivels his empty machine gun and points it through the port, and jounces his shoulders up and down with the imaginary repercussion: *"Daa-aaa-aaaa!"* The pilot of the P-40 makes an elaborate grimace of pain, slumps forward realistically over the stick, and peels off and disappears in a dramatic spin. Playing cops and robbers at 300 miles an hour, making a game of death. You'll never lick an outfit like that.

Or the three cadets Chick told us about who were returning in formation from a routine cross-country flight, droning homeward above a solid bank of fog. In the distance they spied a commercial plane coming toward them. With one accord they ducked behind a convenient cloud, rolled their ships over and emerged solemnly, flying upside down. They had a brief but gratifying glimpse in their rear-vision mirrors of the incredulous pilot staring at them for a moment with jaw sagging, then checking his own instruments in mounting panic as they rode very innocently out of sight.

They have to be able to laugh; they're working harder than they ever worked before. They're packing into thirty weeks what it formerly took two or three years to learn. Ground-school subjects include navigation, radio code, airplane and engine operation, higher mathematics, physics, aerial photography, signal communications and chemical-warfare defense, to name only a few. And yet they're bursting with health.

Credit Ernest B. Smith and Lex Fullbright, directors of physical training here in the SAAFTC, and Herbert Crowley, who's in charge at Maxwell Field. They've worked out a rugged program, with everything from mass calisthenics and tug of war and boxing and cross-country—five weary miles of it—to a diabolically conceived obstacle course a quarter-mile long, complete with six-foot broad jump, hurdles, a zigzag box field, and a twelve-foot scaling wall. (We got a quarter of the way down the course once, by means of a small portable stepladder.)

It was no hit-or-miss proposition, either. Before they started, they took a cadet and stripped him naked and sat him at the controls of a plane; and they noted carefully all the muscles he used in handling the ship. They designed a series of exercises to develop these special flying muscles: a neck that can swivel right and left as the pilot clears the air, for example, or legs and shoulders strong enough to work the obstinate controls of a twenty-ton bomber.

Dovetailed with all this is the all-important development of a cadet's native co-ordination, as well as a general physical conditioning that builds his body and makes his reactions more spontaneous and enables him to fight off fatigue.

Does it do the job? Take the word of Bill, All-America from Notre Dame, drying himself after the shower: "Listen, I thought I was tough after four years of intercollegiate competition, but the first week I was here I discovered muscles I never knew I had before!"

Another Side to the Picture

That's one side of the cadets' picture. There's another side and you ought to know that too if you're really going to know these men. You see, learning to fly isn't all marching and exercising and going to class, like a nice country college; it's a dangerous business, say what you will, and sometimes something happens, and you read a perfunctory little paragraph at the bottom of page fourteen: "John Jones, an aviation cadet of 123 Four Street, Milwaukee, was killed today when his plane crashed in the course of a routine training flight. . . ."

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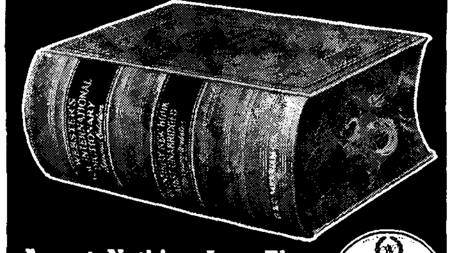
His name was Johnny, and we remember him particularly because he said it was his birthday. He paused beside us on his way out of the door of the field house and ground a cigarette with his heel and said, "Wish me luck, mister. It's my birthday today," and walked out to the line, buckling the straps of his chute. Most of the men in the flight were soloing that afternoon, and after they took off, we hung around the field house for an hour or two, waiting for them to check back in again.

About that time, a little weasel of a rumor began to race around the walls of the room. Only a whisper, at first. An enlisted man in the ground crew said he'd heard—mind you he'd only heard—that somebody had phoned in they'd



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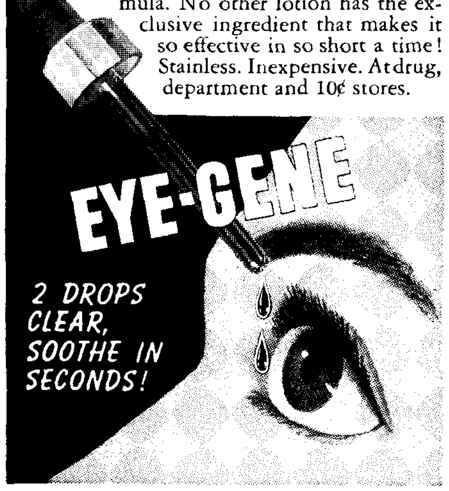

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seen a plane in a spin. We waited, and the returning cadets checked in one by one, and finally there were only five ships that hadn't checked in. Then two more ships arrived, and that left only three ships still unaccounted for. It was like some grisly guessing game.

Another ship arrived and checked in, and that meant it was between two ships—a ship from another flight and Johnny's ship. And then the ship from the other flight checked in, and the lieutenant asked us in a low voice if we'd like to go for a little ride with him, and we put on a chute and followed him. On the way out to the line, he said to watch for a yellow wing; that's what we'd be apt to spot first from the air.

We found it, about twelve miles to the south. The two bright yellow wings were lying on the sand, and between them there was a blackened place, and in the center, something had gouged a deep hole in the sand.

They don't tell you about these things, you see; they don't want to worry you. And there are some other things they don't tell you about, either—things you've got a right to know, because their problems are your problems; these are your kids these things are happening to. You ought to know what they're saying about things back home, for instance. They're a little puzzled, frankly. They're in this thing all the way and they can't understand why every last American isn't in it as wholeheartedly as they are. They can't understand how slowdowns or strikes or petty politics can seem important to anybody back home at a time like this. They can't understand how labor leaders can keep on playing for personal power at the expense of the war. "How long do you suppose John L. Lewis would last if Hitler ever took things over?"

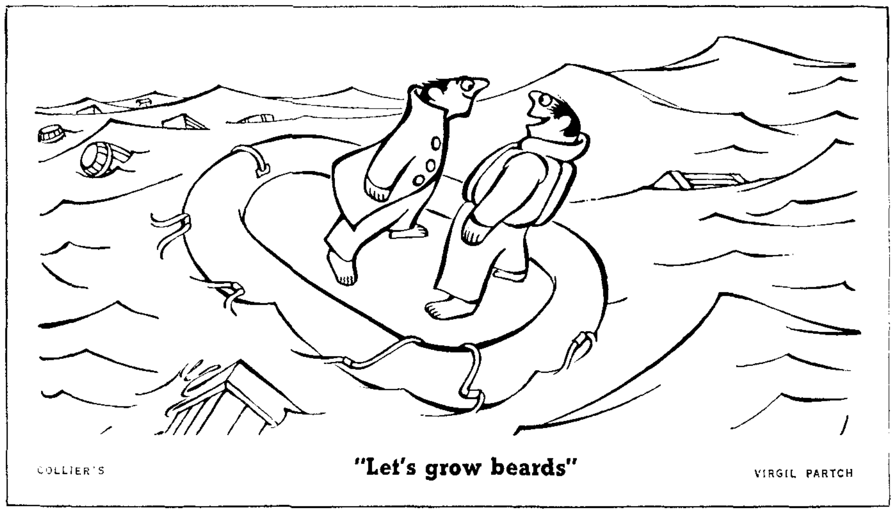
They can't understand how defense-plant owners can still cheat and chisel to get a little extra profit out of the war. "I had a job in a defense plant before I joined up here. The plant used to make knitting machinery but the government gave them a contract and built them a brand-new building free. Well, on Saturday nights and Sundays when an inspector wasn't around, they'd take me off making superchargers, and put me to work instead making knitting machinery for them. Seems they had some big orders from South America for after the war. That's why I quit."

They know what's going on, you see; they're not being fooled. When they have to take a six weeks' unannounced furlough right in the middle of their flight training, they know it's because there aren't enough materials on hand.

They can't understand why defense workers in war plants can take Saturdays and Sundays off, or take off a day in the middle of the week now and then to rest up. They don't see why these workers aren't willing to work, work, work until they drop. "It's their country, too, isn't it?"

They want to get going. That's the kind of kids they are. That's the kind of men we're getting in the Air Forces today. They're marching confidently, heading into the most important job in this war. They're heading into an even more important job, back in this country, after the war's over. Mark our words, these are the men who will run this country after the war. Fall in behind them, mister, and march with them. Eyes ahead!

THE END


COLLIER'S "Let's grow beards" VIRGIL PARTCH

The Distant Glory

Continued from page 59

"I haven't got that copy of Harkness Weekly with the All-America team of 1916. People have told me about it, but as soon as the season was over that year I joined up with the Canadians and went to France and when I got back I never was able to dig up that issue. I always thought if I ever got to New York I'd look it up . . . but I never got to New York."

"Why, certainly—" began Wysor, feeling all his harsh intentions weaken within him and dreading it.

"I don't care about it myself," said Drucker, "but I'd sort of like to leave it to young Bobby."

"I suppose he's going to be a college player, too," said Wysor.

"Well, yes, sir; he is," said old Bobby, beaming. "Going right up to old Ottawa next year. He's been a natural-born player from the moment he was able to hold a ball."

"Well, 1916 is a little far back," said Wysor weakly, "but I'll see what I can do when I get to New York."

They parted on that and Wysor tried to do a little work with no success and then he went down to the lobby with the hope of finding somebody to talk to. The hotel clerk was willing enough to talk and revealed it immediately.

"Had old Bobby up to your room, I see," he began brightly.

"Yes," said Wysor uneasily. "A nice fellow."

"The best!" said the clerk flatly. "Ask anybody around here and they'll tell you that. You can see that in the way young Bobby dotes on him. Thinks he's the greatest man that ever lived."

There was a pause.

"What line of business is Mr. Drucker in?" asked Wysor to break the silence.

"Started in insurance and then was in the bank for a while but he's been hay-and-feed for about the last ten years. Just about manages to keep going, I guess. Not much of a businessman. Still out helping to coach the team every fall. Sort of a football nut."

The football dinner turned out to be better than Wysor could possibly have expected. The food was plain but good, the speeches were short and his own Wysorian gags were all new in Ultima and were accepted as something sent directly from on high. But the speaker of the evening turned out to be old Bobby Drucker, who spoke with such warmth and friendliness that the audience hung on his words and worshiped him. Wysor could see young Bobby looking at his father with adoration. When he left on the midnight train for Kansas City, he hated to go. The station platform was crowded and he felt that he was leaving friends that he would never see the like of again.

As HE headed for Kansas City and then back to New York, his intentions were of the best about Harkness Weekly, but he reached home to find that his wife was ill and he stayed at her side for two weeks. Then there was a heavyweight fight he had to cover in Cleveland, and the opening of the winter tracks in Florida.

He wrote old Bobby explaining what had caused the delay and got a prompt answer commiserating with him on Mrs. Wysor's illness and saying that if he could wait since 1916 for that magazine, he could surely wait a few months more. Then he added:

"Young Bobby is getting ready to go up to old Ottawa, but he is also talking some about the Army."

Wysor came north with the ball clubs and had a stack of mail waiting for him at his office. He sifted it hurriedly as he always did in the hope that a few personal letters might be hidden and came suddenly on a letter with an Ultima postmark. He tore it open guiltily. It was from old Bobby.

"Dear Arthur," it began. "I was never able to get to New York but young Bobby is going to be there soon. The young rascal has joined the Army and they're sending him to Camp Dix. He'll be popping in on you some day right away. Now, Arthur, I don't want to bother you, but if you *could* have that All-America from Harkness Weekly there to spring on him when he got in, I think it would be the best welcome to New York anybody ever had."

Wysor rang for his secretary.

"Forget about that mail," he said. "There's something I want you to do for me. You may not be able to find it, but go down to the library and try to get the Spencer Adams All-America team in Harkness Weekly for 1916. It'll be in one of the early December issues. Have the pages photostated—a rush job—and bring them back here."

Two hours later, the secretary came in, beaming, with the photostats in her hand. He took them, placed the pages on his desk and sat down eagerly to look at them.

His eye ran over the first All-America team and he saw no mention of Bobby Drucker. He looked at the second All-America and there was no Drucker. He felt a sinking in the pit of his stomach as he turned to the third All-America team. He looked at it and his heart sank. There was no Bobby Drucker. There was no name there even remotely resembling Drucker on the first, second or third All-America for 1916. But far down, buried in small type among the "honorable mention," there it was: Drucker, Ottawa State. Honorable mention! Also ran! Wysor felt sick.

Then he heard his secretary behind him.

"Mr. Wysor," she said apologetically. "There was a young man here to see you yesterday . . . in uniform."

He got up precipitately.

"Said he was from some place in Oklahoma and you would know . . ." added the secretary, guiltily.

"I know," said Wysor.

"I should have told you," continued the secretary, "but all the excitement . . ."

"It's all right," he said.

He turned and looked at the photostats again blankly and then back again to the secretary. He saw the friendly beseeching face of old Bobby Drucker. He saw the man's career, years of failure but years of pride in an accomplishment in which his own home town shared. He saw the high-school banquet in Ultima, with the enraptured face of young Bobby looking at his father.

"I'm going out now," he said to his secretary, "but if that young man comes back, get his address, get where he's staying, tell him to come back here again tomorrow morning."

HE GOT his hat, took up the photostats and went out. On the street he signaled a cab.

"The Gazette office," he said. "I want to get over there in a hurry."

He had the feeling that time was now the most important thing in the world. When he got out of the cab, he ran into the Gazette office and hurried through the business office back to the composing room. He rushed up to a man who was sitting at a desk in the middle of the room and grasped him by the shoulder and swung him around.

"Joe," he said earnestly. "You're my friend, aren't you?"

Joe looked up at him in astonishment.

"Arthur," he said reproachfully. "What's the matter with you? Of course I am."

The Gazette was the first paper Arthur Wysor had worked on when he came to New York and he considered it home. Joe had been foreman of the composing room when he first arrived, a green young fellow from Missouri.

"Joe, look," he said, holding out the photostats. "Could you make up a new page like this, with a few changes?"

Joe took the photostats and looked at them casually.

"Well, I couldn't do it while you were standing there, Arthur," he said easily, "but I could probably do it in a couple of hours."

Wysor's face relaxed and he sighed with relief. Then he took a pencil and crossed out a name in the Harkness Weekly first All-America team and inserted the name of Robert Drucker, Ottawa State. He next looked down in the small print that contained the honorable mentions and found the name of Drucker, Ottawa State. He crossed that out also and thought hard for a substitute. Joe was looking over his shoulder with amusement.

"Drinker, Kansas State," suggested Joe.

Wysor brightened up and beamed.

"That's right," he said, writing the change on the margin.

"Gags," said Joe philosophically. "Always gags. What a life you guys lead! Come back around six and I'll have the thing ready for you."

Wysor was back around six and got the finished job, which was a perfect replica of the original Harkness Weekly page. He took it back to the office and locked it carefully in a drawer of his desk.

Young Bobby came in next morning at ten o'clock, stood uncertainly in the doorway of the outer office and was somewhat nonplused at the welcome he received from the secretary, who had been far from cordial at his first appearance. She literally dragged him in, shouting all the time to someone in the inner office.

"Mr. Wysor!" she called triumphantly.

Wysor came out and wrung young Bobby's hand and led him into the private office.

"I was afraid I'd missed you," he kept saying in a bubbling voice, and then added: "How are you, anyhow? How do you like our city?"

"Fine," said young Bobby, not knowing what to think of it all.

Wysor beamed on young Bobby as he went to his desk, opened a drawer, pulled out the photostat and laid it on the desk top.

"Look at that," he said proudly.

Young Bobby leaned over the desk and looked at the page for a long time without saying anything. Then he straightened up and looked full at Wysor and said hesitantly:

"Mr. Wysor . . ."

"Don't you like it?" said Arthur.

"Mr. Wysor," said young Bobby, "I think I ought to tell you something. My father's name isn't Robert. It's Hardin. Bobby was just a nickname."

Wysor looked at the page with "Robert Drucker" on the first All-America team and his face fell.

"Oh," he said.

"And, Mr. Wysor," continued young Bobby, "when you weren't here the other day, I went to the library and looked up that copy of Harkness Weekly . . ."

Wysor sat down in a chair weakly.

"Then you knew it," he said faintly.

Young Bobby looked at him gently.

"Mr. Wysor," he said in a low voice. "I've known it since I was ten years old. Everybody in Ultima knew it but Dad. I just wanted to check up to make sure."

For a few minutes Wysor couldn't say anything. He looked at young Bobby pitifully.

"But I don't understand," he said finally.

"Well," said young Bobby, "you may not believe this, Mr. Wysor, but it's because we love him. Everybody loves him."

WYSOR got up and went to the desk and took the photostat and started to tear it up.

"No, please," said young Bobby, taking it away from him.

"What do you want it for now?" demanded Wysor, angrily. He felt that everything he had done had turned out wrong; he felt that in some way he was responsible for a great tragedy.

"I'd like to get it framed," said young Bobby. "I'd like to send it to Dad. It would be sort of a nice gift for that room he has. It would just be about the final touch to a—a terribly happy life, sir."

Wysor turned his back and went to the window and looked out.

"The All-America," he said bitterly. "The All-America myth."

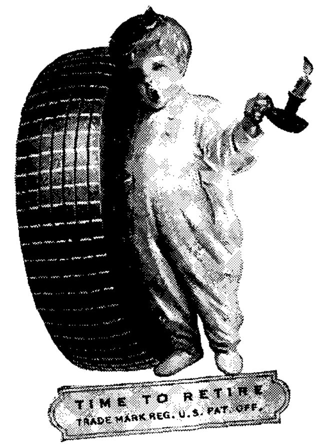
Young Bobby was smoothing out the photostat where Wysor had rumpled it.

"I suppose it's the way you look at it, Mr. Wysor," he said. "Some make All-America in college and some make it in life. Maybe it's better that way."

Wysor turned back from the window and looked at the boy and began to laugh with relief.

"Don't turn that old philosophy stuff on *me*," he said, gruffly tender, and went over and took the boy by the shoulders and shook him in the way men do who have formed an undying friendship and are near tears.

THE END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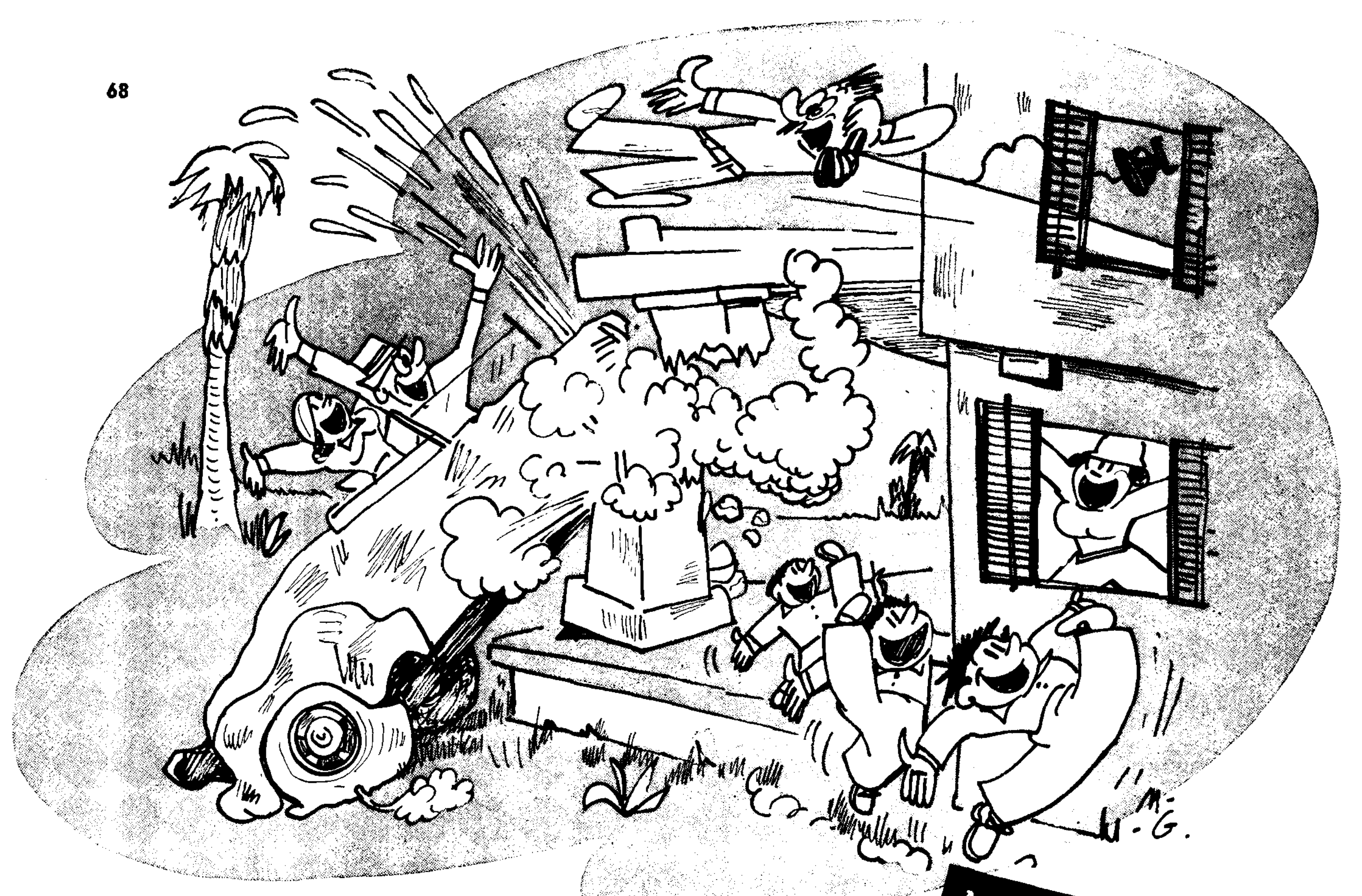


In the bashed-in coupé sat the Blys, the Gynches' next-door neighbors. "Congratulations!" shouted Mr. Bly

Hot at Paramount

By Milt Gross

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

OLIVER GYNCH sat at the head of the dinner table in his breakfast nook. On Thursdays, when the maid was off, the Gynches dined in the breakfast nook. On other days, when she was on, they dined in the breakfast nook too.

Around the table sat the little Gynches, Philpott, Roy, and Waldo Gynch, all dressed in their little blue jeans, and little checkered shirts, discussing sex, hatchet murders, and short-story writing. That's what comes from having a screen writer for an old man. In the kitchen, Mrs. Gynch, in slacks and wearing an air-raid warden's helmet, was manipulating a roast out of the oven of the electric range, and onto a platter.

Suddenly the phone in the alcove rang.

"I'll get it!" yelled Mr. Gynch, zooming up from the table and out into the hall like a P-38 taking off. Today was Thursday, and the Astrology Book said anything can happen. Mr. Gynch got it.

"Bill?" he queried into the mouthpiece. He never said "Hello," when answering the phone, or "Mr. Gynch's residence" or "Gynch speaking." He just lifted the receiver and hopefully called, "Bill?" Bill was Mr. Gynch's agent. Today the book was right. It was Bill.

"Have I got news for you, sweetheart!" Bill panted. "Have I—"

"Bill! Yeah, Bill—yeah-w-wha-what gives?"

"Grab a hold of something, Ollie! Pin your pants onto the seat. Don't go away for the week end. Y'weren't goin' away, were you? No? Boy, I feel better. Stick around, don't go—"

"No, no, I'm not. What is it, Bill? What gives?"

"Oh, boy! ! ! Take it easy now, Ollie. Grab onto yourself. Hold tight. Here it is, baby. You're—you're—"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah."

"Ollie. . . . You're HOT AT PARAMOUNT!"

"I'm w-w-wha—I—Bill, you're on the level, ain't you? Y'wouldn't hop me up like this—if—if—Bill . . . I'm really—"

"You're HOT, pal! You're hot at Paramount!"

"Yipp—ee-eeee-ee!" Mr. Gynch gave out with a screech of such moonstruck hysteria that accustomed as Mrs. Gynch was to the purely routine bloodcurdling shrieks of his daily creative periods, this one caused her to send the roast and platter sailing skyward, in a shower of grease and gravy.

"Didja hear, Amy, didja hear?" panted Mr. Gynch weakly, pointing at the phone. His breath failed him. "I—I—Bill . . . phone . . . Par—"

"You're what, Ollie? In heaven's name, what—"

"I'm—Amy, I—I—I'm—" Hastily he gulped a half pint of handy Scotch. "I—I'm hot at Paramount!"

"Ollie, no!"

"YES! I'm hot, Amy! Hot, I tell you! Hot—oh, Amy!" They fell into each other's arms.

"Yippee!" chanted the three little Gynches in unison.

Papa's hot at Paramount
Papa's hot at Paramount
Dinner's blinko, Pop is stinko!
Papa's hot at Paramount!

"Gosh, Amy," stammered Mr. Gynch. "I—I— Well, it's—I mean—nothing like this—I—I—I was lukewarm at Metro once, and—and I was tepid at Monogram, you remember the time, but now! I—I—I'm trying to let it sink in. I—I— I'm hot at Paramount."

"They can never take that away from you, Ollie! Never!"

"Never!" repeated Mr. Gynch loudly. "Whatever happens, I've been hot at Paramount! Whatever happens!"

As Mr. Gynch uttered these words, a succession of unearthly screams from outside rent the air, followed by explosive backfire, the ripping and bumping of wood and metal, and a thunderous crash that shook the Gynch house to its foundations. Mr. and Mrs. Gynch flew to the windows.

Telescoped against a demolished stucco pillar at the end of the Gynch patio, was a bashed-in coupé. Two tires were flat. Its rear was upended against a broken pipe in the pillar from which a geyser of water shot skyward. In the coupé sat Mr. and Mrs. Bly, the Gynches' next-door neighbors.

"Congratulations, old man!" shouted Mr. Bly. He waved apologetically. "Put the lit end of my cigar in my mouth in the excitement. Backing out the driveway—"

"Then you've heard!" beamed Mr. Gynch.

"Who hasn't? The whole neighborhood's on the way over! Boy, those three cute youngsters of yours!"

"You hear, Amy, you hear!" The exultation in Mr. Gynch's voice was barely suppressible. "It's getting all over town that I'm hot at Paramount. I'll bet Schwabs' is buzzing! Leave it to them to smell things out in this fink town, present company excepted of course. Heh, heh, heh. Come in, folks. You're all dining with us tonight."

"Oh, your patio," cried Mrs. Bly. "Your sprinkler system . . . It's all ruined!"

"Don't give it a thought," said Mrs. Gynch lightly. "I'll phone the plumber." She hurried in to the telephone.

"No, you don't!" yelled Mr. Gynch, almost breaking her wrist with a rolled-up copy of Box-office, as she reached for the receiver. "Not on that phone. Not while I'm hot at Paramount."

"He's right, dear," said Mrs. Bly. "Till he hears from Paramount."

"Nobody touch that phone," yelled Mr. Gynch. "Not even if it's scarlet fever. To heck with the busted pipe. Come on everybody, drink! Hiya, George!"

The last was to a fat man in sports slacks and party of seven just pouring in. "Thank you! Thank you! Scotch on the table."

The house crowded up. Friends, neighbors, soldiers, tourists, all piled in to felicitate the newly hot Gynches. Amy sent out to the corner drugstore for half a case of Bourbon, and twenty-two chicken dinners in the rough with shoestring potatoes, salad, coffee and butterscotch pie. Up and down the neighboring streets skipped the little Gynches singing merrily:

Papa's hot at Paramount
Papa's hot at Paramount
There'll be no slums, but lots of bums
If Pop don't sign at Paramount!

The doorbell kept ringing. Mr. Gynch stopped in the middle of a beatific allocution to his guests that they, too, could some day be hot at Paramount. His arm crashed sentimentally down between Amy's shoulder blades.

"Remember, pet?" he asked softly. "Remember the old days—"

"Who ever thought you'd be hot then?" whispered Amy.

"The old days in the little bungalow—"

"The one that faced the rear end of the Riding Academy. The one where the side of the bathroom fell out the day the busload of tourists went past to Universal."

"That's the one! Remember how we'd be sitting and I'd suddenly say, 'Was that the doorbell, dear?' And you'd say, 'Who'd visit us?' And I'd say, 'Maybe it was the phone,' and you'd say, 'Who'd call us?' and I'd say, 'Could it have been the mailman?' and you'd say, 'Who'd write us?' and I'd say, 'Okay, pet, where'll we go tonight?' and you'd say, 'Who'd have us?' Well, it's ringing now, dear! Really ringing! Ringing! Ringing! What does it say to you, Amy?"

"Collectin' fer'd 'Examiner!' " bellowed a freckled-faced brat through the door grille.

"Toss him a buck-twenty," said Mr. Gynch.

"Two forty," corrected the boy.

"Make it four-eighty. What the heck, it ain't every day a man is—"

SUDDENLY, six of the guests buckled up and began to writhe and scream in frightful convulsions of agony. Others felt faint and clasped hands to their stomachs.

"It's them chicken dinners!" gasped a purple-faced victim. "It's ptomaine. Quick, call a doctor! Call the emergency squad!"

Evidently this person was a stranger to Hollywood. When a man is hot at Paramount, you just don't have every Tom, Dick and Harry making useless, inane calls on his line.

"S-sorry," gulped the victim, "I—"

The rest was drowned out in a crash of falling bricks, tile and timber. The sagging patio had caved in in a cloud of plaster and dust, burying five more of the guests. But Mr Gynch's neighbors understood. No one approached the telephone.

Then the phone rang.

Mr. Gynch leaped at it like a mongoose at a cobra.

Then he listened, and said, "Oh," and hung up.

Papa's cold at Paramount
Papa's cold at Para—

sang the little Gynches. But that was as far as they got. Grabbing a cricket bat off the wall, Mr. Gynch beat the stuffing out of the three of them.

Coast Defender

Continued from page 54

science degree—but never got it. The war with Spain came along and he won a commission November 1, 1898. He was assigned to the Twentieth Infantry, spent a few weeks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and then was shipped off to the Philippines through San Francisco. The Twentieth, to him, has always been "my outfit."

Incidentally, he did get a degree from Princeton, finally. It was an honorary one as master of arts—in 1932.

His Army life, he insists, was uneventful. He shuttled back and forth between Army posts here and in the Philippines. He was working in the office of the chief of staff in Washington late in 1917 and just before the Forty-second Division sailed for France he joined it as quartermaster. He got into the Aisne-Marne, Saint-Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and Champagne-Marne shows and won himself a Distinguished Service medal for organization work with the First Army. The French gave him the rosette of the Legion of Honor.

Back in America in the early summer of '19, he returned to the humdrum peacetime life of the Army—Washington; Fort Benning, Georgia; Texas; back to the Philippines. Late in 1939, when trouble loomed, he was made a lieutenant general and given command of the Fourth Army, which led into the Western Defense Command. Four days after Pearl Harbor, he found himself boss of the whole West Coast. Most of his work must stay secret for months to come, but he has been working hard and constructively.

How Civilians Can Help

The general talks freely about his problems and how civilians can help him. His long, spruce office is comfortable but not luxurious; the windows look out on the busy streets of the Presidio, which is the nerve center of the Defense Command. The desk is neat and stays neat. Over in a corner is a trim Army cot, a cot similar to one a private sleeps on. The general sleeps there often, his steel helmet close at hand.

Near each of the room's doors is a small window through which aides may glance to see if DeWitt is busy. If he isn't—which always could happen but never does—you may get a few minutes of his time. He tells you this:

"Because our country hasn't been invaded since the Villa raid into Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916, our people are not war-wise as the peoples of Europe and Asia are. So, although millions of us live in combat zones liable to air attack and invasion at any moment, most of us don't realize it. Most civilians don't understand military or naval stategy of the simplest kind and so, in an emergency, are likely to do the wrong things—things which may help the enemy by hindering our own fighters."

He looks at you earnestly and explains: "For example—the Japs probably can bomb a city or two on the West Coast. Given the right weather conditions, they could get planes in from a carrier hundreds of miles at sea. Most of these planes would be intercepted and brought down but some would get through. The carrier would steam away and abandon its planes which might crash into their targets or, having dropped their bombs, be landed by their pilots for capture. The loss might be worth the sacrifice.

"Such a raid would cause people quite naturally to demand protection—more soldiers and guns and planes—concentrated in certain areas. This very likely might be exactly what the Japs were after and figuring on. They might even land small detachments in rubber boats from planes or submarines in several localities at once, not with any hope of holding territory but to create diversions and arouse civilians to bring pressure through politicians to do exactly the wrong thing from a military standpoint."

The general looks straight at you and continues: "There are certain rules for conducting successful warfare; they are known and practiced by military leaders—who are just as anxious to win the war as anyone else. Maybe more so. So in case of a bombing or an invasion attempt, our soldiers are likely to be right in what they do and what their leaders plan, and civilians may be wrong. If enough average citizens are wrong loudly enough, it may make quite a difference.

"What it boils down to," he sums up, "is this: If, in a war, civilians try to run military affairs—well, that's just what the Japs and the Germans want. The best way a civilian can help, especially in any sudden emergency, is to keep minding his own business, prevent confusion and do what he's told without grumbling or back-seat driving. That's the best thing he can do to help the Army and Navy win."

The general can and does control a lot of civilian activities in his area. He can stop horse racing, championship football games, night baseball and even large public meetings. He is responsible for moving troops and war material about and, to shift his guns, planes, tanks, cars and troops around, he can run truck lines and railroads and airlines, commandeer private cars and generally turn normal life upside down.

In his office in five minutes he can give you a picture of the whole war problem of the Pacific: So and so here, so and so there—the Japs may try to do this, so we will do that. . . . And you have no doubt whatever that he'll come out on top. And after it's over, he'll just fade out of the limelight and have a good long sleep.

Name Trouble

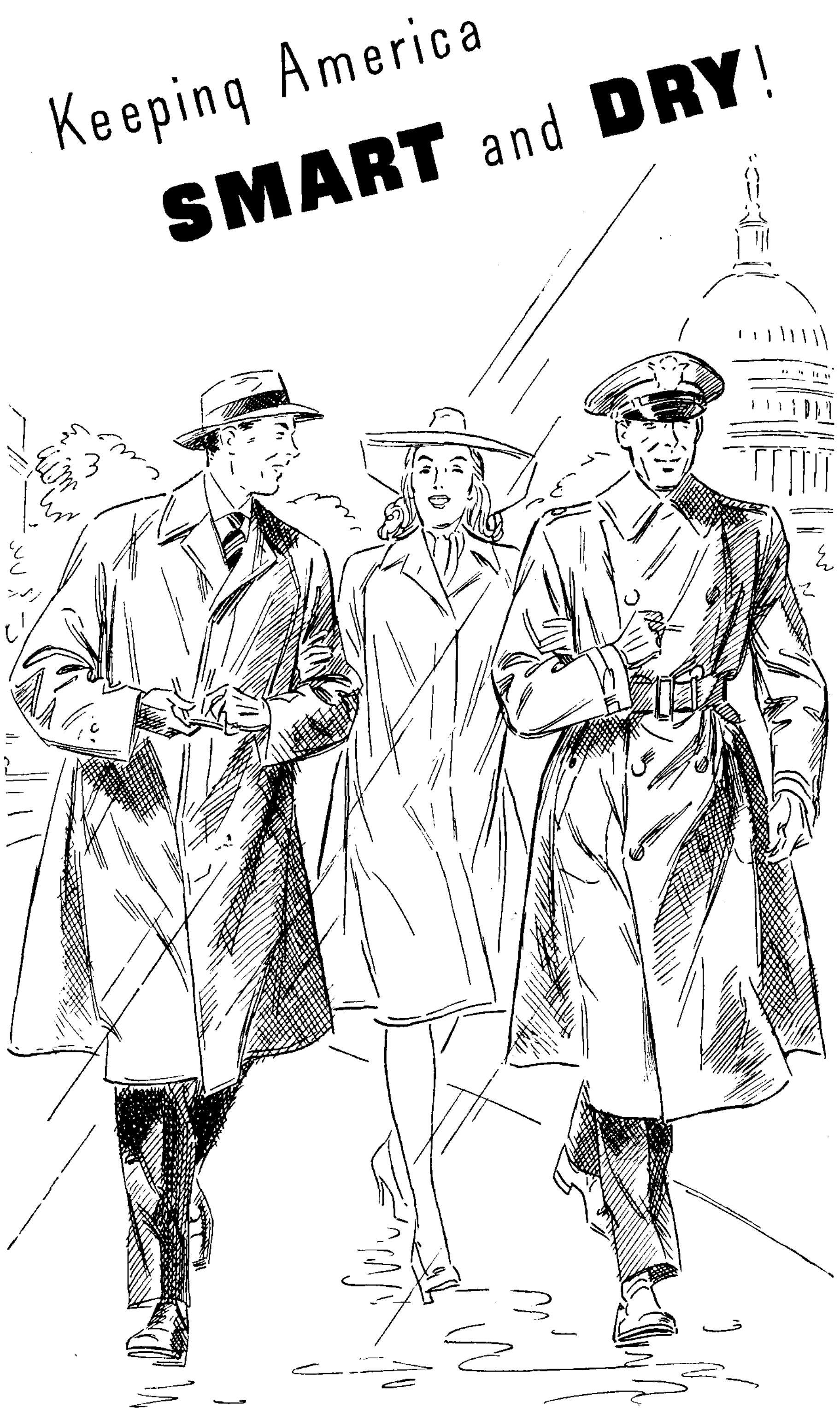
Like many another Army man, DeWitt had trouble with his name in official documents. It's still spelled wrong in Who's Who, too. His middle name got spelled so many ways that he finally abandoned it in favor of the initial.

He doesn't particularly care about being called "John L.," either. He is one of the few Army leaders without a nickname. The troublesome "Lesesne" came from his mother, a Southern belle named Miss Josephine Lesesne, member of an old French Huguenot family in Charleston, South Carolina. On his father's side, his ancestry is Holland Dutch; the family has lived in New York and Pennsylvania for generations. Starting with the Revolution, each generation has contributed boys to the Army.

The general himself went south for a bride, as his father had done, marrying Miss Martha Estes of Birmingham, Alabama, in June, 1903, while he was stationed at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

DeWitt has always been physically active and today, at sixty-two, he's a hard man to keep up with, according to officers who have tried it. He is a man of few enthusiasms, but one of them is the 1942 model of American fighting man. "Finest in the world!" is his verdict.

THE END



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"Over here" and "over there" too, Alligator is keeping millions of Americans smart and dry—in all kinds of weather!

Like most folks, you probably know Alligator's style and dependability first-hand—from wearing your own Alligator year in and year out. And, like all Alligator owners, you're especially glad *today* that your raincoat *is* an Alligator—with such long, lasting service "built" into it. If you don't yet have an Alligator, visit your dealer now. See his selection of Alligator Rainwear, in both waterproof and water repellent fabrics.

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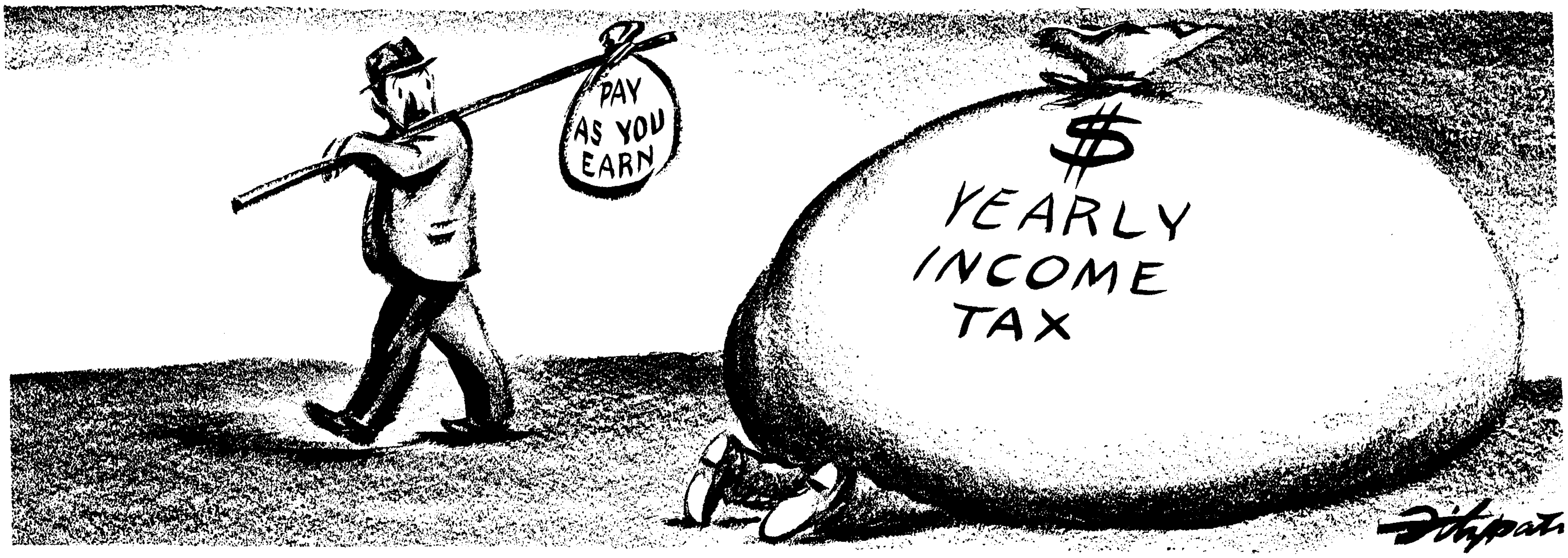


RUML IS RIGHT, THOUGH

BEARDSLEY H. RUML'S plan for bringing federal income taxes to a pay-as-you-go basis was voted down when it first came before the Senate Finance Committee. Committee members alibied that adoption of the Ruml plan would mean windfalls for taxpayers who had big incomes in 1941 and small incomes in 1942.

Just the same, the Ruml plan looks 100% sound to us, and we are glad to see its backers keep up the fight.

Mr. Ruml, as you probably know, is chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and treasurer of the well-known R. H. Macy department store—a concern which has had vast and profitable experience at serving customers on a cash basis.

The Ruml suggestion is that we turn the clock ahead one year, so to speak, on income-tax payments. All of us who pay income taxes are now paying them on last year's income. That has been the case since the present income-tax laws began, before we got into the other war. Ruml says we should all finish paying our income taxes *in* 1942, as scheduled; but that then we should call them taxes *on* our 1942 incomes, instead of on our 1941 incomes. Beginning Jan. 1, 1943, we would start paying taxes on our 1943 incomes as we go along through 1943; and so on down the years. Adjustments for or against the taxpayer would be made next March 15th.

Ruml's idea is to rescue all income-tax payers from their present condition of being everlastingly in debt to the federal government, because they are forever paying taxes this year on the money they made last year. It is a completely unscientific and unbusinesslike arrangement, and will work more and more hardships and injustices as there come to be more and more federal income-tax payers.

By the Ruml plan, the treasury theoretically will lose one year's taxes per taxpayer—the year he or she dies. Actually, there are always estate and inheritance taxes available to make up most or all of that loss. The objection that the Ruml plan would mean windfalls for a few lucky taxpayers is windily demagogic; and it could be removed by simply providing that the income-tax payments made *in* 1942 should be considered payments *on* the 1941 or 1942 income, whichever was the larger.

The benefits to millions of income-tax payers would be enormous. Our federal income-tax collection system would be yanked onto a businesslike pay-as-you-go basis in one operation, instead of having to wait for some complex withholding-tax scheme to work itself out in five or six years. States now levying income taxes might well be moved to follow suit.

Let's just have the Ruml plan worked into the new tax law, and have done with the stalling and delay.

"E" Party Called Off

WESTERN ELECTRIC'S Kearny, N. J., plant, employing 22,000 workers, was awarded an Army-Navy "E" the other day for excellent war production. The occasion called for a big celebration by both management and workers. A big celebration was arranged. Then it didn't take place.

The reason was that the independent union to which the workers belong refused to let its members show up at the celebration. Reason given by the union leaders: The War Labor Board had recently granted the plant's employees an increase of 3 to 5 cents an hour, as against their wish for a general increase of 10 cents an hour. The union leaders claimed that the WLB had encouraged them to expect the 10-cent boost and had then let them down; also that the new wage scales made a mockery of the phrases "fair labor standards" and "effective management" as used in the "E" citations.

The episode gave rise to a number of heated editorials abusing the workers for ingratitude, ungraciousness, and so on. To us, there seems to have been a worse element than that in this "E" party that didn't happen.

It is supposed to be the War Labor Board's job to "stabilize"—not freeze—war-plant wages so as to help head off inflation. The WLB, instead of following a resolute policy of doing just that for the good of all of us, has blown hot in one case and cold in another, until nobody knows what it really is trying to do. Its most dramatic act to date is its pronouncement which, whatever the WLB thought it said, most people took to mean that any war plant union by simply stirring up enough trouble could wring a 15% raise out of the WLB "to keep wages abreast of rising living costs."

Naturally, unions are disappointed when the WLB undercuts their demands. And naturally the WLB will go on having this kind of trouble until it does the job it was created to do.

Uncle Sam Attacks the A.P.

THE government has brought an antitrust suit against the Associated Press, national news-distributing co-operative serving almost 1,300 papers in this country and eternally fighting the stiff and able competition of the United Press, International News, and other press services.

The Department of Justice seems to have started the suit in the hope of helping Marshall Field's new Chicago newspaper, the Sun, in its uphill battle against the Chicago Tribune, by muscling the Field paper into an A.P. franchise against present A.P. membership rules.

The A.P. is not a monopoly or trust, obviously. But even if the Administration succeeds in winning this suit for Mr. Field, it is a safe bet that that alone will not make the Field paper supreme in Chicago. It takes more than an A.P. franchise to sell newspapers.

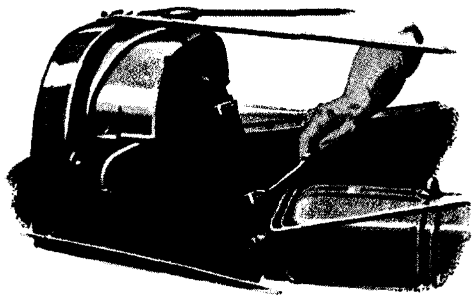
What you have to do is to turn out a paper that a lot of people in your neighborhood will want to read. You have to print the news, and you have to make it interesting.

We don't believe, either, that the government can compel or cajole many Americans into reading papers the government thinks they ought to read. The German, Italian and Russian governments have been trying to do just that these many years without remarkable success.

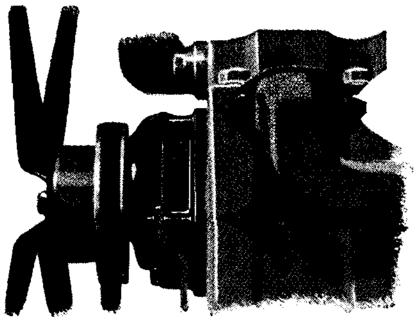
Du Pont suggests SIX SENSIBLE STEPS BEFORE YOU PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE

Your car must last! It can't, if you let the cooling system go bad!

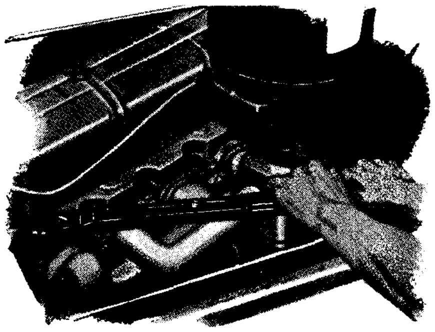
1. **CLEAN THE RADIATOR.** Radiators that contain rust, scale and dirt will overheat because of poor circulation. Anti-freeze is lost, and the engine may be damaged. Have your dealer use Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser, and check the radiator for leaks at this time.



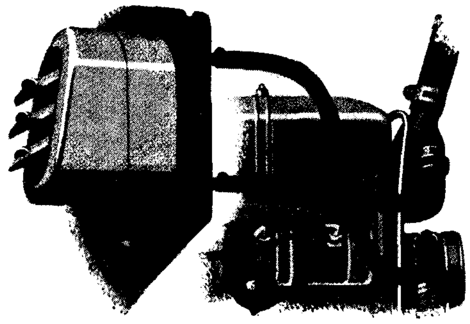
2. **CHECK THE HOSE CONNECTIONS.** Be sure all cooling system hose is tight, to prevent anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should replace rotted hose, if possible, so worn particles won't clog radiator or thermostat. Make sure that the thermostat is in good working order.



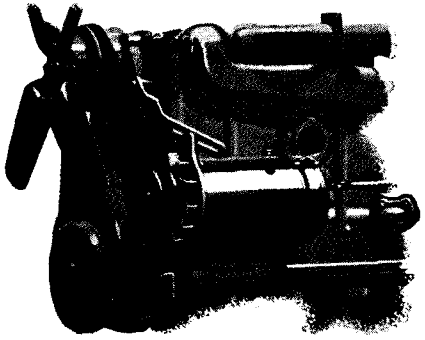
3. **EXAMINE THE WATER PUMP.** Water pumps should be tight to prevent leakage of anti-freeze solution and air suction. Leaks in the pump most frequently develop along the propeller shaft. Have your dealer check the pump and repair any worn or faulty parts.



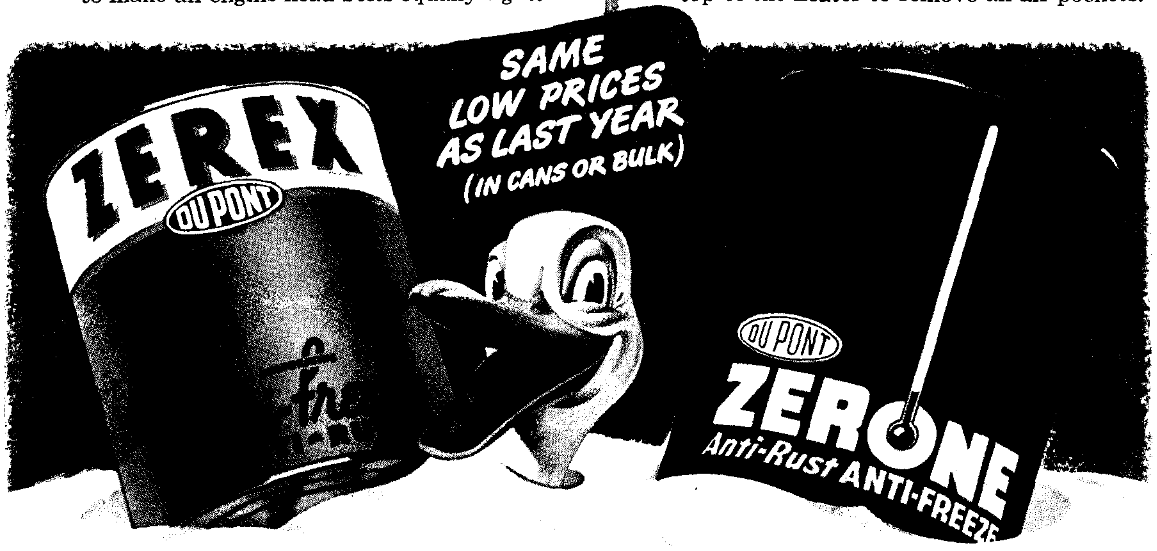
4. **TIGHTEN THE CYLINDER BOLTS.** Looseness of the head bolts and expansion plugs on the cylinder block often causes anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should use a tension wrench to make all engine head bolts equally tight.



5. **CHECK THE HEATER.** The feed lines should drain without any high points to trap air. When the cooling system has been refilled, start the engine and open the valve at the top of the heater to remove all air pockets.



6. **SEE THAT THE FAN** and belt work properly. If the fan belt is worn or slipping, it should be taken up. If it's too badly worn, get a new one, if possible. Also, make sure there are no loose, bent or broken blades on the fan.



$2.65 A GAL. WON'T BOIL OUT! ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER LONG!

Du Pont "Zerex" is an outstanding premium anti-freeze. Non-evaporating. For the man who will pay a little more for complete freedom from winter worries.

$1.00 A GAL. ECONOMICAL! REQUIRES ONLY AN OCCASIONAL CHECK-UP!

Du Pont "Zerone" is America's largest-selling anti-freeze. It's the type preferred by the American motorist who wants maximum protection at minimum cost.

Finally — pick a *Du Pont* anti-freeze for your car.

"Zerone" and "Zerex" do more than prevent freezing. Each of these anti-freeze products prevents rusting, corrosion and deterioration of all parts of the cooling system —parts which today are hard to replace.

Even if you're laying up your car, don't drain it. That invites rust. Add anti-freeze for protection against unexpected freezing *and* rust.

Do your part to conserve anti-freeze so there will be enough to go round. Don't buy or use more than you need. For safety's sake, you'd better order your "Zerone" or "Zerex" now. Available in cans or bulk —at the same low prices as last year.

"He doesn't say where... but he got the Camels!"

WHERE THEY ARE, where they're going may be a military secret, but it's no secret that the one gift they want most from home is *cigarettes*. The brand? *Camel*—the favorite in every branch of the service... Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard (*see bottom, right*). Make it a point *today* to send a carton of Camels to that fellow you know in the service. Ask your dealer for the Camel carton in the service mailing wrapper.

Good news from home! A carton of Camels. Yes, when the order of the hour is steady nerves, mildness means more than ever before. And for steady pleasure, there's nothing like mild, slow-burning Camels.

IT'S EVEN EASIER than writing a letter. No wrapping—no mailing. Your dealer has a special wrapper for Camel cartons and complete mailing instructions for all branches of the service. Stop in at your dealer today. Let him send off a carton of Camels to that young fellow who's waiting to hear from you. Take another carton home with you. Enjoy that full, rich flavor... that slow-burning mildness that only Camels give. Then you'll know why, with men in the service, the favorite is Camel!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Send him his favorite...

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With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

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—AND OVER HERE!